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## BIRTH OF A NEW GOVERNMENT.

By W. A. CROFFUT.



POSTMASTER-GENERAL VILAS. SECRETARY LAMAR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND. SECRETARY MANNING.  
SECRETARY WHITNEY. SECRETARY ENDICOTT. SECRETARY BAYARD. THE PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS CABINET.

Vol. XIX., No. 5—33.

## BIRTH OF A NEW GOVERNMENT.

BY W. A. CROFFUT.

AMERICA is hospitable. Our Republic shelters not only half a million strange people every year, but thousands of strange theories of government. The result of our hospitality is that there are no greater contrasts in the political principles held in Great Britain or Russia, where one extreme is capped with a crown and the other illuminated with dynamite, than there is in this "land of the free," where the vote of the fool balances the vote of the philosopher, and every crank may have his day. In view of these tremendous differences, provision is made by law for a revolution of the Government every four years—a revolution without musketry, directed by law and pervaded by order, but a revolution none the less thorough because peaceful.

Sometimes this projected revolution hangs fire and fails to mature, and the Government remains in the same hands from term to term; the overturning which is now taking place in affairs at Washington being at the end of twenty-four years of such endurance. This could scarcely have happened if there had been any great moral question at stake. But extremists have not the management of either party, and the prevalent issues are chiefly of the quiet sort, about which honest men in both parties differ. The result is that the change takes place this year, not only without any broken heads, but without any broken hearts; the Democrats are not mainly moved by wolfish instincts, and the Republicans look on without either despair or dismay, curious to see how the dauphin, who has at last inherited the realm, will behave himself.

Grover Cleveland has been chosen President distinctly on the issue of reform—of remedying prevailing evils and setting the feet of the Administration in a better path. He has promised retrenchment and economy. He has promised that the servants of the people shall be honest and diligent. He has promised that he will exercise sagacity in reconstructing the executive machinery of the Government so that it shall, with the least friction, produce the results desired. For the fulfillment of this promise he personally will be held responsible—he and the party which is behind him. The gentlemen whom he calls around him as his Cabinet are only his clerks, appointed to do his writing and keep his books—one, to write to the soldiers, and to send them the President's wishes; one, to execute the President's will in paying the nation's current expenses; one, to look after pensions, patents and Indians in the name of the President; and so on. They are accountable only to him; he must answer to the nation. He may advise with them if he wishes to do so, but he will take their advice against his own judgment at his peril. They are not, in power of position, the peers of the British Ministry, by a good deal; for the functions of the latter are extended to cover the proverbial weakness of the sovereign.

President Cleveland was elected as a reformer. Then he must reform something. There is room enough in Washington. The adoption of a *laissez-faire* policy will not do. Things have been let alone too long. Cleveland was elected in order that real evils might be let alone no longer. Every department in Washington swarms with abuses—clerks who were appointed for partisan service, and have been retained by partisan gratitude; clerks that take six months' leave of absence each year, and, when called to account by their superiors, appeal triumphantly to their "Influence"—that is, the member of Congress who secured their appointment; clerks who defiantly

refuse to do the work assigned them, and defy the Secretary to remove them; clerks who do no work whatever, and have done none for years, but are kept on the payroll for charity's sake. In some bureaus are ten clerks doing the work of one. The superintendent of a division in the Treasury Department recently apologized because his windows were so smutty that his visitors could not see through them; he said he had sixty men and women on his rolls as ostensible "laborers," but they were all too high-toned to wash windows. This is a specimen of the numerous abuses to be corrected. Every department of the Government must be put on a business basis, above the reach of partisan favor or sentimental sympathy.

Let us see what sort of men Mr. Cleveland has called around him to assist in carrying out these acts of renovation:

SECRETARY OF STATE—THOMAS FRANCIS BAYARD.

When the people began to cast up accounts after the Presidential election of November 4th, they went to Cabinet-making, and nine-tenths of the members of both parties said, "Bayard will be Secretary of State." It was the only appointment on which agreement was practically unanimous. The head of the State Department, the minister of foreign affairs, is the President's chief adviser and assistant, not exactly by virtue of his office, for it is not nearly so important as the heads of the Treasury and Interior Departments, but by virtue of prescription and fashion, established when we had no money that would buy anything and no industries to speak of, and when war was a constant possibility.

If any man ever inherited public honors and public responsibility, Mr. Bayard did. He was born, as it were, in a Senate chair. Four generations of Bayards have occupied high positions in Congress and the public service. Nicholas Bayard, a French Huguenot, who arrived in this country in 1647, with his Dutch brother-in-law, old Governor Peter Stuyvesant, had descended straight from that Chevalier Bayard whose feats at arms and high manliness excited the admiration of Europe. Nicholas early became an office-holder, and his son, James Ashton Bayard, was elected to Congress from Delaware as a supporter of Washington's first administration. He was afterward in the Senate, and was the originator of the cunning scheme which made Jefferson President over Aaron Burr in 1801. It is, perhaps, better not to enter into the details of it, but it would probably have caused the French chevalier to blush. The third Bayard, Richard B., son of the foregoing, was United States Senator for two terms from Delaware; and the fourth Bayard, James A., brother of Richard, succeeded him in the same high office for four terms—twenty-four years.

The subject of this sketch, Thomas Francis Bayard, is a son of the last named, James A., was born in Wilmington, October 29th, 1828, and was first chosen to the Senate to succeed his father in 1869. His early boyhood was spent at home; but at the age of thirteen he was sent to the school of Dr. Francis L. Hawks, at Flushing, L. I. In 1843 he became a clerk in New York city, where he remained five years, and received a good business training.

On the death of his elder brother, Mr. Bayard returned to his parents, and entered on the study of law in Wilmington. He was admitted to the Bar in 1851, the year that his father was chosen to the Senate, and his



promotion was rapid. He early acquired local fame as a pleader, and in another year the young man was appointed United States Attorney for Delaware. This office he soon resigned, and went to Philadelphia to seek his fortune, where he remained for four years as a law partner of William Shippen. In 1858, on the death of his partner, he returned to his father's office, and pursued his profession with constantly growing success.

When the war broke out the people of Wilmington organized a militia company, and Thomas F. Bayard was made its first lieutenant. A peace meeting was shortly called, and Lieutenant Bayard was one of the principal speakers, denouncing the war and the abolitionists as its cause. This speech has been often quoted against the availability of Mr. Bayard as a Presidential candidate, and had its full weight in influencing the decision of the Chicago Convention of last year. He was sent to the Senate from Delaware in 1869, when both branches of Congress were strongly Republican, and he instantly took a high position on the Democratic side. He generally opposed Republican measures, and, in 1872, helped to expose the abuses in the New York Custom House.

In 1876 he was an earnest advocate of the Electoral Commission, and afterward one of its most influential members. In 1856 he married Louise, daughter of Josiah Lee, a Baltimore banker, and three sons and six daughters, all still living, are the result of that union. In 1877 he received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard College, and in 1879 went to Europe with his family. He has a calm judicial mind, and has made a special study of diplomatic affairs.

#### SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY—DANIEL MANNING.

The selection of Daniel Manning to be Secretary of the Treasury astonished everybody, especially himself. He had never held an office; he had had very little executive training; he had never made a study of national finance or the commercial problems of the world. But he was a man of energy, enterprise, good average judgment. He was president of a bank, of which a capable cashier was the real head; and, above all, he was a machine politician, a stout partisan, and he had been of real and constant service to Mr. Cleveland from the day when he was promoted from Sheriff to Mayor of Buffalo.

The choice was more than a surprise—it was a shock. For the new President to bestow the most important office in his gift on a party wire-puller, a caucus-manager, for electioneering services—a man without the experience, the reputation, or the training for the place—seemed a defiant violation of all his Civil Service pretenses, and a reckless affront to the "Independents," who had hoped for better things. It seemed like a retraction of all his promises to the prudent business men of the country.

But Daniel Manning is not a mere wire-puller; he is considerably more; he has sound business habits and principles; he was born in Albany, in 1831, of Irish, English and Dutch lineage. He went to school but little, and, when he was eleven years old, he became "devil" in the office of the Albany *Atlas*, which was merged into the *Argus*. He was soon taken as apprentice, where he learned to set type, and climbed his way steadily to the position of foreman. Then he became reporter; then editor; then manager and owner. Anybody who has tried it knows that these steps, spoken of so glibly, are difficult ones to take. When the fight against the Tweed Ring began, Manning allied himself with Tilden, O'Connor and the opposition. From that day he has been a staunch friend of Mr. Tilden and an

advocate of its measures, and it is believed that he owes his present position to the wish of the "Sage of Grey-stone." For ten years he was a member of the State Democratic Committee; for three years he has been its chairman. The Democratic delegates to the last three national conventions from this State have been controlled by him, and he secured Cleveland's choice by his enforcement of the unit rule. Like Creswell, Hastings and Thurlow Weed, Mr. Manning never sought an office for himself.

In 1853 Mr. Manning was wedded to Miss Mary Little, by whom he has had four children. One of these, James Hilton Manning, has succeeded his father as editor of the *Argus*. Mr. Manning's first wife died in 1882, and last year he married Miss Margarita Fryer, of Albany.

#### SECRETARY OF WAR—WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT.

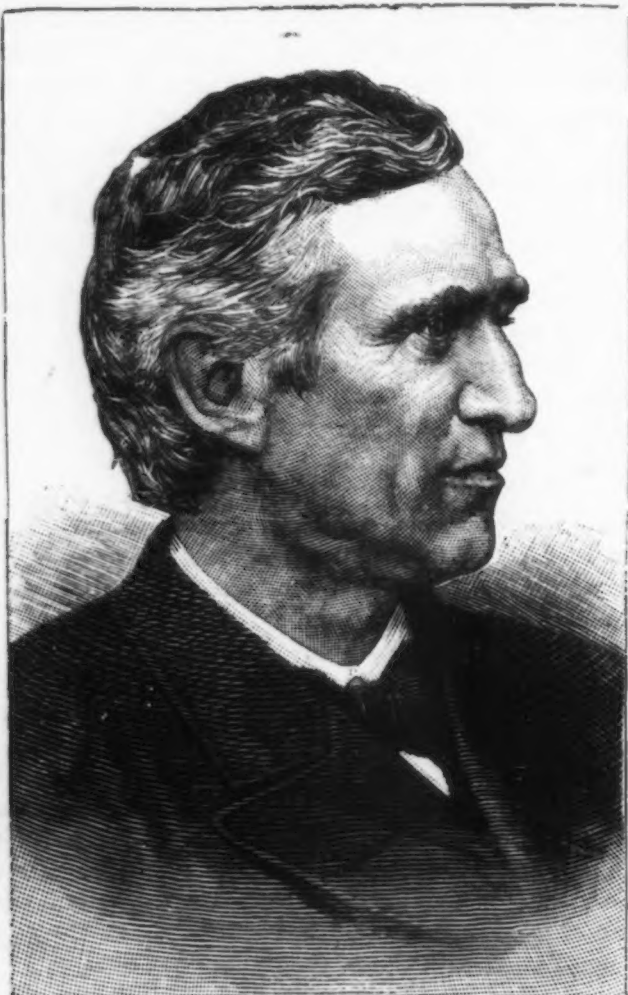
This selection was another surprise. Endicott was born in Salem, of Puritan ancestors. He attended the Salem public schools, and graduated from Harvard in 1847. He married his cousin, a daughter of George Peabody, and has two children. He studied law, was admitted to the Bar, and was, in 1873, appointed by a Republican Governor to a seat on the Supreme bench of the State. This position he resigned two years ago, and last Fall was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts. He got but a very light vote. He is a good lawyer and a scholarly, cultivated gentleman, who will manage the War Department well enough in time of peace. He was appointed, it is understood, "to gratify the Independent allies of the Democracy," but as Judge Endicott was never affiliated with these, the importance of it, as an act of conciliation, is not very obvious.

#### SECRETARY OF THE NAVY—WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

W. C. Whitney was born in Conway, Mass., in 1839. He was always studious, and on graduating from Yale College, in 1863, he took two of the honors. He studied law, settled in this city, and soon rose to a large practice. He came into prominence in prosecuting the Tweed Ring, and by his vigilance, sagacity and boldness as Corporation-counsel, saved great sums of money to the city—estimated by the *World* as high as two million dollars. He assisted in organizing the County Democracy, and has found a steadfast friend in Samuel J. Tilden. Mr. Whitney is a son-in-law of Senator Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, and is a man of social prominence. What he does not know about navies would doubtless make a ponderous tome; but he has honesty, ambition, energy and application, and this is a very strong four-horse team to draw.

#### SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR—LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR.

Lucius Quintus Curtius Lamar, the Mississippi Roman, scarcely thought, when he commanded the Nineteenth Mississippi Volunteers in the Confederate Army, that he would ever be a member of the Cabinet of the United States. He was born in Oxford, Ga., in 1825; graduated from Emory College, Ga., in 1845, and was admitted to the Bar two years later. He served a while as professor of mathematics, then studied and practiced law, and became a member of the Legislature in 1853. He was elected to Congress for four years (1856-60); won the reputation of a fire-eater; then helped organize a regiment, and led it against the armies of the Union. In 1863, he was sent by Jefferson Davis to Russia on a secret mission. After the war he became a college professor again, but was shortly re-elected to Congress, where he served four years, and was then, in 1876, transferred to the Senate, where he has since served. He is a man of



THOMAS F. BAYARD, SECRETARY OF STATE.

marked ability and of decision, and it will need all he can muster of both to manage the great Department of the Interior with success and credit.

## POSTMASTER-GENERAL—WILLIAM F. VILAS

If it will be difficult for President Cleveland to give a good and sufficient reason for the selection of Mr. Manning for the Treasury Department, it will be even more difficult to explain the choice of Colonel Vilas, of Wisconsin, for Postmaster-general. Born in Vermont, forty-five years ago, he is now a member of the Lower House of the Wisconsin Legislature—a man famous for neither learning, ability nor influence. He was a soldier, attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and resigned in the middle of the war. He has amassed a fortune, and made a few speeches in the last campaign.

## ATTORNEY-GENERAL—A. H. GARLAND.

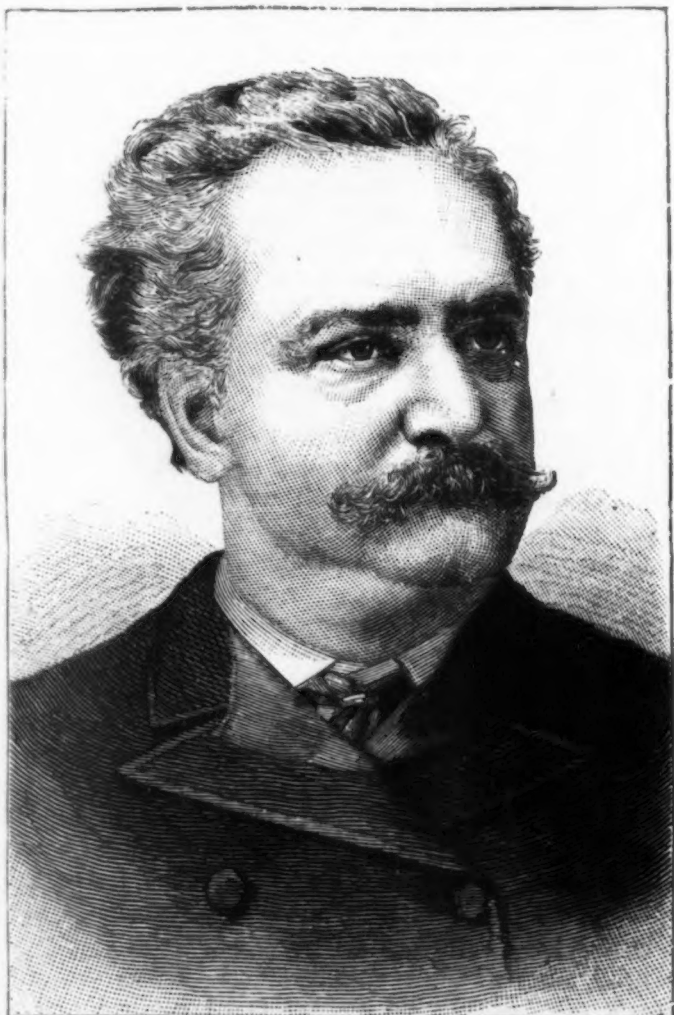
The selection of Senator Garland to be Attorney-general is highly creditable to the President. He was born in Tennessee in 1832. A Whig in politics, he was a Bell and Everett Elector in 1860. He afterward served in both Houses of the Confederate Congress. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1867, again in 1877, and again in 1883. He is said to be the best constitutional lawyer in the Senate, and there is a peculiar propriety in calling him to be the official adviser of the Cabinet.

The most serious criticism of Cleveland's Cabinet that can be made is that it is geographically eccentric. New York State alone has three of the four most important members of the executive board—the President, and the Secretaries of the Treasury and of the Navy. Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana have no member of it, though they all cast their Electoral votes for Cleve-

land, and presented McDonald, Ingersoll and McClellan as candidates. Massachusetts, that never cast any but a Republican Electoral vote since the party was organized, has a member of the Cabinet, while Whitney was also born in the Old Bay State and Vilas in Vermont.

Propriety and delicacy, as well as precedent, would seem to have required the President to offer portfolios first to those who had been Democratic candidates for the place—Hancock, Seymour and McClellan—and then to those who had been his own competitors for the nomination—Thurman, McDonald, Randall and Carlisle. These have all been overlooked, without exception, in favor of two or three men who had done nothing either for the party or the country! The great West has only one member of the Cabinet, and he was born in New England. These considerations will probably compel a reconstruction of the Executive Board, and the balancing of it by the substitution of some representative men from beyond the Alleghanies, for some who were invited because Mr. Cleveland had never traveled, and did not know the growing majesty of the great West.

One thing is to be noted in closing. Both parties are resolved that the new President shall "have a fair chance." Not only Democrats, but Republicans quite as generally, insist that fair play shall be observed toward the incoming Administration; that the efforts which the President shall put forth for reasonable change shall be helped rather than hindered; that the men he appoints to office shall be immediately confirmed; and that no obstacle shall be thrown in the way of his bringing to bear upon practical affairs any wisdom he may possess. This generous spirit is the finest blossom of partisanship, and it is at once the pride and the guarantee of the Republic.



DANIEL MANNING, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.



## ON THE BOX.

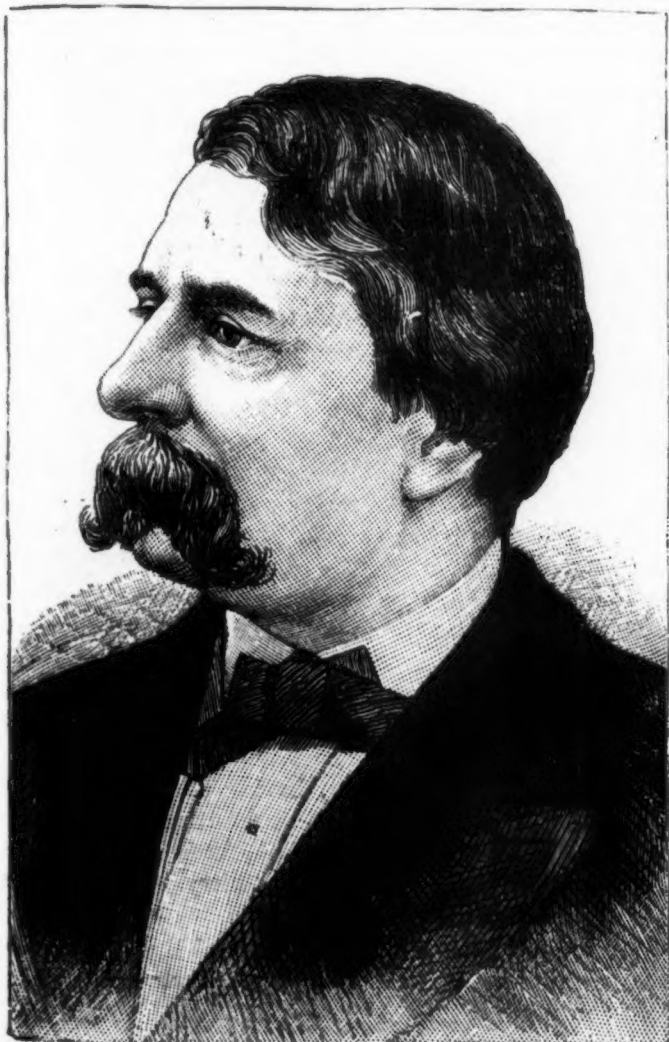
BY PAUL BENISON.

To ONE whose youth was instructed on the margin of the old Birmingham road, and who set his first silver watch daily—it required adjustment once at least in the twenty-four hours—by the arrival of the portly Mr. Wilcox on the "Wonder" coach, the best of fifteen which passed during the day and night, there is something at once exhilarating and sad in the amateur revival of the former picturesque mode of traveling. The thing is dead, but its ghost is undeniably sprightly and debonair.

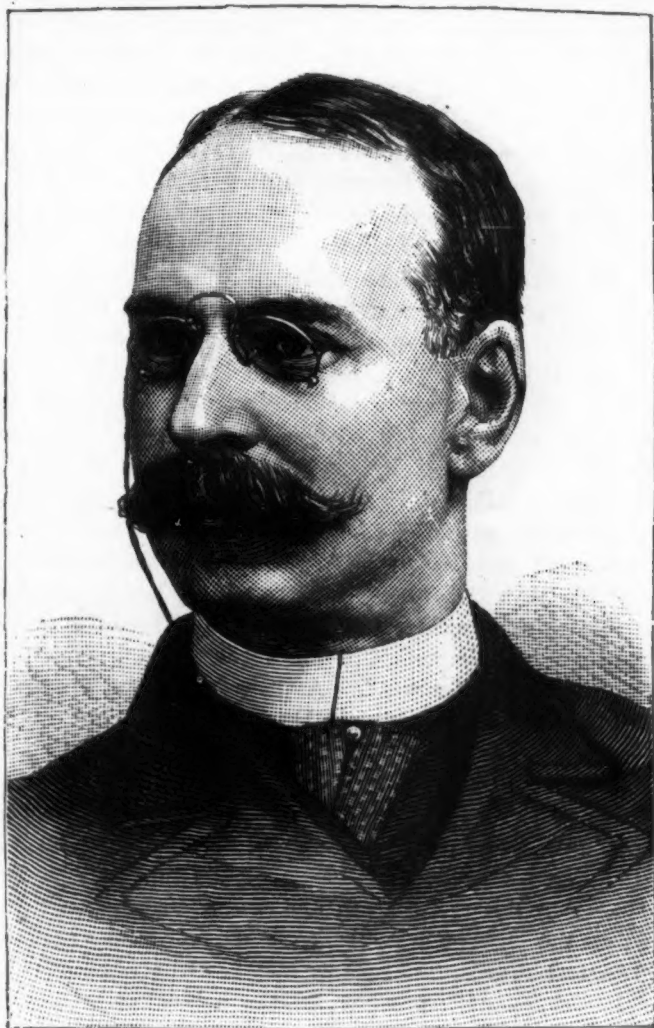
Only last May, the handsome blue-bodied drag which called itself the "Grayhound," and traveled to St. Wulstans and back daily, was standing at the door of the White Horse Cellar one morning, when the clock at the entrance marked some eight minutes to eleven.

The coachman was a tall dark man of perhaps seven or eight and twenty, bronzed apparently by suns more powerful than ours, whose face was smooth except for the heavy mustache which surmounted, but did not wholly conceal, a mouth peculiarly susceptible of pleasant smiles. He sat erect, in thoroughly workmanlike style, casting his eyes ever and anon over the faultless equipments of the four well-groomed bays with black points beneath him, but occasionally glancing at the clock rather nervously. He looked relieved and happy, however, as a stylish *coupé*, with a coronet on the panel, and drawn by a pair of grand movers, dashed up; and from it descended a young woman, dressed in the height of the *mode*.

The box-seat had evidently been kept for her, and her servant placed on it a cloak lined with soft fur, and a light richly-worked rug for the knees. The steps were



WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT, SECRETARY OF WAR.



WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

placed, the lady ascended. And now the clock had reached eleven, and simultaneously the hour sounded up from St. James's Palace, audible only to ears expecting it.

"All right behind, captain," said the guard, touching his hat.

Heads were released, and apparently, without a movement on the coachman's part, the vehicle glided out amongst the traffic, and its presence was only indicated by the blast on the long horn, which Bailey so well knew how to produce.

The passenger on the box was Lady Tregoyd, and though not one of the professional beauties, owing to her husband's extreme dislike to the notoriety gained by being photographed in attitudes and costumes, she might well have taken her place amongst them. She was as fair as a lily, with dark auburn hair, gray eyes, and regular features on rather a large scale—not, however, disproportioned to her dimensions generally. Excitable and lively, she took care, notwithstanding, not to overstep the bounds of good form.

The coachman was Captain Durrant, a member of an old Kentish family, but a younger son, who had been in India for some years with his regiment of Dragoon Guards, and had only returned the previous Winter.

Lord Tregoyd was an agreeable, pleasant man, full of information, and passionately fond of natural history, but of a peculiar temper. He was affectionate; but he required those who valued his love to make up to him. The least neglect produced in him an affectation of indifference. He never remonstrated about anything which displeased him, but withdrew himself from the place where it seemed likely he would have to contemplate it. If any emergency when man delighted him not—nor

woman either—he flew to his dormice, or solaced himself by watching his ants. He was reserved and haughty, but not selfish; indeed, so far from that, he was quite capable of a self-sacrifice, if the occasion clearly demanded it. The Baroness, *née* Edith Milton, was the daughter of a clergyman whose living was in Warwickshire; and the Winter before Henry Durrant went into the army Edith had visited some friends residing in Kent, near the Durrants' place, had been much thrown with the young fellow, and had taken an immense liking to him. This was suggested, perhaps, by the evident fancy he had for her—a fancy which never deepened into a hope, however; for, with two elder brothers, he was celibate from circumstances, and the affair went into that limbo where we sometimes choose to think our brightest wishes congregate. Then the days rolled by, and in due course Edith was engaged, and ultimately married, to George Constable, Lord Tregoyd, and was congratulated by all her friends on the good match she had made. And she lived with him at his beautiful place in Devonshire, Lindencombe; and, in the season, in Portman Square. Here the story-books leave people with the general intimation that they were happy ever afterward. And, in truth, the Tregoyds were fairly happy till Captain Durrant reappeared in the gay scenes of London, and Edith saw him frequently, and their mutual liking revived again.

During the Easter recess, Durrant had run home and seen a nice girl, the daughter of an Australian who had settled near his father's, and who was willing to give her a handsome dowry; and as she appeared favorably disposed to the Dragoon, Henry's friends were very anxious that something should come of it.

This girl was called Julia, and was herself at present in town. It was, therefore, the more wrong of Edith to give up her thoughts so much to her former friend, because she was not only forgetting her husband, but standing also in Henry's light. But folly had got the upper hand. As for Lord Tregoyd, he saw that matters were not promising well, and, with his curious temperament, he made off to his thickets, and ponds, and pets, at Lindencombe, and let the boat glide. Durrant was not even in part responsible for the "Grayhound"; but the two men who owned it were friends of his, and, as he was a noted whip, he had been invited by them to take a turn on the box.

Of course, on this occasion, he must have Edith with him, and they were to lunch together at St. Wulstans, and return in the evening. Edith knew it was a journey on the primrose path, and that out of such an intimate acquaintance no happy result could by any manner of means come; but she was under a spell, and was acting as regardless of her welfare as enchanted people in the mediæval romances.

The bays only went four miles, and were succeeded by a capital team of iron-grays; not such large animals, but clean-limbed, active, thoroughly good-hearted horses, who went at their work with a will. How sweet the country looked! The village streets, the church-towers, the seats of the rich here and there in their beautiful woods; then bits of common, glimpses of water, and the calm cows, and the silly staring sheep, and the old cart-horse by the gate, who seemed so satisfied with having terminated public life. Edith was very much pleased to be so near her friend, and tender and pleasant was the conversation—too tender, one fears. And yet these happy moments were flowerets with the trail of the serpent so certainly over them, that the fact was not wholly absent from Edith's conscience. The grays were equal to a long stage, and gave up their places to four whose uniformity did not extend to color, but only to cut and

character; highbred, rather weedy things, but full of courage, and of a sensitiveness which required a good deal of driving. Henry was, however, quite equal to the occasion, and brought them in style into the marketplace of St. Wulstans, with the splendid church at one end, and turned into the gateway of the Bull Inn with a precision which excited admiration in the bystanders.

"Sit still a minute, and I will come and help you down," said the captain, as he unbuckled the leaders' reins. Then waiting till the splinter-bars were taken off, he released the other reins and descended. He was a heavy man, and putting his foot on the skin of some fruit thrown down on the pavement, he slipped and fell with considerable violence.

Edith screamed on seeing the accident, but, assisted by Bailey, soon got down and rushed to the side of her friend. He was carried into a sitting-room and placed on a sofa. His ankle had swelled so very much, he was quite powerless to move it, and it was urged upon him that he should see a surgeon. An old man was sent for, who examined the foot, and said that, in its extremely puffed condition, he could scarcely decide what had happened, but he should fear a small bone was broken. Lotions were, of course, ordered, and the medico said he would come in again presently.

"I shall not be able to drive," cried Henry; "but there is a professional here, and I will go inside with my foot up. You do not mind sitting with me?"

Edith would be delighted. And then luncheon was ordered in. And Edith sat opposite the sofa, and attended to the wants of her wounded knight. After luncheon the servant came again. Whether champagne is not good for an injured ankle, or whatever the cause was, the foot was more swollen, and the family practitioner begged the captain to remain quiet, and not to think of traveling in the coach. The pain was on the increase, and Henry could not be insensible to the fact that the jolting would be very unpleasant. But then, how about Edith? She would very gladly have remained to nurse him, but it was obviously a step which was likely to be misunderstood; and Henry had the good sense to see that unnecessary causes of scandal were, even on the lowest grounds, undesirable. So, after a good deal of persuasion, Edith consented to go back, though she declared she should immediately, on arriving at home, send an old maid-servant, who was a wonderful nurse, to wait upon Henry.

Bailey came in in his red coat with pale-blue collar and cuffs to take leave.

"I am very glad," said the captain, "that Warner is here. I feel quite easy at resigning the ribbons to him."

"Oh, bless you! yes, captain," replied Bailey; "don't give the matter another thought. Hope the foot will soon be better. Are you ready, my lady?"

When Lady Tregoyd mounted the box there was a fine young man, with a particularly honest, good-tempered face, occupying Durrant's place. He took his hat off as she climbed the ladder, and, with every expression of surprise and pleasure, said:

"La, Miss Edith, fancy my having the honor of driving you! That is strange, and no mistake!"

"Why, Robert!" exclaimed Lady Tregoyd, "I had no idea you were in this part of the country. And you have never heard I was married?"

"Oh, yes, I have, my lady," admitted the other; "but it seemed so natural-like to call you Miss Edith; but I ask your pardon."

The coach had to go. It was a little humiliating to amateur glory that Robert drove the nervous team with



the utmost ease and precision out of the gateway, as a mere matter of course. Warner was from Selby, Mr. Milton's parish, the son of a small farmer there; and though he had never been in service at the vicarage, yet, as a neighbor who thoroughly understood horses, the charge of the stable had virtually devolved upon him. He had provided the children with their ponies, made up condition-balls for the wagonette mare, and was always ready with his own tax-cart in case of a commission at the market town.

In this way he had been in and out of the house all his life, and had grown up pretty well with the elder ones of the family. A driver by natural instinct, he had served his apprenticeship in a remote county where a coach still ran, and had been attracted to London by the revival of dragsman traditions. He was full of recollections of little events in Selby and of the eccentric people most villages contain, and brought up to Edith's memory many small adventures in her own career.

"I have been down at Selby this Spring, my lady. The old vicar was wonderful hearty. And Miss Mary was there. La! it is a wonder she don't marry; such a handsome and kind-hearted lady—no better in that neighborhood! I suppose you hear very often from them all!"

"Oh, yes, of course, from time to time." But it startled Edith to recollect how little communication she had had with home this year.

"The vicar's getting on, you know, my lady. You should visit him this Summer. He is very hale. But at his age they don't face the winters so well. No man's name stands above his in the county, I reckon. There ain't a blemish on kith or kin; all belonging to him hold up their heads before the world."

The set of roans that did the work the grays had done in the morning were strong, sound horses; but their natural pace was not quite that of the "Grayhound" standard, and Robert had to press them a little, a task he did better, perhaps, than the captain would have done. He was not, in consequence, able to talk so much. And Edith sat in a reverie. Was there anything in flattery and attention, in passionate homage, nay even, perhaps, in sincere love, when it was not love that would bear the light, which could compensate for the averted eyes of our childhood's admirers, the cloud and trouble spread over the exemplary home, the gray hairs brought with sorrow to the grave?

When the bays with black points were put in again Warner said:

"Well, I am sure I shall tell them all down Selby way how first-rate your ladyship was looking. Happy's no word for it. They talk in sermons against riches, but it seems to me that folks with plenty of money in their pockets have much the best of it, and a fine time too; is it not so, my lady?"

"Some rich people are very happy, I make no doubt."

"I could name one that is, I'll be bound," murmured the good fellow.

But was the person thus alluded to so happy?

The increasing traffic required that Robert should attend very exclusively to his task, and Edith fell into another thoughtful silence. The charming decline of the afternoon gilded with a peculiar light the suburban gardens full of fruit-trees still lingering in blossom, and shrubs in their full glory. The children were at play in all the open spaces, the grass was soft and green, and the fragrance of the breathing flowers full of softening influence.

Was it too late? Certainly not. Edith's natural guardian was a man who only required to know his aid

was wanted to afford it readily. Was it such a bitter pill, after all, to go down to him, ask pardon for neglect, and seek support for the future? Whatever he might be, Lord Tregoyd was thoroughly generous. There would be no reproaches; nothing but tenderness for the returning mood of better thoughts.

She got down in Piccadilly in a very different condition from that in which she mounted the box in the morning. Pressing handsome presents on Warner and Bailey, she drove rapidly to her home. The old maid-servant was directed to start at once by rail for St. Wulstans to look after Henry. This amiable functionary also conveyed a letter, worded as follows:

"Faithful Jane Martin will give you this, and will see to all your wants. I hope you will soon be well. If you have ever had any regard for me, or still feel any, play no longer fast and loose with Julia. You have every prospect of happiness in marrying her. I am off to Lindencombe. When you reflect calmly in solitude upon all the circumstances surrounding us, you will admit I have done right."

Edith was wise enough to know that the iron must be struck while it was hot. There are occasions in life when it is fatal to listen to both sides of the question. She determined not to think, but to act. She gave directions about necessary packing, made out instructions for the servants who were to remain in the house, partook of a hasty meal, and sent word to the coachman that she was going by the Exeter mail, and that he must be responsible for her catching it. And soon after half-past eight Lady Tregoyd was actually on her way to Paddington.

## THE SEA.

BY JOHN A. SYMONDS.

FAIR is the sea; and fair the sea-borne billow,  
Blue from the depth and curled with crusted argent!  
Fair is the sea; and fair the smooth sea-margent,  
The brown dunes waved with tamarisk and willow:  
Fair is the sea; and fair the seaman's daughter,  
Fairer than all fair things in earth and ocean:  
Fair is the sea; and fair the wayward motion,  
The wavering glint of light on dancing water:  
Fair is the sea; and fair the heavens above it,  
And fair at ebb the grass-green wilderness:  
Fair is the sea, and fair the stars that love it,  
Rising from waves new-washed with orient tresses:  
Fair is the sea; of all fair sea-things fairest,  
Stella, thou sea-born star, art best and rarest!

## THE LADY OF THE GRAVES.

BY PHILLIP BOURKE MARSTON.

DURING the Autumn of 18—I visited the romantic watering-place of Rocky Bay, and there I formed my memorable but short-lived friendship with Walter Dayrill—short-lived, alas! for he was then in the clutches of consumption, and sinking rapidly.

His handsome, wasted face attracted my attention from the first. It was the face of a man whose life's story must have been in some way tragic.

We seemed drawn to each other in some strange way, and shortly before he died he told me the story of his life.

I shall never forget that afternoon when he approached the subject. How the wild west wind came storming round the one hotel of the place in which we were! The sea was of a grayish-green, flaked with white, flying foam. The window of the room in which we were sitting looked out upon the shore, where we could hear the



BIRTH OF A NEW GOVERNMENT.—AUGUSTUS H. GARLAND.  
SEE PAGE 514.

thunder of the oncoming, and the prolonged serpentine hiss of the retiring, waves. The fire in the room flickered pleasantly.

Walter, on a sofa near me, seemed half-asleep, occasionally murmuring to himself:

"The jewels must be found—the rubies and the diamonds, and the baneful opal!"

He started, and said:

"How the wind blows! I think I must have been asleep!" Then, after a pause, he said: "My friend, there is something I want you to do for me when I am dead."

I promised to carry out faithfully any commission with which he might intrust me.

"I think I should die easier," he went on, "if you would listen to my strange experience."

I protested my willingness to hear, and he thus commenced, using no more words than were absolutely necessary, for his strength was low.

I shall not break up the narrative by showing how frequently it was interrupted by fits of coughing and intervals of exhaustion, but give you as nearly as possible in his own words my friend's history:

As a child I was strangely excitable, and possessed from an early age by the thought of death. Funerals, while I shrank from them, had yet such a terrible fascination for me, that I could not refrain from following one when I met it in my walks.

At night my dreams would be haunted by them, so that I would wake myself with a shriek. Later on I came to know why my boyhood had been so cursed by these dark visions of hearses following hearses in what seemed an endless procession—why it was that my last thought

at night was of coffins and newly-made graves—why it was that I seemed to smell death in the air.

Shortly before my birth my mother, who was a most sensitive woman, was out driving, when the horses took fright at something, and, breaking away, rushed into the midst of a long funeral procession which was proceeding in the opposite direction. The carriage dashed into the hearse with such violence that the coffin was flung out.

You can imagine my mother's horror at having birth and death thus rudely confronted—a horror which she transmitted to her child, who that night was born prematurely!

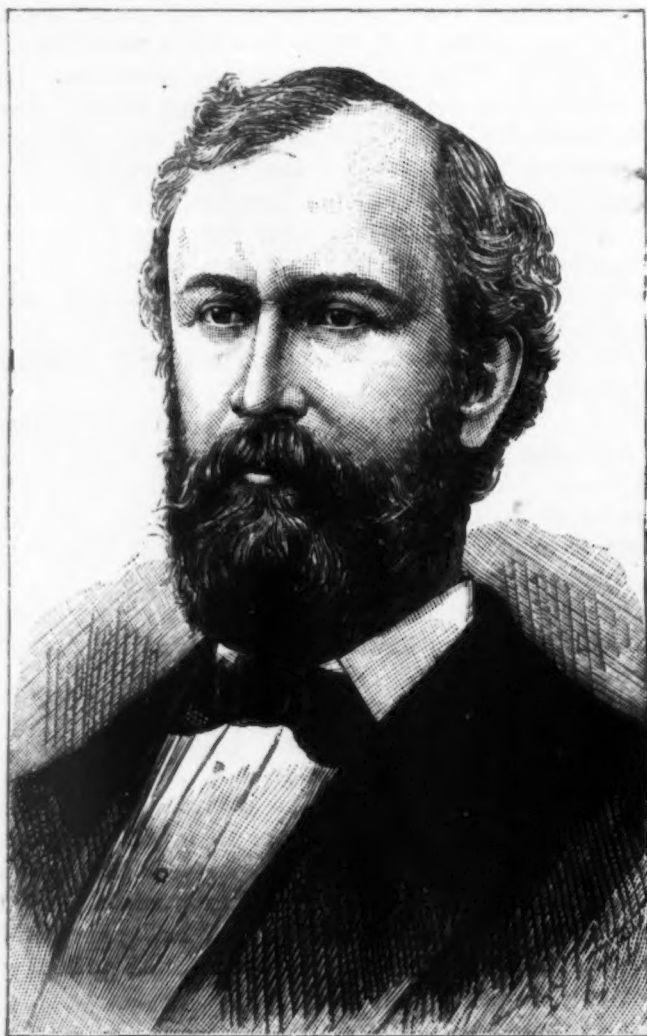
As I approached manhood the terrible repulsion and fascination exercised on me by the thought of death grew less, though at certain periods it would take hold of me as keenly as ever.

I could never pass a country churchyard without going into it and wandering there among the graves.

I was in my twenty-second year when my doctor advised me—for I was very far from strong—to try the effect of a country life, early hours, no reading, but plenty of horse exercise. He advised my going to a pretty village called Hampton, where a brother-doctor resided, in whom he had great confidence.

Looking in the paper, I saw a furnished house advertised to let at Hampton. I at once wrote and secured it. I reached the village at the close of a beautiful May evening. Nothing could have been more peaceful than the scene which lay before me. The nightingales were beginning to try their voices through the soft dusk.

On reaching the house destined for my reception, I saw, with a shudder, that it overlooked the village churchyard. Was I never to have a chance of escaping from the thought of death? But, after all, I was to



WILLIAM F. VILAS, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.



spend but little time in the house, which in every other respect was all that man could desire ; so I resolved to make the best of it.

As I sat in my room I could hear through the open window the notes of the organ ; some one was practicing late. In the morning I was up betimes, and passed the whole day in riding and walking. In the evening, yielding to a temptation which I had been striving to resist, I strayed into the churchyard adjoining the house.

Among the graves, one especially attracted my notice on account of the beautiful flowers with which it was wreathed. On the stone was cut, as part of the inscription :

"To the memory of  
CHARLES EDWARD BEAUMONT,  
Who fell fighting for his country."

I cannot say why my thoughts were so strongly drawn to this dead Beaumont. I passed on after a time, studied the inscriptions on various other tombstones, and was returning when I saw, kneeling by the grave which had so curiously interested me, a tall, slight figure, clothed all in black.

The young woman was surrounding the headstone with fresh flowers. Startled perhaps by the sound of my advancing steps, she raised her head, and the light of the setting sun fell upon the most beautiful face, though also the strangest, I have ever seen.

Neither have I ever seen so sad a face. The large, dark eyes seemed very well-heads of sorrow ; moreover, they seemed to have in them knowledge of things supernatural, while the unrelieved blackness of her dress rendered still more striking the extreme pallor of her beautifully shaped face. Though the mouth was red, it looked as if it had never smiled, nor ever could smile.

She rose, and unlocking the church-door, passed in. I lingered outside, and soon

heard the slow, solemn notes of the organ. Were they wakened then by the same hands that had wrought the music of the night before—almost the first sound which had reached me in my noble abode ? Can you see how clearly it was to be from the first ?

The twilight fell, but I lingered. It was the "Dead March in Saul" which, played with passionate, despairing melancholy, floated through the church. More than once was it played through ; then followed the wonderful "Moonlight Sonata."

It was appropriate, for the moon was beginning to rise, raining down over all its white miraculous peace. I wondered if the dead people underground knew anything of it, or if they heard the chirping of the crickets in the grass above them.

For an hour I staid, listening ; then the music ceased,

and the tall figure, clothed all in black, passed from the church into the moonlight. As she moved, dark and noiseless, among those silent homes of the dead, she seemed to me the reigning spirit of the place, and to myself I called her, as indeed she seemed to me, "The Lady of the Graves." I remained unseen in the shadow of the church till I felt she must be out of sight. Then I came out of hiding, and went into my house.

That night my dreams were of her and of men long dead. They were sable dreams, and through them all was a music of lamentation.

The next day found me so weak and depressed that I carried my letter of introduction to Dr. Spencer. I found him a middle-aged man with a cheery manner.

Seeing my depressed condition, he very kindly asked me to dine with him that evening, and I accepted the invitation gladly, for I hated to be alone. I spent most of the day in country inns, talking to whomsoever I might chance to find there—anything but to be by myself.

Thankful I was when seven o'clock struck and I could repair to my doctor's house, not knowing that in that very place and that very evening I was to meet my fate, my love, my beautiful Lady of the Graves—my Marah. But so it was.

After dinner, when we were alone, my host, in a few words, told me Marah Beaumont's history.

Her mother, passionately beloved by her husband, died in giving birth to this daughter, her second child. Associating his daughter with this disaster to his life, Mr. Beaumont shrank from her from her birth, and christened her Marah.

Marah grew up a strange, reserved girl, idolizing her brother Charles, who seemed to have been to her brother, sister, mother, father, in one. He fell fighting in the Crimea.

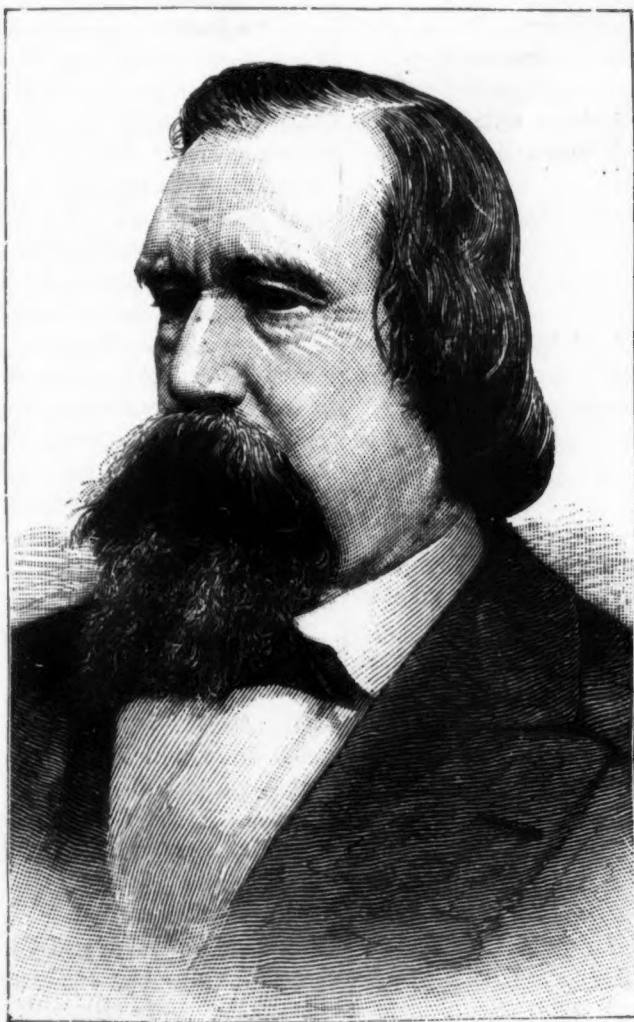
The shock of his loss nearly killed Marah. It was now

two years since Charles's death, yet his sister would not lighten her mourning. Not a day passed but she visited his grave. Mr. Beaumont spent most of his time on the Continent ; and, as the doctor and his family were all attached to Marah, Beaumont had, at their suggestion, let his house furnished, and consigned her to their protection.

I learned with surprise that it was this very house that I had rented, having made all my arrangements with the housekeeper, a somewhat singular and reserved old lady.

That night, when I went home, I knew myself, for the first time, to be in love. I was so restless that, instead of going to bed, I wandered about the country.

The nightingales all sang of love, and not of their ancient griefs. The owls chattered of love, and not of prey. Where shadow and moonlight blended I seemed to see



LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

forms of lovers clasped in one another's arms. But enough of these fancies.

I became rapidly intimate with Marah, so that we spoke frequently of her brother and visited his grave together.

What was it about her that so wholly fascinated me? In part, it was her strange, forlorn beauty, which suggested a fair country—fair but forsaken—seen for the first time in the light of a setting sun; partly it was her earnest, twilight voice, partly the silent grace of her movements, and the unexpected way in which she would come and go. But, above all, it was that, in some way impossible to define, she was utterly unlike any woman that I had ever met or ever heard of.

With all her beauty, there was a nameless something which seemed to forbid that beauty's appropriation; and yet, to me, this prohibition of Fate seemed only a new attraction. She was eight years older than I, and that inspired in me a deeper adoration than I could have felt for some one of my own age.

I shall not forget that midsummer's eve. I had been for a long walk, and returned to my house as the twilight was deepening. The door stood open, and I walked straight into the dining-room; and there, sitting in the window's recess, was Marah, her fair face fallen into her hands.

At sight of me she would have risen, but I prevented her.

"Marah," I said, "it is good of you to have waited for me."

"I came," she answered, and I could tell by her voice that she had been weeping—"I came that we might sit together, you and I, where I have sat so often with him."

Then I laid my hands on hers—long, slender hands they were—and said:

"Marah, I have known you but a little while, and yet, with all my heart, with all my soul, I love you! Young as I am, a curse seems to hang upon my life. You, and you only, can take my curse away. Will you take it away? Will you be my wife?"

For answer, she flung her arms round my neck and strained me to her, while all her body shook with sobs.

"Marah," I cried, "you love me?"

"Yes," she answered, and her voice was broken—"yes, I love you more than my own soul. I love you, but I dare not marry you. Your life is cursed only in your fancy. In time you would come to hate me, and ah! merciful Heaven! how could I bear that? I love you, but I must not marry you. You must choose some happier woman. You *think* yourself cursed, but I *know* that I am! Was I not with Death from the first? Am I not called Marah?"

I swore to love her, to cherish her in every way, to share her sorrow more gladly than any other joy, and to be her slave. I prevailed at last, all and that evening we sat entranced in deep rest and happiness.

That very night I wrote to Mr. Beaumont. His consent to our marriage was speedily obtained. For a wedding present he gave Marah some wonderful old jewels which had been in his family for many generations.

"They are too beautiful for me," she said, turning them over.

I thought they were not worthy of her beauty.

We were married in September, and went abroad for our wedding trip. I knew my love, on the whole, was happy in her grave, serene way; but sometimes it would seem to me as if she were standing between two great shadows, and the light would die out of her eyes and leave her face gray and hopeless; or, without seeming cause, the sudden tears would break from her eyes.

If I questioned her, she would say it was only because she was not strong, and she would put up her lips to be kissed and ask me to be patient with her.

Not in gay cities like Paris and Vienna can I picture her now; but I have visions of her as she moved by my side through the twilight streets of Bruges, or I see her winding down the staircase of the old hotel, with carved swans for the balustrade; or she is moving noiselessly through old cathedrals, where she would often kneel down just as the common people did, saying that it was good to pray there.

I wonder if she knew just how much I loved her—how in all things I strove to do her will? I was happier than I had ever been before.

All that troubled me was the vague sense of misgiving which seemed to hang about my darling, and the knowledge that she was never strong.

My morbid moods recurred at longer and longer intervals. Still they did recur.

After our happy wanderings we returned to Hampton for Christmas—fools, not knowing that we were such!

The severity of that Winter was almost unparalleled. Hampton Station was about a mile from our house, and that Christmas Eve on which we arrived such a heavy snowstorm had fallen as to delay the train; and, having sent no notice of our arrival, we found it impossible to procure any carriage, so that we were compelled to struggle on on foot through the driving snow.

"Cold, and still as death—is it not?" she asked.

I kissed her cold mouth, and put my arm more tightly around her, and strove to cheer her with talk of home-joys. At length we reached the house.

But that night, while the simple villagers sang carols beneath our windows, my darling lay in bed, with burning cheeks and hands, and madly-throbbing head.

I would have sent the singers away, but she said:

"No, dear; let them stay. Charles would have had it so."

Morning had brought no alleviation of her symptoms. Her illness became serious and threatening. Often she wandered at intervals, talked of Charles as if they were again children together. Then, recovering consciousness, she would fix her eyes full on me, and say:

"Mind, if I die, you bury me in the same grave with Charles. Dear, I shall grieve to leave you, if, indeed, it must be so; but I shall be so glad to see him once more!"

Almost she smiled, and that smile roused in me a demon of jealousy, and I answered:

"So long as you can see him, what do you care that I shall be left here alone?"

She began to cry, and I cursed myself for the words I had uttered, and fell on my knees by the bed, with my head upon her bosom.

"But you will not die," I cried. "This is no more than a feverish cold."

But, though I tried to delude myself with these words, I had at heart the sickening sense that she was slipping from me. I knew how fragile her constitution was.

Sometimes she was wholly delirious, and seemed in terrible distress, clasping her hand against her side. For ten days I did not close my eyes. I could eat no food, and lived almost entirely on brandy. I would have no one nurse her but myself.

We fought death, as it were, hand-to-hand—Dr. Spenser and I. We drew out the cold, which at first had threatened to strike inward; we quelled the fever. But what skill could combat the exhaustion which followed? She felt that she was going from me, and when I could



not help showing her that my heart was broken, for the heart of pity in her, the tears would fall fast down her poor, wasted cheeks.

On the eleventh night, feeling that it would be physically impossible not to yield to sleep, I reluctantly accepted Mr. Spenser's offer to keep for a few hours my vigil. I slept as people under such circumstances do sleep—a long, dense, dreamless sleep.

When I awoke, it was in the gray, cold light of the implacable Winter morning. I sprang up instantly, full of my love.

I heard the door of her room open and shut. I heard the doctor's voice speaking in low tones. I heard the sound of a woman's suppressed sobbing.

My heart seemed to stop breathing, for I knew then that she had gone from me. For me there was no longer Marah in the world. Coming out of my room I came on Spenser, who saw by my face that I knew.

"We would have wakened you," said his wife, "but she passed away in her sleep so peacefully."

Then I went into the room. There on the bed, with lace at her neck and wrists, with the peace of God, it seemed to me, on her face, cold and motionless, lay my three-months' bride!

I kissed the mute, unresponsive lips, the closed lids, the cold, dark hair. It seemed to me that my heart and brain must burst, for I could shed not a tear.

All that day I sat by her in the room of death. Of course the room was fireless, and, they told me, cold; but I felt it not. In the evening those awful men came with their black burden, but I would not let their hands come near my love, who was then a saint in Heaven; so I and Spenser laid her in her narrow bed.

When I saw her lying there a fresh sense of grief, blended with a mighty increase of my old childish horror of death, suddenly came upon me.

My head swam round; my heart beat so fast as almost to stifle me. I had meant to pass the night alone with my dead, but I sprang up, trying to reach the door. I heard my own shriek as I fell to the ground. Then all was dark.

I was conscious next of strange, shifting scenes and illusive forms, like, yet unlike, people I had known.

There came a day, at last, when I awoke to consciousness of real life, and gradually to the remembrance of what had happened; but that grief, though very real, seemed yet sanctified and softened, as it were, by a great distance.

I had been prostrated, I learned, by brain fever. When it abated I was told that my life had been despaired of, and that, for at least a month to come, it was necessary that I should be kept in a state of the profoundest quiet. I was to sleep as much as possible, and to be well nourished.

Almost the first question asked of the doctor was, if Marah had been laid to rest with her brother, as she desired.

"All," he replied, "was just as I would have it to be."

Then he bade me ask no more questions, and think of nothing but getting well.

It was then early April, and the purity of the young Spring, innocent of all large heats of sun, seemed to flow into my veins; nor did it seem a bitter thing to sit in the soft April twilight, and there to let the tears have their way, thinking of her who was now no more in this world, but in another one, joined to the brother she had loved.

I would look up to the stars, wondering if any one of them might be her home; but I did not wish to speak of her.

Once Mrs. Spenser approached the subject, but I put it aside, asking her to wait till I was stronger.

Day and night did I pray to my love that from her far place she would so influence my life as to make me worthy of being there reunited to her. Was I stronger than I had thought?

One evening, when I was sitting alone, watching the April sunset in a sky half pure blue, half black with thunderous clouds, watching the virginal green branches of the trees as they tossed in the blithe Spring wind, which, though cool this evening, had in it a wonderful sweetness and zest, an uncontrollable longing to be once more in the open air came upon me.

If I asked permission, I knew it would be refused. I listened. The house was perfectly quiet, but for a servant who was singing over her work in the kitchen.

Supporting myself by a stick, I crept down-stairs, then out into the fresh wind and gold light of the setting sun. I went a few steps down the garden, with the songs of birds in it, and heard, blown about by the wind from near clover-field, the violent note of the cuckoo.

I opened the garden-gate. Ah, whither should my first pilgrimage be, if not to my love's grave?

I passed into the churchyard. I tottered onward to the grave I knew so well, by which I had first seen her. There I came upon the ghost of her, watching, as it were, by her own grave. Nay, not her ghost, but her very self!

"Marah—Marah!" I called.

She rose, wavered, and then, with a low cry, flung her arms about me. Upon my neck I felt her cold hands.

"Love," she cried, "it is I. I am not dead, but yours only."

Could I still believe my senses? Scarcely. Later on, when I was calmer, I came to hear how she had lain in a trance, which even the practiced eye of the doctor could not distinguish from death, till at last, and only just in time, her agonizing internal convulsions resulted in a faint moan, which roused those present as if it had been the crash of doom. The shock was too much for me, and all that night I relapsed into delirium.

Dr. Spenser and his wife had meant to break the joyful news to me gently, but I had forestalled them.

I regained my health slowly. The presence of Marah so excited me that I was only allowed to see her briefly every day.

It was on midsummer's eve, just a year since I had told her of my love, that we were, so to speak, remarried—that we again began to live together, quite by ourselves, as husband and wife.

Shall I ever forget the awful stillness of that dark midsummer's eve, and its sky charged with coming storm?

The Spensers, who had been staying in the house, had left us, and we were alone together for the night—I and my love—who had come back to me, as it were from the land of Death.

So absorbed was I in this thought, that I started violently at the sound of her low voice as she asked me of what I was thinking about.

"What," I answered, "could I be thinking of but of you?"

As the clock struck twelve, she said, lying in my arms:

"The sound of that clock came very near reaching you over my grave."

Her words made me shudder, and I thanked God with all my heart for having given my love back to me.

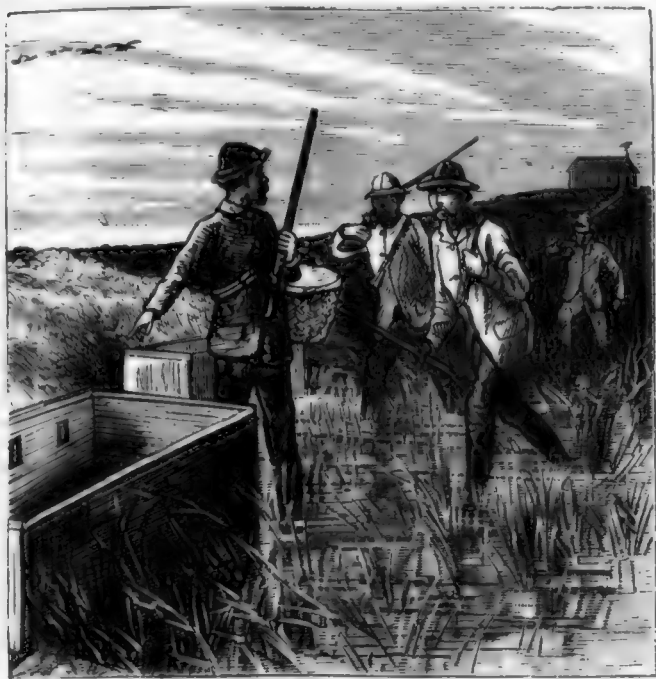
Were we as happy as we had been in the early days of our marriage?

As the weeks went on I could not help asking myself



THE LADY OF THE GRAVES.—"WHEN I DREW THE PILLOW AWAY, THE FACE WAS THERE, BUT THE EYES WERE CHANGED. I WAS AWARE THAT MY WIFE MARIAN LAY THERE, AND THAT I HAD MURDERED HER."—SEE PAGE 519.





BRANT-SHOOTING AT CAPE COD.—“IT TAKES A LONG TIME TO GO A DISTANCE OF HALF A MILE IN THIS WAY, BUT AT LENGTH WE REACH THE BOX.”—SEE NEXT PAGE.

that question. The fascination Marah had for me was greater than ever. Indeed, it was so intense as to be almost painful. Yet I felt that we were both of us changed. Sometimes she would say:

“Why do you look at me so long without speaking? Say something, or I think I shall go mad.”

It is true that when I looked at her I seemed to lose the power of speech.

One evening, at the beginning of August, I was sitting by myself, thinking of Marah and of death, seeing again her white face in the coffin, and having terror of it.

Suddenly a cold hand fell upon mine. I sprang up and away from her with a wild cry. I said:

“I had forgotten you were not dead.”

“Perhaps,” she answered, quietly, “you would rather not have remembered?”

I tried to laugh, and said that dead people come to life could not be like other people.

Against what happened I strove manfully, I think, but vainly. The added fascination which she had for me was tainted. It was the old morbid fascination of death. I would go to the grave where she had so nearly been laid. I would fancy her lying within it, and again I would picture her confined face. Then, with dread and desire, each enhancing each, I would go to the house to clasp her in my arms, my dread, beautiful Lady of the Graves.

Sometimes I would wonder if it were not all a delusion, and Marah no more than the phantasm of a madman's brain. Then terror of my wife would come upon me, so that I would shun the sight of her.

Day by day she grew whiter and thinner—more like one dead—and it seemed to me that there was a look of mournful reproach in her eyes which I had never seen there before. I can scarcely say why that look should so have maddened me, but it did.

In September I went quite alone to London, to see if that change would be of any help to me. I strove to keep the thought of Marah from my mind; I strove in every possible way to divert myself, but, oh, how vainly! In crowded streets, in theatres, in drawing-rooms, in the gaslight and in the sunlight, and in the darkness, always, I saw before me that white, confined face.

I returned to Hampton, hoping that her real face would

lay this dreadful spectre of it. I returned quite unexpectedly, one grave, quiet afternoon. A few birds were singing dubiously through the damp which hung over everything.

As I passed the well-known church a tall figure flitted out from among the graves, and seeing me, gave a low cry. It was Marah.

But as she came near I shrank from her, saying:

“No, not now, Marah; you smell of death. God help me, but I think you are dead yourself!”

She passed into the house, and, though I dreaded, I had to follow.

“What were you doing in the churchyard?” I asked.

“Laying flowers on my brother's grave. At least your dead wife may tend her dead.”

She passed on, and I did not attempt to follow her.

Was I cruel to her in these days? Why did I not leave her? Because, while I hated her—yes, I think it had come to be hatred—she yet retained for me an awful, ghastly fascination.

I dreaded to hear her voice, her footfall—dreaded to see her face; yet she drew me to her as the North Pole draws the magnet. My old horror of death returned to me more strongly than ever, and among the funerals moved the spectre of my wife—the ghost that would not be laid.

Was there no way in which I could break from this fearful thralldom?

I spoke of it to no one—not even to my doctor—who, I can see now, detected something strange in my manner.

“Why do you hate me?” she said, once. “What wrong have I done you?”

“What wrong did I do you,” I answered, “that you should haunt me thus? Can one live with the dead, and not go mad?”

We had separate bedrooms. That night I was in my own room. I awoke from a light sleep with an irresistible sense that I *must* see Marah, or the phantom of Marah. Perhaps I should find her bed empty, and the phantom gone.

I took a lamp, and shading its light with my hand, went stealthily to her room. I crept close to the bed and gazed.

Yes, there upon the pillow, framed in its dark hair, lay



BRANT-SHOOTING AT CAPE COD.—“IN AN INSTANT THREE GUNS MORE ARE DISCHARGED, AND DOWN DROP THE BIRDS IN EVERY DIRECTION.”

that white, awful face, just as I had seen it lie in the coffin.

I just touched one cold hand which lay upon the coverlet; then a voice seemed to whisper in my ear:

"End this! Bear it no longer. Dispel this phantom!"

I set the light down and dashed a heavy pillow over the white, strange, wasted face. With all my might I cast myself upon that pillow, crying:

"Now, now, now, leave me for ever!"

When I drew the pillow away, the face was there, but the eyes were changed. By a sudden blaze of sure knowledge I was aware that my wife, Marah, lay there, and that I had murdered her.

Still the thought of my own death filled me with terror, and such a death as I should have to die on the discovery of my crime. Cold drops of sweat stood upon my forehead. Was there no way to escape detection?

With fiendish promptness I thought of a way. The house was only one story high, and divided from the road by a low wall. A tree pushed its branches against it just outside the window. By the use of this tree a dishonest person could reach the room.

I found my wife's jewel-case, and wrenched open the lock. I dropped one ring upon the floor, as if to indicate it had been dropped in the hurry of plunder. I raised the window, to let myself down by the tree, and going straight to a deep, disused well, dropped all the jewels therein.

I re-entered the room by the same way, and going noiselessly to my own room, waited till I should be aroused by the intelligence that my house had been broken into, my wife murdered and her jewels stolen.

Now my confession is made. When I am dead I want you to go to the house at Hampton and to have the disused well searched for the jewels, which you will restore to Mr. Beaumont.

My crime was, I think, the crime of a madman, but my remorse has been an agony which will make death welcome. I love my wife now with all the old strength and tenderness, and I cannot help thinking that if there is a life after this, when I have suffered more still, perhaps some dim, purgatorial land of tortures, that God will pity me, as I know she does, and join me to her in the city that is not built with hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two days after this tale was told Walter Dayrill passed away into the mystery of things. The trust he left me I duly fulfilled.

### SOME CURIOUS SUPERSTITIONS.

THE following curious items of superstition in Holland are interesting, and, at the same time, quaintly funny:

A baby laughing in its dreams is conversing with the angels.

Rocking the cradle when the babe is not in it is considered injurious to the infant, and a prognostic of its speedy death.

A strange dog following you is a sign of good luck.

A stork settling on a house is a harbinger of happiness. To kill such a bird would be a sacrilege.

If you see a shooting star the wish you form before it disappears will be fulfilled.

A person born with a caul is considered fortunate.

Four-leaved clover brings luck to the person who finds it unawares.

An overturned saltcellar is a ship wrecked. If a per-

son take salt and spill it on the table, it betokens a strife between him and the person next to whom it fell. To avert the omen, he must lift up the shed grains with a knife and throw them behind his back.

After eating eggs in Holland, you must break the shells, or the witches would sail over in them to England. The English don't know under what obligations they are to the Dutch for this custom.

A tingling ear denotes there is somebody speaking of you behind your back. If you hear the noise in the right one, he praises you; if on the left side, he is calling you a scoundrel, or something like that. But never mind, for if, in the latter case, you bite your little finger, the evil speaker's tongue will be in the same predicament. By all means, don't spare your little finger!

If you make a present of a knife or scissors, the person receiving must pay something for it, otherwise the friendship between you would be cut off.

If, at a dinner, a person yet unmarried be placed inadvertently between a married couple, be sure he or she will get a partner within the year. It is a pity it must be inadvertently.

If a person when rising throw down his chair, he is considered guilty of untruth.

A potato begged or stolen is a preservative against rheumatism. Chestnuts have the same efficacy.

The nymphae, or water-lily, whose broad leaves and clear white or yellow cups float upon the water, was esteemed by the old Frisians to have a magical power. "I remember, when a boy," says Dr. Halbertsma, "that we were extremely careful in plucking and handling them, for if any one fell with such a flower in his possession, he became immediately subject to fits."

If you feel on a sudden a shivering sensation in your back, there is somebody walking over your future grave.

A person speaking by himself will die a violent death.

Don't go under a ladder, for if you do you will be hanged.

### BRANT-SHOOTING AT CAPE COD.

BY ORVILLE DEANE.

HO! FOR Cape Cod, and such sport as only a very limited number of persons know anything about! We leave the cars at Harwich, about seventy miles from Boston. Thence, by a lumbering stage-coach, we ride over six miles of sand, till we reach the quaint old town of Chatham, situated on the extreme elbow of the Cape; thence by sailboat we proceed seven miles more, and come to anchor beside the little Island of Monomoy.

It is a little sand-heap, only about two hundred yards wide, by perhaps three hundred long. Indeed, there are times, at very low water, when it is not an island at all, but simply a sand-reef beyond a stretch of mud-flats. Commonly, however, it is surrounded by water.

As we climb up the steep, sandy shore, piled knee-deep with seaweed, we get sight of a little building, about fifteen feet by twenty, shingled all over, and having on one end a weather-vane shaped like a goose, but holding the head and neck in such a strange way that you don't quite know what the figure is intended to represent. But it is the exact profile of a brant, and this building is the headquarters of the Monomoy Branting Club of Boston.

You ask, "Just what is the brant?" I answer, "It is not a goose." There is a small goose called the brent-goose; but this is not the bird. In the Western States almost anything shaped like a goose is called a brant; but nothing like this bird has ever been seen beyond the



Mississippi. What we are soon to shoot at is the *Bernicla brenta*—a beautiful creature, weighing about three and a half pounds, with head, wings and upper feathers nearly black, but with lighter-colored breast, and the lower tail-feathers white. It is exclusively a salt-water bird.

"There is a flock just now passing northward, and I guess we are not too early;" so speaks one of the party who has had experience. And we shall find him correct in his guesswork, though it is now only the 19th of March.

We said but few persons knew anything of this sport. There are good reasons why. One is that this is almost the only point on the continent where they can be shot in any numbers. These birds are not distributed along the shore so generally as are Canada geese, black duck, coots, and other water-fowl. They do alight at Nantucket, at Prince Edward's Island, and in less numbers at two or three other points, but for various reasons they are out of the hunter's reach.

Another reason is, that the Spring flight—and then only do they alight—is very short, lasting only from about March 20th to May 1st. Still another reason why so few hunt them is that it requires a considerable outlay of money to provide the apparatus necessary for any tolerable success, and it is only when associated in the form of "clubs" that the average sportsman can afford the luxury.

Facing eastward from Monomoy, you look on the broad Atlantic. But to the westward is a vast expanse of level sand and mud, known as the "Chatham Great Flats." These extend up and down for several miles, and over them the water flows, varying in depth from two feet to almost nothing, according as it is full or neap tide.

Adjoining these flats, on the west, is deep-blue water, where grows abundance of common eel-grass on which the brant feed. This grass grows in water five or six feet deep, and as these birds are not divers, they can feed only at low water. At high tide they are cruising about in small flocks, or "pods," as the sportsmen say.

This is the time when, if ever, we shall get a shot at them. But now you will be surprised at the arrangement for shooting them. A water-tight box about six feet long, three and a half feet wide, and two and a half feet deep, and made of heavy planks, is about half-buried in the flat. Then hundreds of loads of sand are brought from a distance, until a "bar" is made a little higher than the top of the box, and stretching away on either hand for twenty to thirty yards. The highest point of sand and the top of the box must be just above the water at full tide.

The birds see this sand-bar from a distance, and suppose it a good place to alight, like any other of the reefs now visible above the water. But there are special inducements to come to your bar, for the guide has a dozen wooden decoys floating in the water near, besides a couple of live birds in the basket, which he will make use of when all is ready.

The birds fly most on morning tides, so we take a hasty breakfast, and are on the way to the boxes before the sun is up. But what a strange-looking company we are! Hunters walking straight into the ocean to shoot birds! An observer would never suspect our errand, unless he understood this singular sport. The tide rises apace, and the water grows deeper and deeper, till we are slowly making our way through two feet of the ocean brine.

It takes a long time to go a distance of half a mile in this way, but at length we reach the box, and are comfortably seated within it. Each box is arranged with seats for two hunters and a guide, who also carries a gun.

Our feet are incased in rubber boots reaching to the hips, and we wear light-colored oil-clothing, with hats as near the color of the sand as possible.

Now the guide takes a couple of live brant from his basket—birds with wings clipped so they cannot fly—fastens a line to their legs, and tosses them out on the bar. These are the live decoys. They are so trained that when a "pod" of brant are passing, or are in sight, they will stretch themselves up and flap their wings, in this way inviting the flock to alight with them.

When a flock has settled into the water, and are swimming for the bar, the decoys will run to the edge of the water to meet them. But so soon as they begin to cluster on the sand, the decoys will work off to one side out of range of the guns.

After a few moments of waiting, our guide, Alonzo, points to a dark spot at the water's edge, a mile away, and says:

"Now they move."

We watch them eagerly as they fly swiftly on, now high over the water, now low down; but we are doomed to disappointment, for they pass us a long way out, going straight toward Prince Edward's Island, where they will alight in about eight hours. But others are moving, and more and more the air is alive with them as the rising tide drives them from their feeding-grounds. Now a flock seems moving toward us.

"Keep down," says the guide, and we are invisible.

Nearer and nearer they come; the decoys "show wing," but there must be old birds in the flock, for they appear suspicious, and will not alight.

"Good fish in the sea as ever were caught," mutters Alonzo. "Down, down, boys; more are coming!"

This time a pod of six are approaching. They show no disposition to "settle," but attempt to pass us about fifty yards away.

We see their game, and, before they can get away, we spring to our feet and give them three barrels, reducing the flock by two fine birds.

Scarcely are we quiet in the box again when the guide says, "Jerusalem!" and points to a long dark line, just visible above the water, a mile and a half to the south of us. We grasp our guns and keep down, while he watches them and works the decoys. They are passing us one hundred yards out. No; they catch sight of the decoys, and their white feathers gleam in the morning sun as they suddenly turn and fly straight toward us. Oh, how gracefully they circle around us, coming slowly nearer, as if half suspecting danger.

But they seem to say at last, "There can be nothing wrong about that mere sand-bar; and, besides, some of our folks are now there. Let's alight."

And into the water they settle. There must be four hundred birds in that flock. But they are eighty yards away. We must wait till they swim up to the bar.

How long the time seems! We can scarcely sit quiet, with guns in our hands and with such game in sight. Cases are on record where, in similar instances, some excited hunter could not control himself, but, springing to his feet, has discharged his gun and driven off the birds, without securing one; but Alonzo is whispering:

"Keep down, boys—keep down, and you shall have them!"

Again and again he makes the decoys show wing, and nearer and nearer comes the great flock. Now they are only fifty yards away—now only forty. Their feet begin to touch bottom, and they will not swim much nearer; so we must prepare to shoot.

"Look at them," says Alonzo; and for the first time we



BRANT-SHOOTING AT CAPE COD.—"LET THE DEAD ONES REST FOR A LITTLE, WHILE WE CATCH THE WOUNDED ONES THAT ARE TRYING TO SWIM AWAY."

raise our heads, very slowly, and our eyes feast on the sight.

If they would only bunch up, as they sometimes do! But they will not, and we must select the spots where they are thickest.

"Put over," says the guide; and, following his example, we slowly push the muzzles above the edge of the box. "Ready!" and each man selects his bunch. "Fire!" and three guns sound so simultaneously that you hear but one report.

With a thundering roar of wings, and with cries of astonishment, the flock rises; but we also rise, and in an instant three guns more are discharged. Down drop the birds in every direction, some near and some far out.

Dropping guns, we jump from the box and rush through the water after them. Let the dead ones rest for a little, while we catch the wounded who are trying to swim away. Some are only "wing-tipped," and it takes a long chase through the water to catch them. When we get such a one we keep him and train him for a decoy. We lose some that drop, but on coming back to the box and counting up, we find we have sixteen birds from that scrimmage.

Alonzo lights his pipe and proceeds to take a smoke, with the air of one who thinks it unnecessary to remark, "Gentlemen, you perceive I know how to do it"; and we think he does.

Then we sit and wait for a long time without seeing more brant. Arctic terns, Turkey gulls, black ducks, shell drakes, old squams, and such like birds, fly temptingly near, but we must not shoot if we expect more brant.

But our patience is at last to be rewarded, for from the north a large flock is heading toward us. The decoys "show wing," but the water is now getting low, and, though the birds seem disposed to accept the invitation to alight, the sand-bar is now quite conspicuous, and they settle into the water a long way out.

It seems impossible to get them nearer than eighty yards, and that is a very long range for an ordinary shotgun.

"Can you reach them?" says the guide, who has laid aside his muzzle-loader and cannot shoot because he has spilled all his powder.

"I think so," says each hunter, and we exchange the shells now in our guns for some with coarser shot.

"Put over—ready—fire!"

Bang! bang! as they rise. Bang! bang! Indeed, we have reached them, and dropped some! Splash, splash! go the rubber boots through the shoal water as we run out after the birds. And we return in triumph with nine dead birds.

"Well done!" says the guide; "but, boys, do you know that was an awful long shot?"

But the sun is high and the water is low, and it will be useless to remain here longer. We signal for help from the "shanty," and a man comes to help carry up our twenty-seven brant.

This is a truthful record of one morning's work, but it was considered as rather more than average good fortune.

"Brant are worth two dollars a pair in Boston now," says Andrews, the cook, as we sit down to a good hot clam-chowder, prepared for us by his skillful hands.

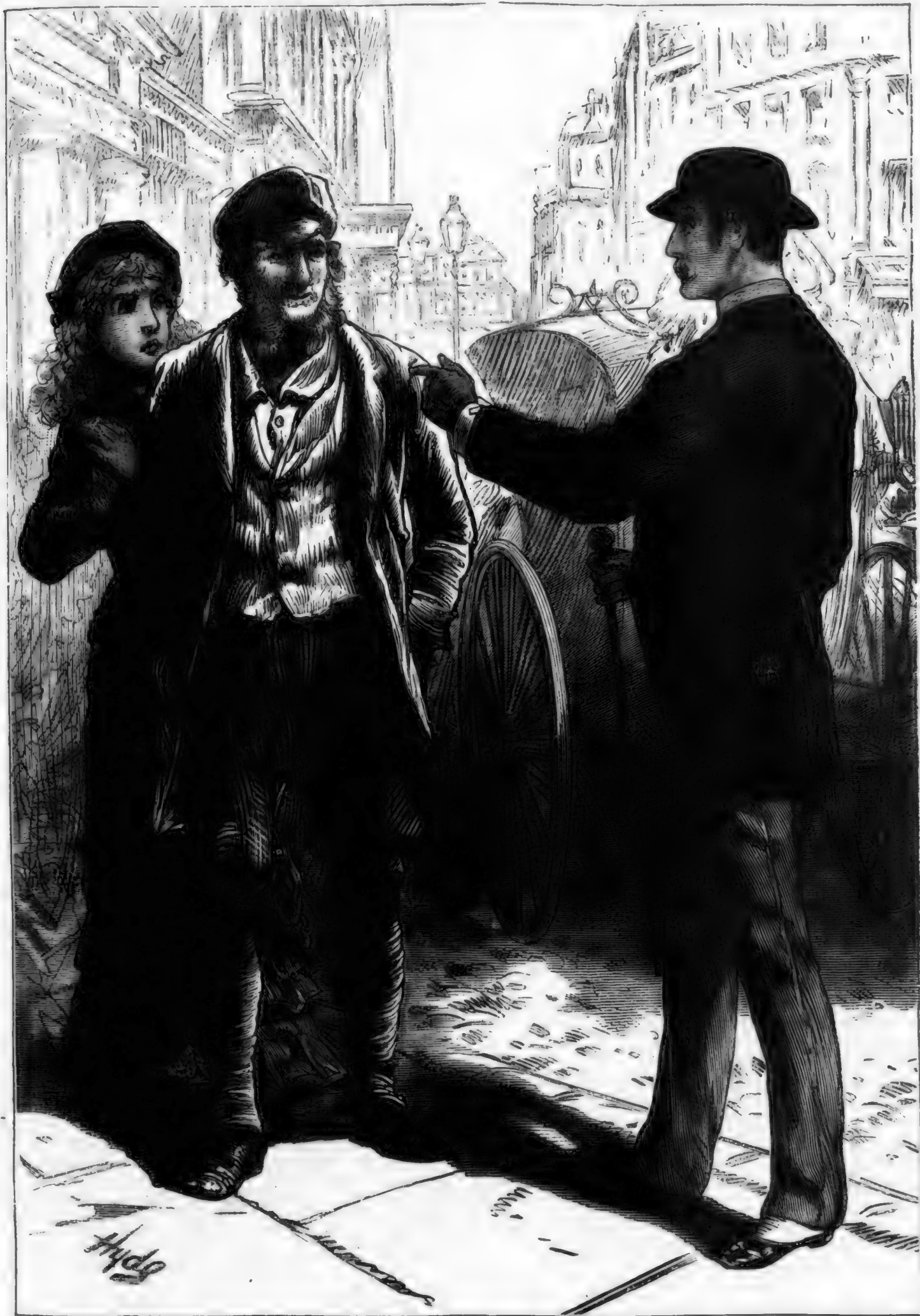
DEATH AMONG THE CAPITALISTS.—The ravages which death has made among the capitalists of the Fifth Avenue awakens solemn thought. One can recall such names as Moses Taylor, who left \$20,000,000; A. T. Stewart, \$120,000,000; and William B. Astor, \$50,000,000, together with men of more moderate figures, including E. D. Morgan, \$7,000,000; Marshall O. Roberts, \$4,000,000; R. L. Stuart, \$5,000,000; James Lenox, \$3,000,000; also W. R. Garrison, who was killed in a railway collision, leaving \$2,000,000. Among the smaller names among the dead are Daniel Torrence (one of Commodore Vanderbilt's sons-in-law) and Robert Hoe, the machinist, who was at least a millionaire. The simplest funeral among all this mortuary array was that of James Lenox, whose love of privacy was honored even after death. No funeral sermon was delivered, and even the time of the interment was not published.

THERE scarce can be named one quality that is amiable in a woman which is not becoming in a man, not excepting even modesty and gentleness of nature.



BRANT-SHOOTING AT CAPE COD.—"WE LOSE SOME THAT DROP, BUT ON COMING BACK TO THE BOX AND COUNTING UP, WE FIND WE HAVE SIXTEEN BIRDS FROM THAT SCRIMMAGE."





HER REVENGE. — "THIS WOMAN IS MY WIFE," SAYS REX. "YOU'RE WIFE!" JIM LAUGHS; "THAT'S A GOOD 'UN! THIS HERE GIRL'S BEEN MY WIFE FOR A MATTER O' TEN YEARS, MISTER." — SEE PAGE 530.

Vol. XIX., No. 5—34.

## FALLEN ANGELS.

'Tis written in the Talmud how a pair  
 Of angels dwelt with children of the dust,  
 And judged between the just and the unjust:  
 Loyal to God, until a woman, fair  
 As sun or stars, entangled in her hair  
 The hearts of those twin angels, and dark lust  
 Consumed them, till they whispered, "Surely must  
 We temper justice to a thing so rare."  
 God punished those false angels, yet if I  
 Were placed like them upon some judgment-seat  
 Speaking the law, and you came wandering by,  
 One ~~small~~ <sup>small</sup> ~~thing~~ <sup>thing</sup> would fling me at your feet  
 Crying, "Have pity upon me, oh, most sweet!  
 Do with me as you will, and let me die."

## HER REVENGE.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

THE cottage stands back from the road, and is almost hidden from view by the tall trees and thick shrubbery surrounding it. The month is June, and the air is redolent with the perfume of flowers, while the breeze stirring the rustling leaves is soft and balmy. Just such a day as should make one feel at peace with all the world, and cherish none but pleasant thoughts.

But there is neither peace nor pleasantness in the heart of the man and woman who stand on the steps of the cottage side by side. The faces of both are disfigured by passion, and it is evident they have been having a serious quarrel.

The woman is pretty, with one of those soft, fair, childlike faces which win admiration from every one. About her forehead the golden hair falls in clustering curls, and her plump bare arms and neck are dazzlingly fair.

But Lizzie Dale's character is far from corresponding with her appearance. Her life has not been one calculated to preserve the guilelessness of childhood, and her loveliness is only skin-deep, as the tall, handsome young fellow standing beside her has learned to his cost. He knows her now, whatever his past delusions may have been, to be selfish, jealous, cunning and deceitful, and he wonders how he could ever have imagined he loved her. He fairly loathes the dazzling charms which lured him into taking the step he now repents in dust and ashes.

He wonders how he could have been so mad as to imagine her beauty could compensate for her lack of birth, breeding and education.

"It is time for me to go," he says; "and further talk on this subject is useless, Lizzie. I have made up my mind, and no argument you can use—"

"No, I suppose not," she interrupts, hotly; "and I won't try to coax you any longer. It is very plain to me that the love you used to talk so much about was only a sham, after all."

"I am afraid it was," he answers.

She pales to the lips, and sets her teeth hard together before she answers.

"You're plain spoken"—with a short, harsh laugh.

"Perhaps you wish you'd never seen me."

"With all my heart and soul, I do," he answers.

"Do you mean that, Rex?"

As she asks the question she lays her hand on his arm, and looks up in his face.

He shakes off the hand, and turns his head away.

"You goad me into saying all sorts of things, Lizzie," he says, in a softer tone: "I don't like to quarrel with you, Heaven knows; and for months I've dreaded to

come here, for I know what kind of a reception you always keep ready for me."

"You've deserved a better," she says, sneeringly.

"You've treated me so well—paid me such honor!"

Reginald Vaughn's face flashes.

"I know my shortcomings, Lizzie, quite as well as you do. I know I don't treat you as you'd like to be treated; but I can't help it. You must try to be content with your present position, for I shall not alter it. We both made a great mistake in thinking we were suited to each other; but it is too late to mend matters, and we must make the best of a bad bargain. I have leased this cottage for a year, and as long as you behave yourself I will support you in comfort. But taking you to my father's home, and introducing you there as my wife, is out of the question, and I hope you will not urge the matter further."

"And I am to be kept in this dull, stifling place, with no amusements, to see you only as often as you fancy——"

"You are exciting yourself, Lizzie; so I will go before you say something for which you may be sorry."

"You shall not go!" she screams, white with rage; "or, if you go, I must go with you!"

"I have told you that that is out of the question," said Rex, quickly.

"Fool that I was ever to believe in you!" cries Lizzie, passionately. "I wish to Heaven you'd left me where you found me."

"I wish I had!" says Rex, bitterly.

"I will make you repent saying that," she says, between her set teeth. "I will make you suffer for every cruel word you've ever spoken to me. I'll be revenged on you if it costs me my life!"

"Revenged! Nonsense, Lizzie! Don't use idle threats."

"You no longer love me?"

Rex remains silent.

"Go!" she says, pushing him from her—"go! The sight of you is hateful to me!"

He obeys. Without a word in reply he walks rapidly down the narrow, box-bordered path which leads to the gate, and springing on the horse which has been impatiently waiting him, rides away, little dreaming how long a time will elapse before he looks on this woman's face again.

Lizzie stands on the steps and gazes after his rapidly retreating figure until it disappears from view; then she turns, and, going into the house, sits down in the small parlor to think over all that has passed.

She rages inwardly as she recalls Rex's determination that she shall not receive recognition at the hands of his family. To be recognized and received by those whom he holds in such honor is the one thing she desires above all others.

It had ever been the ambition of Lizzie's life to be thought a lady, and she was wildly exuberant, though outwardly calm, when poor reckless Rex offered to make her his wife; that was a height to which she had scarcely dared think of climbing.

She gave him no time to repent of his generosity. Without any delay the marriage was solemnized and her fortune made.

But, reckless as Rex was, mad as was this last folly, he did not dream of taking his bride home.

He installed her in a neat little cottage many miles from the ancestral acres of his proud father, and tried to forget that she had ever been a waitress at the "Hare and Hounds."



But his eyes were soon opened to the folly of which he had been guilty, and he would have given much to break the chains he had forged with his own hands. He saw, too late, the impassable gulf between her station and his own.

Lizzie had not been slow in seeing her husband's growing coldness toward her, and, womanlike, had bitterly resented it. Often had she threatened to seek out his father and demand the rights she considered herself entitled to, and at last, driven desperate, Rex had told her a bitter truth—that the name he had married her under was not that by which he was known in the world in which he moved.

It is of this she is thinking as she sits alone in the small parlor, and she feels she would be willing to give ten years of her life for the knowledge he has kept from her.

"But I will make him suffer yet," she mutters. "He'll find out that I can keep my word."

The old servant who lives with her comes in to ask if she will have supper served; but Lizzie is in no mood for eating; she sends the old servant away, and, throwing a light shawl over her shoulders, goes out into the garden.

She gathers a handful of roses on her way to the gate, and slowly picks them to pieces, dropping the crimson-and-white petals on the path. It grows dusk, and the breeze becomes chill; but yet she leans over the gate, so deeply occupied with her painful thoughts that she does not hear footsteps on the road, and looks up with a shrill cry as a heavy hand is laid on her shoulder.

"Jim!" she says, faintly; and every particle of color leaves her face.

Surprise and horror are depicted on her countenance, and the man—a coarse, common-looking fellow of huge proportions—stands gazing at her with a sneer upon his face.

"I've found you at last, my lass," he says. "And you hain't no welcome for me, seems like."

"I thought you were dead," she said, hoarsely.

"I'm a lively corpse"—with a loud laugh.

"Hush! Some one may hear you;" and she glances fearfully around.

"What do I care? I ain't afraid o' nobody. See here, Liz, what's the meanin' o' this?"

And he touched with no gentle hand the gold chain glittering on her neck and the lustrous blue silk dress she wears.

"Luke Cassin came back from the quarry an' said you was dead," she answers, with something like a wail in her voice; "and I believed him, and so——"

"Took up with some one else, it seems," says Jim, as she pauses. "Well, Luke was right as far as he knew. I was pretty bad off after the cave-in, and was laid out for burial; and when I came to he was off for home. I was a long time gettin' well, an' then I thought I'd best earn summat before lookin' ye up. So I staid on."

"And now what do you mean to do?"

"Take you away from here as quick as ever I can. Go in an' strip off that jewelry, an' let's be off!"

"What! To-night?"

"Yes, to-night. You don't stay another hour here. Come on; you know I won't stand no foolin'."

She knows him of old. Experience has taught her that persuasion or argument have no effect on his dull obstinacy. So, in another hour she is far away from the cottage, toiling along by the side of the man to whom she vowed obedience long, long before she met handsome Reginald Vaughn.

As she leaves the cottage and its associations further and further behind her, she thinks, with a fiendish joy, that the chance for revenge has come sooner even than she had hoped for. For she has left for Reginald no explanation of her sudden flight; no clew by which she may be traced, and some intuition tells her that the day will come—for, is he not young and liable to love?—when he would be willing to give half his fortune for a knowledge of the secret she has withheld from him.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is a golden afternoon in October. The sky is palest blue overhead, and low in the west the sun, sinking in a bank of purple, pink-fringed clouds, throws its last golden beams upon the faces of Reginald Vaughn and Lillias Vane, the daughter of Rex's cousin, Harvey Vane, the master of the ——— County foxhounds.

They are seated on a moss-covered rock, at the base of which gurgles softly a shallow, pebble-bedded stream, which wends its way through the rich home meadows of Laughton Grange.

There is a careworn expression on Rex's handsome face, and a weary look in his fine, dark eyes. The past three months, which have been spent at the Grange, have been very eventful ones to him, for in them he has learned what it is to love, and he knows that his past affairs of the heart have been but travesties upon the real thing.

But this love gives him no happiness; is, indeed, a source of constant pain and regret, for he knows that between him and his cousin a gulf is fixed which only death can span.

Lillias, knowing nothing of this, has let her heart go out to Rex without reserve. He has always been her hero, and she has worshiped him since the days of her childhood. And the past three months have been full of sweetness and content to her.

But of late a cloud has risen over the horizon of her peace. Rex has been *distract*, depressed, and ill at ease. He has avoided being alone with her, and has spent the days in roaming over the marshes with his gun. And, to add the last straw to her burden, he has this very day announced his intention of returning immediately to Chestney Wold, the country-seat of his father, Lord Haughton.

The meeting by the rock is a mere accident, an accident which Rex mentally deplored, for he sees that his cousin's eyes are full of tears, and her fair face flushed, and the sight makes him tremble for his self-control. He knows quite well that it is his intended departure which is grieving her so sorely.

He sits down beside her, and begins to talk of his day's sport; but Lillias answers only in monosyllables, and he sees that she is paying no attention to his words.

"You are not listening to me, Lillias," he says.

"Oh, Rex, you know that I am thinking of nothing except that you are going to leave us. *Must* you go?"

"I think it better that I should do so—for many reasons. You will soon forget me, Lillias."

But even as he speaks, he knows that she will do nothing of the kind.

"Forget you, Rex?"

There is a world of reproach in the girl's tremulous voice, and her blue eyes overflow, the tears falling fast over her flushed cheeks.

"Lillias, *darling*, do you care so much?"

He forgets everything except that he loves her and that she is suffering, and, throwing his arms about her, draws her to his breast.

"My own, my dearest!" he says, kissing passionately her sweet, upturned face.



THE NEW STATE OF CONGO.—VIVI FROM THE ISANGHILA ROAD.—SEE PAGE 531.

But only for a moment does he hold her thus. A hateful memory comes suddenly to him, and he pushes her from him, almost roughly, and springs to his feet.

"Lilias, forgive me! I was mad! I forgot——"

"Forgot what, Rex?" she asks, with startled eyes, a pallor creeping over her face.

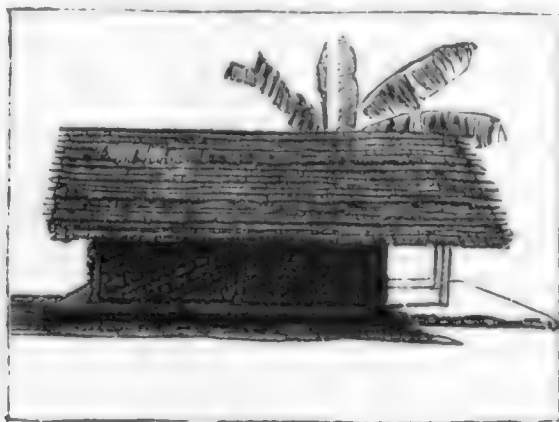
arms. We can never be more to each other than we are now; for—for *I am married*, Lilias."

She does not cry out; she does not even speak; but stands gazing at him as if turned to stone.

"Lilias, Lilias!" he cries. "Do not look at me like that."

She passes her hand over her brow, and a heavy sigh escapes her lips. Then sinking again to her seat on the rock, she buries her face in her hands. But no sob or cry escapes her.

"Lilias, will you let me tell you my story? Will you



A CONGO HOUSE.

She sees by his countenance that there is something terribly wrong.

"That, dearly as I love you, Lilias, I have no right to seek your love in return—no right to hold you in my



A VILLAGE NEAR BOLOBO.



A HENHOUSE.

let me make what excuses I can for myself!" And Rex kneels beside her.

She looks up at him and smiles—a smile Rex remembers for many a day to come.





STATION OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY AT DAYNESTON, LOWER CONGO.



1. Mwa. 2. Second Point of Mwa. 3. Ibin. 4. Dover Cliffs. 5. Nshasha Point. 6. Entrance of Congo River into Stanley Pool. 7. Station of the Baptist Missionary Society. 8. Seven-mile Island. 9. Nshasha. 10. Niamo Bay. 11. Station of the Belgian Expedition. 12. Ndulu. 13. Nkunga. 14. Ntamo.  
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STANLEY POOL, ON THE CONGO RIVER.

"Poor Rex!" she says, quite softly. "Yes; you may tell me."

And, kneeling there on the dead leaves which have drifted at the base of the rock, he tells her all.

It is dusk when he has finished, and as the last words leave his lips, Lilius rises to her feet, and says, in a voice so weary and desolate it makes his heart ache:

"I must go home now—it is late. Take me home, dear Rex."

They do not speak as they walk toward the stately mansion in the distance; but as they reach the terrace, Lilius pauses, and says, softly:

"I forgive you freely, dear Rex, and I wish I could help you."

Then she goes up the steps, and he sees her no more that night.

But the next morning, as he jumps into the dogcart which is to carry him to the station, he looks up, and sees at one of the windows of Lilius's room a pale, sweet face, framed in golden hair, and he knows the heart he carries away is not heavier or more desolate than the heart he leaves behind.

Ah, if some good angel could have come to him in this his hour of despair, and told him the secret Lizzie Dale had so mercilessly kept from him!

Three years have passed, and Rex Vaughn, by the death of his father, has been made Lord Haughton.

But his title, and the vast estates of which he is master, give him no pleasure, for all his efforts to find Lizzie have been unsuccessful, and he has not forgotten his pretty cousin Lilius.

He knows that she remembers him as well; for, in spite of many flattering offers, she is single still, and Rex knows that it is for his sake that she is so. With her, "Love is for evermore!"

How much are we indebted to chance for the events which shape our destinies! Chance! Fate! Who can tell where one begins and the other ends?

An accident which Lord Haughton begins by calling "confoundedly annoying!" he ends by blessing with all the strength of his soul.

He is in London on some business connected with his estate, and is being driven rapidly to the office of his legal advisers, when a sudden jar and crash tells him that the hansom he is in has collided with some other vehicle.

A crowd gathers in a moment, and Rex leaps from the vehicle almost into the arms of a gaping countryman, who is staring at the wreck.

The man shuffles out of the way, and joins a woman who is standing on the pavement. Her appearance is striking in spite of the coarse garments she wears; for her complexion is faultless, and a mass of golden hair has escaped from her bonnet, and is lying on her shoulders.

"Lor' Jim," she says, "that ain't nothing to stop for. Come on, man; let's get to the dock."

Rex heard the words, and the voice has a strangely familiar sound. He springs forward, and finds himself face to face with the woman he has been seeking so long.

"Lizzie!"

"Rex!"

"What's the meanin' o' this?" asks Jim, in nowise pleased at the encounter.

"The meaning of this is that this woman is my wife," says Rex, too much excited to choose his words.

"You're wife!" Jim laughs. "That's a good 'un! It's a case of mistaken identity, as the newspapers say."

"This here girl's been my wife for a matter o' ten years, mister."

Rex lays his hand on Jim's shoulder and draws him aside.

"If you will prove that, I will give you a hundred pounds," he says.

"Prove it," says Jim; "ain't my word enough? Lizzie, come here. You're my wife, ain't ye?"

Lizzie does not speak. Her eyes are bent on the ground.

"Speak up," says Jim, roughly.

"It's so," she says, raising her eyes to Rex's face with a look of hatred and chagrin. "I was his before I ever saw you. I thought he was dead, or I'd never have married you."

"In Heaven's name, why have you kept this from me all these years?" asks Rex.

"For revenge," answers Lizzie, very quietly. "I told you I'd make you sorry for some things you said to me, and I know you'd give all you was worth to know this."

Rex bites his lip. He cannot trust himself to answer her.

"See here, my man," he says to Jim, "it is necessary, for my sake, that you should go with me to see some friends of mine. I'll pay you well if you go quietly."

Jim is not proof against this bait, and, hailing a cab, Rex drives with the husband and wife to the law office of Messrs. Low & Long.

A grand wedding takes place at the Grange in the Autumn, and Rex and Lilius are made one. A woman's desire for revenge has kept Rex outside the gates of happiness for three long years; but perhaps he makes a better husband for the discipline thus entailed upon him, and appreciates his wife the more that he won her through suffering and sorrow.

## THE NEW STATE OF CONGO.

BY ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH.

THE vast importance of the New Congo State to the trade and commerce of the world can best be comprehended by reflecting on the words of the explorer Stanley, uttered in Berlin while the International Conference, under Bismarck's presidency, was in session: "The Congo Basin, as now defined, takes in a strip of territory stretching from the West Coast to the Indian Ocean, with a littoral of 385 miles—that is, from Ambriz to the French Gaboon frontier—on the Atlantic side, and a coast front of thirteen degrees, or 780 miles, on the Indian Ocean." Mr. Stanley then explained the operations that would be necessary to develop the territory to be opened from the Atlantic Ocean. "We," said he—"and by we I mean the International African Association—shall at once proceed to build a railroad, the Association taking half the stock, and putting the other half on the market for such capitalists as may wish to interest themselves. The upper and lower regions of the Congo are navigable, but are broken in two by the falls, making necessary a portage of 235 miles. It would cost \$7,500,000 to build a railroad the entire distance; but there are eighty navigable miles intervening which might be made available for transport, which would reduce the railway construction to 147 miles. This road would then extend from Vivi—110 miles from the mouth of the Congo—to Leopoldville, at Stanley Pool, now a settlement of about 300 persons, all Europeans or employés of the Association."



The latest intelligence which has reached civilization speaks for the hard, persistent and successful work done by the hardy engineers and explorers of the International Society. There is now a good wagon-road all the way from Vivi to Leopoldville, on Stanley Pool, with posts every ten miles garrisoned by the paid soldiers of the organization. Already four steamboats have been transported in sections over this highway to Leopoldville for navigation on the Upper Congo, where the scenery is surpassingly fine, and particularly at the city named after the King of the Belgians. At the base of the hill under the town are no less than twenty African villages, the chiefs of which are all friendly. These people and their various tribal officials have exhibited surprisingly docile traits, lending every assistance to the International Society. They have chiefly attracted the attention of the settlers by their imitative trait, which is even more cunning and faithful than that of the Chinese. This gift, remarkable indeed to find among untutored savages, seems to give them a pride in associating with the Europeans and in adopting their ways and manners, and these facts appear to promise that when a white population pours in, the weaker and native race will not die out as with other aborigines, but will assimilate and gradually fall into the superior civilization, with all of the blessings, which even now they are not slow to appreciate. A strong and amazing evidence of this marked tendency may be found in the dwellings they are erecting. Stanley, in a very recent conversation, said that he had known of at least twenty black men who had been trading for ten years or more with the whites, and who had imported from England three-story iron dwellings, costing them each \$20,000 or \$25,000, which sum they had liquidated in palm-oil or palm-kernels. They live in these houses with their wives and children, with chairs and tables and carpeted floors, and a great variety of cheap bric-à-brac, mirrors, etc., which they have a passion for acquiring. There is one German trader, Mr. Schultz, of Berlin, representing a large house whose regular business lies in this direction. He imports a complete set of parlor-furniture, pictures and ornaments, puts them all in place in a room in his house, and then invites a wealthy black to dine with him there. After dinner the guest admires the surroundings, and is finally, as a favor, permitted to purchase them entire. They are then at once removed to an apartment in his English-built dwelling, the negro paying a good round price in palm-oil; and then the trader replaces the sold articles by another order, and another dinner with another wealthy native follows, with like result.

The latest experience shows, too, that the climate of this region is not as severe on the human physique as has been represented. Indeed, as in all pioneer countries, precautionary measures for the preservation of health are necessary, and where these have been rigorously observed the mortality has not been greater than might have been expected. Stanley has put this aspect of life in the Congo quite clearly. He says that, suppose you are fresh from the comforts of European life and take a steamer ticket from Liverpool to Vivi. You go ashore and strike inland over the highway for Leopoldville. The heat, the tremendous efforts required at times to push your way through the tall grass and the burning equatorial sun, soon fatigue you, and the profuse perspiration greatly weakens the frame. You come to a stream and dip up a handful of cool water to slake your burning thirst; you sit down on a damp rock to rest; you get a chill; you resume your journey very much weakened, and you scarcely know why. A fever comes on; you

miss the accustomed comforts and quiet of the steamer, and with these violent symptoms the change is too radical and sudden for your system, and you perish. But should a railroad be built, with such hotels as could offer the ordinary comforts of life, provisioned with such food as Europeans are accustomed to eat, Stanley asserts that 95 out of 100 settlers will be alive at the end of twelve months; for, in this equatorial belt, surrounded by beautiful scenery and fertile land, there is often a salubrious atmosphere inviting settlement to those of the Temperate Zone. The picture, which may not be overdrawn by Stanley, of the future of this great region, expresses the magnitude of the results soon to follow. He says: "You can form an idea when I tell you that while the 2,900 miles of sea-coast now opened to trade and settlement are already dotted by European settlements—French, German, English, Portuguese and Dutch, a very few Americans—the new arrangement of the Berlin Conference will throw open 10,000 more miles of new water-front to a new peopling. Traders will at once pour in from all parts of the world, and they will be the pioneers whose influence will gradually extend further and further into the interior, ultimately opening up that entire section of the African Continent to civilization and commerce."

Stanley's great journey from the Indian Ocean to Tanganyika after having circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza, his subsequent onward march to Nyangwa, and his descent and discovery of the Congo River, while the most brilliant achievement of his eventful career, has the greater renown of being, all considered, the most important exploration of the last three centuries. It not only cleared up problems which have baffled geographers from the days of the Cæsars, defining water basins, bringing to light millions of people living as unhidden from the world as if unborn, but it gave an extraordinary impulse to travel and exploration the world over—indeed, created a distinct class of young enthusiasts willing to do and dare; educated explorers seeking the unknown and untrodden spaces of the earth.

When, in 1876, Stanley left the shores of Tanganyika for Nyangwa, he had with him a force of 150 porters, carrying with him his boat, the *Lady Alice*, in sections. He reached Nyanywa, the furthest northern point attained by Livingstone or Cameron, in November, 1876, after a journey of 350 miles in forty days—a feat of travel certainly most extraordinary. This settlement, which is situated on the Lualaba of Livingstone, is in Lat. 4° 15' N., and in Long. 26° E. The river there has, during the rainy season, a width of two miles, and a volume of water of 240,000 cubic feet. It was thence that Stanley determined to follow the river and determine whither it led. Of course, this was no merry undertaking, for he soon discovered that there were serious obstacles in the way of obtaining assistance of men and supplies, even of a more determined sort than Cameron and Livingstone had encountered. The natives complained that the tribes dwelling to the northward on the Lualaba were fierce and warlike cannibals, and would suffer no one to enter their territory, as the Arab traders had found to their cost, and that between Nyangwa and these cannibal countries the people were cunning, and treacherous, and that dreadful and impassable forests would prove an almost insurmountable barrier. But Stanley persevered, and finally found a chief who would accompany him with his followers, and he then started out on his great journey, writing on the eve of his departure: "I am determined to stick to the Lualaba, come foul or fair, fortune or misfortune. I have supplies for six months; beyond that, Heaven knows



VIEW OF THE CITY OF ST. PAUL DE LOANDA.

what will become of us if we should find the Lualaba running into some unknown river, with not a bead or cowrie with which to buy food."

Stanley, striking boldly out, followed the river to northward for the first three weeks, which interval only taught him that all the discouraging stories told of the country and its inhabitants had not been exaggerated. After this they were obliged to abandon the stream and make their way through dense and gloomy forests. His followers now complained, and he had great fears of wholesale desertion; but he finally, by promising to return to the river, induced them to remain quiet. When he reached a point forty-one miles from Nyangwa, he put together his little vessel, the *Lady Alice*. Their

attempt to navigate the river was met by no friendly advances of the natives, and their experience proved them to be dangerous in the extreme. They invited the white men to "blood-brotherhood." After Stanley's agent, Pocock, had gone to an island to witness the rites, he found that the native intent was hostile. Discovering thirty armed canoes proceeding in the direction of the island and sounding the war-cry, Stanley set out to rescue his comrade, and then went safely down the river with his 500 men. The expedition now passed along the river in two divisions, one by land, along the left bank, and the other by water. The land party were savagely attacked, but succeeded in defending themselves until succored by the water division. Their continued descent

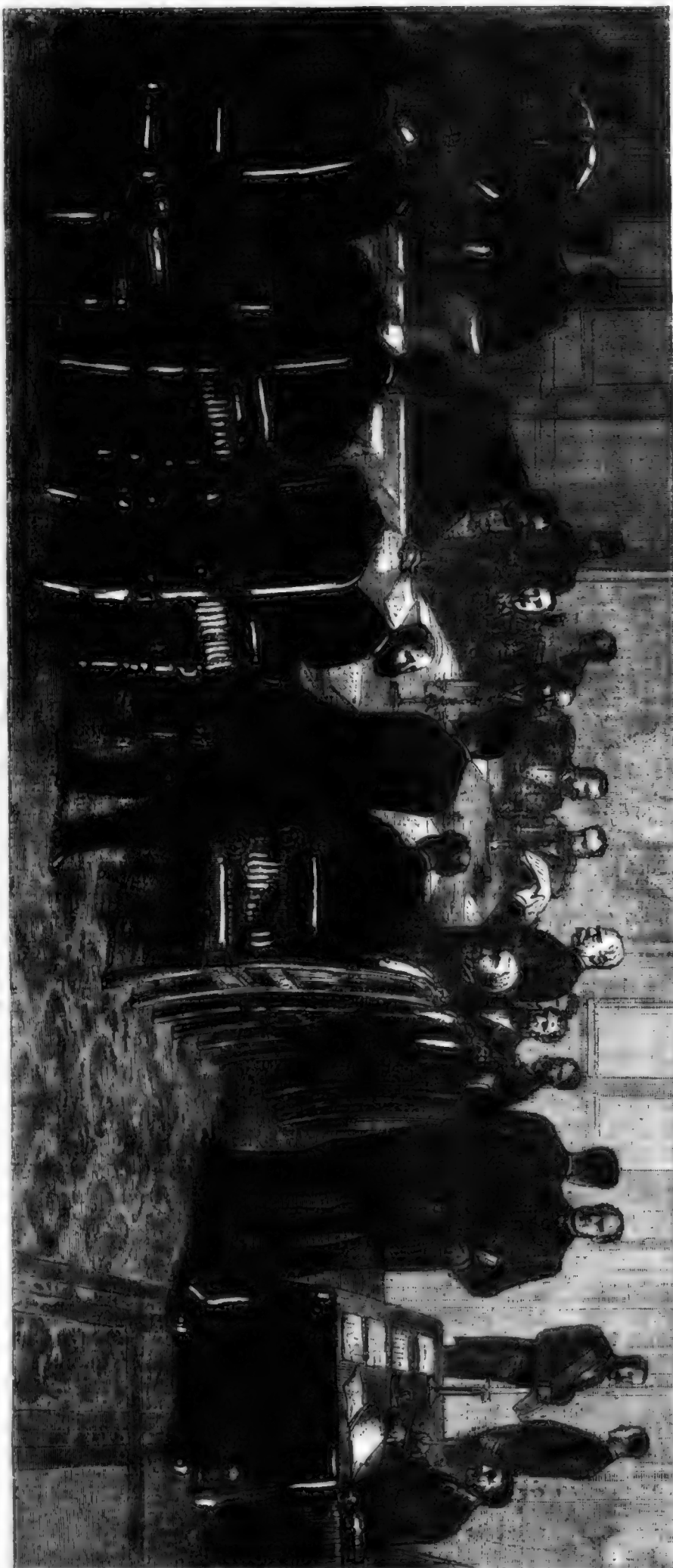


VIEW ON THE CONGO ABOVE BOMA.



was met by constant hostile demonstrations and attacks. To add to their trials, smallpox broke out among the Arab escort. Eighteen deaths were recorded in three days. When they reached 125 miles to northward of Nyangwa, seventy-two had died of smallpox, and their boats were little better than floating hospitals. When thus weakened in strength, and almost utterly discouraged, they were again attacked for two days and two nights, the whole country rising *en masse* against them. These attacks were so persistent and furious that they were unable to bury their dead, or to attend to those who had been wounded by the poisoned arrows and had become delirious in consequence. Having passed these perils, Stanley's Arab escort left him. His remaining force all told now consisted of 146 persons. On January 4th, 1877, they approached a long series of cataracts, or more properly falls, and entered the cannibal regions. In these sections of the river they were hunted day and night, being obliged to break through massed squadrons of hostile canoes gathered to resist their advance. On, on toward the Equator they passed, and for twenty-four days were constantly active repelling these savages. In making a distance of forty-two miles they had to go around six falls, to drag their canoes more than thirty miles by land, and to cut a track more than thirteen miles through a dense forest to transport the *Lady Alice* around the cataracts. In  $0^{\circ} 14' 15''$  beyond the Equator the stream gradually widened until it became a noble river, and when they reached a point between  $24^{\circ}$  and  $25^{\circ}$  E. Long., they came to a magnificent tributary with a width of 2,000 feet which Stanley took to be the Welle of Schwenfurth. There they were suddenly attacked by fifty-four armed canoes. Reaching near the second parallel of north latitude, Stanley found the river made a curve to the west, then flowing southwesterly with a width varying from two to ten miles, and filled with numerous islands, making navigation more or less perilous. They were soon out of provisions, and actually facing starvation, when Stanley resolved to visit a village in quest of food. There they found some natives who had intercourse with the Atlantic Ocean. Here Stanley asked the aged chief the name of the river. He replied, "A-Kuta-Ya-Kongo." The great problem was solved. The Lualaba of Livingstone and the Congo were one and the same river. After having made 1,480 miles, the stream straightened and became narrow between

THE CONGO CONFERENCE IN SESSION AT BERLIN, 1884-5.



close-meeting cliffs of naked craggy rock, followed by a succession of cataracts and whirlpools. Stanley passed thirty falls and rapids, in descending which, Pocock, his white companion, and ten natives, were lost, his own escape being miraculous. After passing fifty-seven cataracts and navigating 1,800 miles of the river, he arrived at the Congo's mouth in August, 1877.

The geographical knowledge obtained by this remarkable exploration was great in extent and variety. The entire area drained by the Congo and its tributaries Stanley computes at 860,000 square miles, 450,000 square miles of which are taken up by the great basin and the maritime regions of the west. The source of the Congo, as ascertained by him, is in the high plateau south of Lake Tanganyika, in a country called Besa. It issues from Lake Bembo, called by Livingstone, who discovered it, Bangweolo. This lake is a large body of shallow water. Afterward the river is known as Luapula for 200 miles, when it empties into Lake Moero, a body of water 2,800 square miles in extent. Issuing from this lake, it takes the name of "Lualaba." The river flows north by west, with an average breadth of 1,400 yards, to Nyangwa, its entire length being 2,900 miles. The Congo is navigable for 100 miles from its mouth, and beyond for 835 miles, while the great affluents increase this distance by over 1,200 miles.

The region usually regarded as Central Africa is that portion of the interior extending from the Desert of Sahara in the north to the Kalahara Desert in the south, and between the tenth and the fortieth parallels of east longitude, which is computed to embrace an area of 6,000,000 of square miles. It is in the eastern portion of this territory that the great lake and river system of Africa has its origin. There are found the headwaters of the Zambezi, emptying into the Indian Ocean; the Nile, into the Mediterranean Sea; and the Congo, into the Atlantic Ocean—the three largest rivers of the African Continent. Thus, not unlike our own American geography, we find the river sources of streams which have baffled centuries of explorers to discover, all rising in a general elevated plateau, and pursuing their several courses to different seas. The analogy is not close, however, for in America we have the great rivers or their most important feeders rising in a single lake in the Yellowstone Park within the radius of 100 square miles—the Yellowstone, the Columbia, the Colorado and the Madison. Captain Speke was fond of speaking of the physical characteristics of Central Africa as resembling the conformation of the exterior of an inverted bowl, the base representing the elevated plateau from which the continent sheds her waters in different directions.

That portion of Africa extending along the Western Coast from Sierra Leone to the mouth of the River Ogowe, below the Equator, and then across the interior to the western shore of the Victoria Nyanza, is a vast belt of forest, the vegetation being exceedingly prolific and dense from the tropical heat and great rainfall throughout this region. Below this great wooded belt, to the Congo, and even further south, there is an open savanna country of large grassy spaces and a park-like grouping of trees, which is fertile, salubrious, and densely populated by a very superior race of savages; who are handsomely formed, exceedingly vigorous, industrious, and who exhibit, for savages, considerable skill and handicraft in agriculture. This is the country through which the Congo and its affluents pass, and of which the great river is the artery. From the mouth of the river to Boma, a distance of eighty miles, the land is low, marshy and malarious, Boma being the hottest place on the river,

and not salubrious, as it is surrounded by mangrove swamps. But though for this distance the low, flat land through which the river flows to the sea is malarious, it is not as much so, nor as injurious to health, as the coast to the north of it, especially at the mouth of the Niger and upon the Gold Coast, where these lagoons and swamps exist with bottoms of fetid black mud, which make them the hotbeds of African fever. On ascending the river from Boma the climate is cooler and healthier, and at Vivi and beyond it, dysentery, which is endemic along the coast, is unknown, while the temperature at Stanley Falls is delightful. That this region is bound to become a great attraction to colonists has already been shown. Yet even without any considerable inpouring of pioneers its population, numbering by a free estimate over 50,000,000, shows every willingness to embrace all the opportunities offered by the agencies of the International Society. Even as cold a statistician as Keith Johnson, the cartographer, says, in taking a general survey of it from Lake Tanganyika to the Western Coast, that it is evident that it is a country of great natural wealth. The oil-palm flourishes throughout the broad Valley of the Upper Congo, and cotton, coffee, tobacco, pepper, nutmeg and india-rubber are among the vegetable productions that grow wild. Indian-corn, wheat, rice, sweet-potatoes, and other vegetable products which have been introduced by the Portuguese, grow everywhere; and as to the metals, iron and copper exist in abundance, and iron is very skillfully worked by the natives. The single important drawback to a rapid advance in civilization is that one blot which for ages has been the curse of every quarter of the African Continent—the slave trade, now carried on internally by the natives, but fostered, as it has been for centuries, by the Portuguese, who have in an undeviating course of lazy cupidity been the worst colonists who have ever put an insatiable clutch on some of the fairest isles of the Eastern seas. But this dreadful traffic, which means spoliation, death and annihilation, has been largely arrested by the agents of the International Association, by a very heavy expenditure of money, not an inconsiderable fraction of which has come from the private purse of the philanthropic King of the Belgians. "No such example of enlightened munificence," declares President Daly of the American Geographical Society, "in forwarding geographical exploration, has been seen, such as he has exhibited, since the days of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator, who by his comprehensive insight and large expenditure of means inaugurated, in the fifteenth century, that great movement for maritime discovery which led to the passage of the Cape of Good Hope and the first knowledge of America."

In the rival claims that enter into the question of sovereign right on the banks of the Congo, Portugal steps forward with pretenses which demand a moment's consideration. To claim a territory by the right of discovery, which has not been followed up by actual and continued occupation, is, as to its effect on other nations, of no more value in the present age than paper blockades—and this in the language of an able jurist. The maritime and commercial interests of the present day, he holds, will tolerate no assumption. The claim of Portugal to the mouth of the Congo and the territory adjoining both banks of the river below Yellala Falls amounts to this: That about four centuries ago, or in 1483, one Diego Cam, a Knight of the Household of the King of Portugal, discovered the mouth of the river, and took possession of it by erecting a stone pillar on the southern extremity of land, now known as Point Padron; that he then sailed



up the river, which was then called by the natives the Zaire. It afterward received the name of the Congo, as it bordered on a vast negro kingdom of that name. With the consent of the native chief he took some of the natives to Portugal, leaving hostages for their safe return, and finally kept his agreement by again appearing in the Congo River. This, with some trading factories which the Portuguese had, with other nations, during the active years of the slave trade, is about all they have done for centuries to possess themselves of the river or of the countries through which it flows. They did settle in the capital of the King of Congo, which they named San Salvador, but practically abandoned it afterward for San Paul de Loanda, upon the coast further south. They retained formal possession of San Salvador, but even this they had abandoned before Stanley's discovery. The northern limit of the territory where they now exercise sovereignty is a few miles north of Ambriz, the outlet for the coffee trade of the interior, the northern boundary of the Portugal dominion being a small river, a little above Ambriz, called the Loge. Over the country north of this, or its people, they have no control whatever. Beyond the river is an European settlement, Kinsambo, which is cosmopolitan and independent.

The connection of other European nations with the Congo country have been either for purposes of exploration or commerce, and nothing (up to the time of the organization of the International Association) has been established more powerful than a factory. In 1816 an expedition was dispatched from England, under the command of I. K. Tuckey, R. N., for the examination of the Zaire. It reached the river on July 6th, and managed to push up the stream as far as Sangala, the highest rapid; but sickness broke out, the commander and several others died, and the expedition had to return. A survey of the first twenty-five miles of the river was effected in 1826, by the *Levin* and *Barracouta*, belonging to Captain Owen's expedition; and in 1827-29 the Frenchman Douville spent some time in various ports of the country. In 1872 an expedition under Lieutenant Grady was dispatched from England for the purpose of advancing from the West Coast to the relief of Livingstone. They pushed 200 miles inland, but were obliged to retrace their steps. The death of Livingstone was soon afterward reported, and a recall from home caused the explorers to disband.

As in other regions of Africa, there is no political or ethnographical unity, and the searcher after material to throw light on the descent of man, to write tribal histories, or form any authentic record of the movements of these people, will only find himself lost at last in an inextricable maze of speculation. No one tribe appears to overmatch its neighbors, and the King of the Congo, whatever even may have been his previous authority, did not, at the beginning of the work of the International Society, exercise more authority than that of a local chieftain, like many others. A semblance of government exists. Every town has its own headman and assembly of *Macotas* or councilors, and these in company manage its affairs. The office of headman confers no despotic powers, and it descends by a curious custom, not from father to son, but from uncle to nephew or niece. "The languages of the Wusurongo, Muspocongo and Ambriz tribes are radically one, and indeed, the natives of the whole of this part of the coast for a distance of 450 miles can understand one another's language. Under the name of Fiote, this common tongue has greatly interested those specialists who have given it attention. In it, vowels and liquids are numerous, and gutturals altogether absent, so that

the language has a soft and harmonious sound. The language is remarkably rich in words, and so intimately connected with the great school of African languages must it be, that whole sentences can be understood by natives from the Eastern Coast." (Burton.)

The manners, customs, religious rites, and aboriginal peculiarities of the Congese are sufficiently striking to be the subject of a special work, and are treated at great length and in an entertaining way by Stanley, Johnson, and others.

Their religion is simply a gross fetichism along the coast, and no traces of Christianity remain from the long contact of the natives with the Portuguese. Belief in witchcraft is very general, and develops itself in the most surprising manner. Circumcision is practiced by all the tribes. Polygamy prevails, and wealth, station and inclination determine the number of wives. There is no nuptial ceremony, but the bridegroom makes a present to the father-in-law, provides the bride with her marriage outfit, and bears the onus of the family feast, which is always done in true Congo style. The costume of both men and women varies considerably with rank and degree of European influence; but in general it is very slight.

While the enterprises already detailed were moving forward with varying degrees of success, the International Commission, convening in Brussels in the month of June, 1877, had foreseen the necessity of equipping an expedition which should leave the West Coast at some point near Loanda, directing its operations toward Lake Tanganyika, and endeavoring to complete the line of stations to Zanzibar, or a perfect line of communication across Equatorial Africa from sea to sea. The Committee on the Upper Congo consequently met at Brussels in November, 1878, forming themselves into a corporation with a capital in cash of 1,000,000 francs, with Belgian and foreign subscribers taking part in the foundation of the company. Their aim was announced to be to assure themselves that there existed a practical means to establish regular communication between the Lower Congo and the upper part of the stream; in other words, they wished to know if it would be possible to establish commercial relations between the people of the Upper Congo and themselves, in order to introduce and exchange for the native products objects of European manufacture. The Committee was inspired by views essentially philanthropic and scientific. It took upon itself the responsibility of pre-exploration before embarking in commercial operations, and this is the reason that it adopted the flag of the International Association, conducting its subsequent enterprises in the name of this body. The Committee engaged, as a part of its assumed obligations, to erect stations of the same character as those already built by the Association, filling the same mission as those founded by its agents in the east portion of the continent. But in this experiment the Committee proposed to go further. With the work of philanthropy and science they wished to combine a great engineering enterprise, which had for its object the junction of the navigable portion of the Upper Congo with the Atlantic Ocean, from which it is separated along a distance of 500 miles by a long succession of rapids and cataracts. Stanley's great expedition had just completed its wonderful work, and Europe was greatly excited over the great discoveries he was enabled to bring to the attention of mankind. And this was the inspiration which started Stanley on his subsequent work.

It was in the beginning of 1879 that Stanley, who had scarcely finished his great work on his memorable voyage "Across the Dark Continent," returned to Africa armed



FOREST SCENERY ON THE UPPER CONGO.

with the authority of the International Association. The work which he went to undertake was new to him, but could not have been confided to novices in African travel. With very good sense he, therefore, went to Zanzibar to recruit his immediate followers among those who had previously served him so well, while the Europeans left Antwerp with the necessary material. Toward the end of 1879 the expedition in its various parts united at the Delta of the Congo. It was composed of three Americans, three Englishmen, four Belgians, two Danes, and one Frenchman. Its chief had under his order sixty-eight Zanzibarites, seventy-two Kabindas, a few negroes from the coast, and fifty natives from Vivi, higher up the Congo, engaged from day to day. The Congo is navigable to a distance of 110 miles from the coast. It was at this point that Stanley set to work to found the Station of Vivi. This establishment was built upon a picturesque site, on a hill whose base is washed by the river, and seven miles below the great Falls of Yelala, and a few miles behind the advanced posts of the Europeans

trading in the country previously. A narrow valley separates it from a great terrace, where a large city of 50,000 souls could be built. The buildings of this pioneer settlement present the aspect of a rectangle, the sides of which are 600 ft. long by 50 ft. broad. They comprise several stores, barracks for the Zanzibarites, several private mansions of a substantial kind, stables, outbuildings, and the private palace of Stanley, who was and is virtually the Viceroy of the Congo, with millions of subjects under his control. The post has good native fortifications; and the ground was obtained by fair barter with the natives, under a perpetual lease at a stated rental. This was all done in an open and honest spirit of trade, to show the natives that they were not to be treated as our ancestors dealt with the North American Indians, in a scheme of general and complete confiscation. The effect has not only been excellent far and wide in the Equatorial belt, but the natives in every possible manner have testified their gratitude and joy toward the sojourners among them, offering

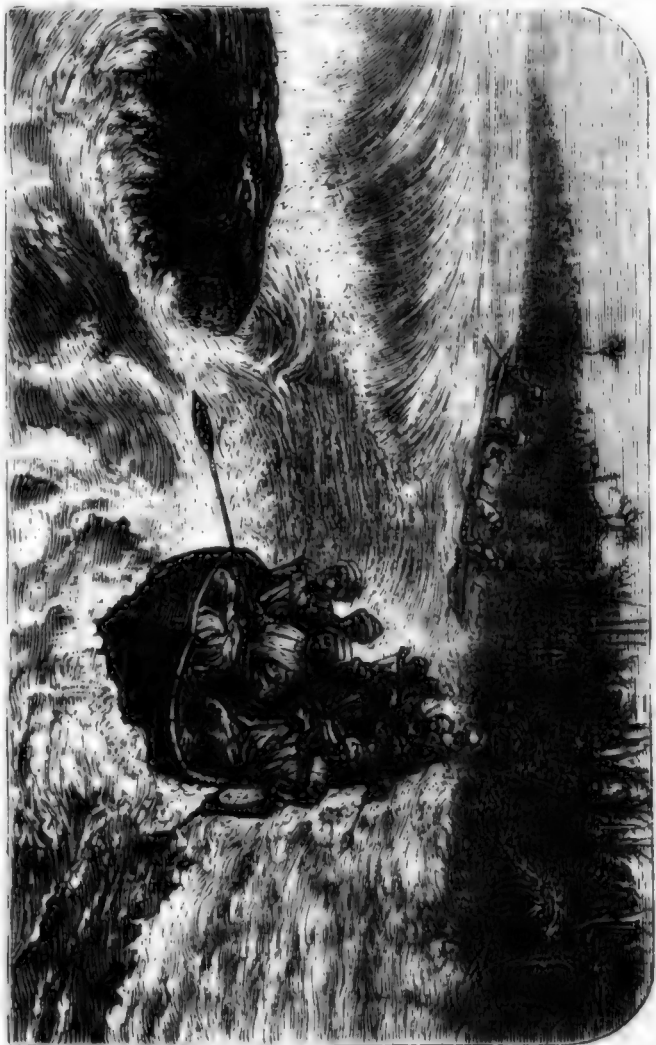


LEOPOLD II., KING OF BELGIUM



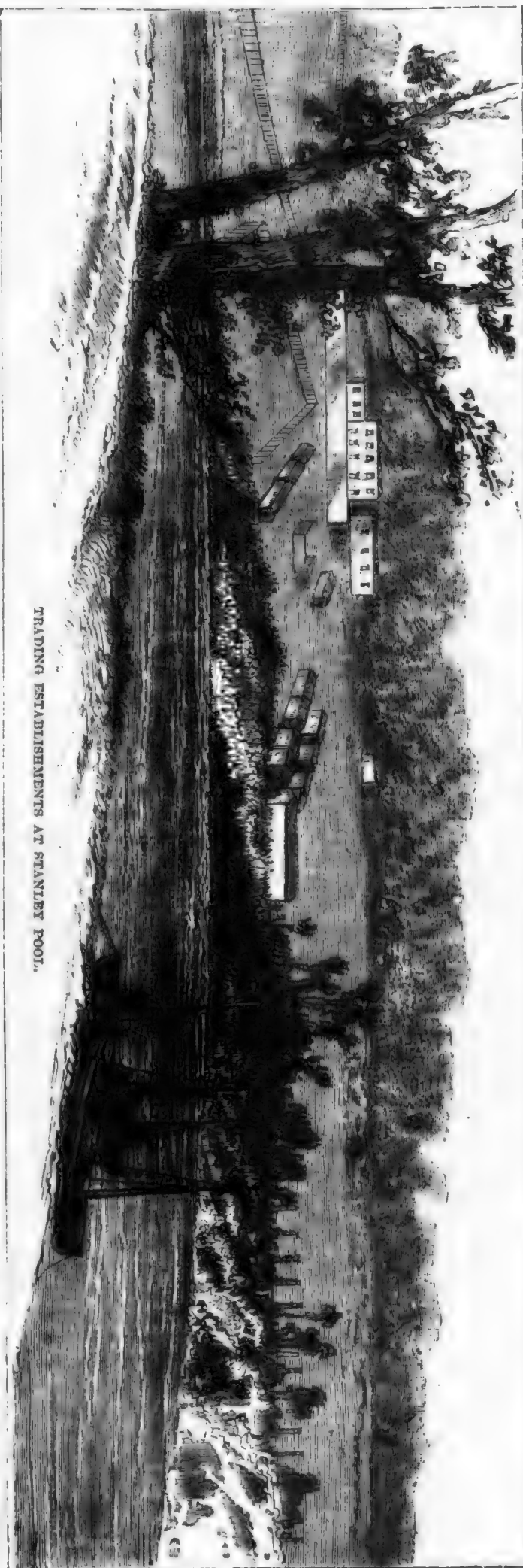
them every assistance available in piercing the interior of the Continent.

The Station at Vivi was founded February 1st, 1880. Stanley then began the clearing of a route which would lead to a point where he proposed to establish a second station, below the Cataract of Isanghila. The distance was about fifty miles through an abrupt, savage country, very mountainous, with lofty mountains and deep gorges. The expedition, now 140 strong, could not find adequate subsistence in this country, and it was necessary to count on their European supplies. Camping under tents owing to the rigors of the climate, they were required also to transport enormous quantities of marine material, tools, and the paraphernalia necessary to build a city in the wilderness, and start steam navigation in the interior of Africa. The great work of the engineer, the sapper and miner, took eleven months. Such was the first section of



IN THE RAPIDS OF THE CONGO.

the route toward Stanley Pool. The Station of Isanghila was finally established at the mouth of a deep creek on a hill 150 feet high. Barracks, a brick house, fine gardens, cabins for the negroes, constituted the principal structures erected by the indomitable Stanley. From this point the Congo, although always presenting obstacles of more or less magnitude along the stream, is relatively navigable for a distance of seventy-five miles. The expedition, therefore, pursued its way up the river, and in thirty-three journeys the material and supplies were transported as far as Manyanga, which was reached in the month of May, 1881. Grave difficulties now threatened the heroic undertaking. Stanley fell dangerously ill, and a constitution injured to the terrible onslaughts of the African fever began to weaken, and the grim spectre, that awful vision of the jungle miasm, flitted before his eyes. At the same moment the natives became



TRADING ESTABLISHMENTS AT STANLEY POOL.

very hostile and defiant, and less accessible to the reasonable grounds urged upon them to assist the enterprise. But the delay did not prove of long duration. At the end of two months Stanley regained his vigor, and conducted negotiations for the friendly cession of the territory on which he built the Station of Manyanga. Situated a little more than a mile from the grand Cataract of Ntombo-Mataka, the spray of which can be seen ascending from a distance of seven miles, the station occupies the summit of a hill 300 feet high, and receives a refreshing breeze from the southwest. The buildings are quadrilateral in form, and the private houses, the workshops, the stores, are disposed about them. A few auxiliary structures have been erected on the opposite side of the Congo to facilitate communication between both banks of the river. Very large cessions of land were obtained from the native chief by Mr. Stanley. Ninety-five miles separate Manyanga from Stanley Pool, following the stream. This section of the Congo is almost totally unnavigable; the soil on both banks is broken by deep ravines along the greater part of this territory. These obstacles, however, were surmounted by the dauntless men, and a way, at least, sufficient for the passage of the convoys was cleared. This leads directly to Stanley Pool by the right bank of the river. Stanley advanced with his men to this lake, where the Congo commences to be navigable, arriving in July, 1881, finding a very unexpected situation indeed. M. de Brazza had concluded, in October of the preceding year, a treaty with the King Makoko, by which the chief ceded, it was claimed, to the French Republic the sovereignty of the right bank or shore of the lake. Whatever may have been or may be the effect of this act of De Brazza, Stanley passed to the left bank of the lake, and summoned a solemn conclave of the chiefs, who guaranteed him and the International Association in the actual possession of that territory. Four months after the arrival of the supplies of the expedition on the shores of the lake, a fourth station, called Leopoldville, after the King of Belgium, was built at Ntamo, and soon became the centre of culture and civilization. The natives from both banks of the Congo soon flocked there in the hope to exchange their products for European merchandise. This station had scarcely been created, in February, 1882, before the ever-energetic Stanley steamed up the Congo a further distance of more than 100 miles; and, thanks to important concessions which he obtained from the native chiefs, he was able to found a fifth station at Itaka, at the confluence of the Quango with the Congo. This last achievement is of the greatest importance: it means the opening of free navigation with the interior, and promises further discoveries of great magnitude.

Four steamers carry to-day the flag of the International Association on the Congo. The *Belgique* and the *Esperance* navigate its water between Banana and Vivi on the lower part of the river, while the *Royal*, which goes at the rate of twelve knots an hour, navigates the perilous section between Isanghila and Manyanga; and the *En Avant* was launched December 3d, 1881, on the waters of Stanley Pool. This little vessel has before her to eastward a free water-course of 1,000 miles, to the very centre of the African Continent.

The results accomplished are, therefore, of greater portent than will appear to the casual reader: their utility and magnitude surpass the fondest hopes of the International Association when it undertook the great work in hand, obtained, it may be said, with the pecuniary aid of no Government, and by means and policies absolutely irreproachable. The instruction given by the

Congo Committee, as its agents, conform strictly to those formed by the International Association itself: that humanity, justice and loyalty should mark their intercourse with the native tribes. It is not permitted to resort to violence, nor to make pretentious displays of their material superiority. By persuasion, mildness and kind actions is taught the true way toward ultimate triumph over barbarism. This was the doctrine of Livingstone, too, and he dwelt thirty years in Africa universally loved by the natives. It is true that the kindly way is sometimes a difficult policy, but in the end it is successful, and vexation and delay find their ultimate compensation in the moral benefit, in the progress of ideas and the new habits which are introduced among these African populations. These instructions have never been disregarded, moreover. The first care of Stanley, on his arrival in Africa, after having organized his force, was to inculcate the spirit of tolerance, of charity, self-abnegation, in the relations of his followers with the people of the country, and he gave them his personal example to follow. During the three years under consideration no act of violence was committed by his command, no abuses, no bloody conflicts with the natives. All of the relations with the natives were peaceable and amiable. The French and English missionaries, both Protestant and Catholic, who followed Stanley and his companions in this work step by step, bear witness to the exemplary conduct of the expedition, and neither accusations without proof, nor anonymous calumnies, can prevail before the hearty testimony of these disinterested men. On this point the "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society" are explicit. In a summarized letter found in these publications, and written by Mr. Comber, the chief of the Baptist Mission, dated at Ntombo, on the Congo, August 4th, 1882, this gentleman who had just founded a mission near Leopoldville, is thus quoted: "Mr. Comber warmly expresses his recognition of Stanley's work in having opened the passage to Stanley Pool by the river; he and his colleague had in vain attempted to reach this point by land; they had met from the native African traders in ivory an armed and powerful opposition. Mr. Comber greatly praises the manner in which Stanley treated the natives, the tact, benevolence and firmness which he exhibited in his dealings with the people, and his successful opening of this great highway in a highly satisfactory manner without resorting to force." This is the ocular evidence of an honest witness.

The stations founded by Stanley, like the highways which unite them, have the same character and fill the same want as those on the east side of the continent established by the International Association. They are international; are under a neutral flag, and have the simple protection of the rights of man. All travelers, of whatever nationality; every missionary, whatever his religion; every merchant, whatever may be the object of his traffic, can demand their assistance and claim their hospitality. Such is this European movement, conceived in the interest of general progress. And its acts have been in harmony with its principles. The missionaries of the Baptist Society of London, like those of the Livingstone Inland Mission, have acknowledged the efficacy of the labors of the Association in the interior, and they have been able to plant their own religious institutions alongside of those of the expeditions, following its various agents as they advance. Father Angouard, of the Catholic Brotherhood of the Holy Spirit, has found the same assistance, and renders to Stanley his hearty thanks. When the International Association in 1879 voted a subvention of 20,000 francs to the French Com-



mittee, it was the design to facilitate the erection of two stations of this religious type on the Upper Ogowe. But M. de Brazza, charged by the Committee to found these stations, adopted other views, and hoisted later the French flag in the localities known to-day under the names Franceville and Brazzaville, and was therefore not received with hospitality, on his return, at the International stations along the Congo.

These establishments have no commercial character. No one is able to point out a single mercantile operation made on account of the Committee of the Congo from its origin to the present day. But the stations it has founded—and this result conforms to its intentions—will determine without doubt the creation of commercial marts belonging to the different nations. A single Belgian trader has gone upon this highway up to the present writing. M. Gillis, representing a large house, manages two factories, situated, one on the Embomma, the other on the Noki. The transactions in which he is concerned are personal, but there exists between him and the agents of the Committee friendly and reciprocal relations. With these advantages M. Gillis has formed a company, and he undertakes to transport gratuitously the supplies of the expedition on the Congo, and the Committee, in return, facilitates his personal business relations in Europe. The terms of the contract which bind the two parties do not go beyond this point, and no other Belgian company participates directly in the traffic of the Congo.

The facts given, authentic and precise as they are, determine the character of the undertaking which the Congo Committee imposed upon itself and the manner in which it has acquitted itself in the premises: great progress has been accomplished; five stations have already become the centre from which radiates the light of a Christian civilization on the dark and ignorant peoples of Central Africa, connected by regular highways of communication, carrying to-day European influence and trade a distance of 500 miles from the Atlantic Coast—that is, from the West Coast, in this latitude one-fourth of the total width of Africa. This labor, in its actual results, represents three years of sustained effort; it has taxed human energy and perseverance to their utmost. The resources of the Committee when organized have been absorbed and greatly surpassed. Voluntary subscription alone permitted it to continue the enterprise, while some of its agents in the field have perished in the midst of their dangerous work: They were three Englishmen, Kirkbright, Dean and Hill; four Belgians, Petit, Néve, Hebran and Van de Velde; a German, M. Kerbuck; a Dutchman, M. Joffroy; and a Swede, M. Martinsen.

More than 200 Americans and Europeans represent, at this writing, in Africa the work of the International Association. They are there to conserve it, to develop it and build wisely on the foundations so ably laid. After that the task assumed by the Congo Committee would only be accomplished in part; it will only be complete when from Lake Tanganyika, the great reservoir of the Congo, the river shall be followed to its mouth by a line of regular communication. Two-thirds of the route remain to be traced; along its course there is an immense territory to explore, inhabited by many millions of men. If its modest resources will permit, the Committee intends to extend its endeavors in this direction, sending forth its valiant pioneers marching under its colors, which means peace and humanity. But it is in the nature of things that as fast as its stations advance other organizations will push for the countries

thus opened to civilization on the highways made by its agents. Religious and philanthropic missions, industrial enterprises, commercial associations, without distinction of origin or nationality, will speedily profit by its effective work, and doubtless furnish the Committee with the means to conduct its great work to the final end.

This brief account of the labors of the International Association and of the Congo Committee determines the *rapport* which unites these two bodies, which has marked their unity of programme, the similitude of the means employed and the concordance of their aim. Neither on one hand nor the other has it been attempted to make territorial conquest or national profit, nor to procure exclusive commercial advantages. Wherever the agents and explorers of the International Society have appeared or sojourned, the natives have freely ceded such indispensable rights as would create a state of things which would conciliate the aborigines and lead them to progress, civilization and science. It is therefore natural that the two enterprises should have been allied under the same flag, making appeals to all nations to sustain them in their disinterested services in endeavoring to redeem the Continent of Africa from its long ages of barbarism.

To-day, after a labor of five years, one-half of the task assigned to the Association and the Congo Committee is an accomplished fact. The remarkable interest shown in the same work by other agencies, and which grows day by day, is a certain confirmation that the bold initiative of the Association was not taken unwisely, but that it responded to the demands of the age. From 1877 to 1882 numerous geographical expeditions and religious missions were organized on both sides of the Equator, some penetrating the Continent from the north, others from the south, toward the central line traced by the combined efforts of the Association and the Congo Committee. Several European Governments—notably those of Germany, France, Italy and Portugal—have encouraged and largely subsidized these movements. Their simple lines of exploration exhibit generally the great advances made. From the north there have advanced toward the mysterious land of the Equator Dr. Junker and Dr. Schnitzler by the regions where are found the sources of the Nile; Gerhard Rolphs, the veteran explorer of the Sahara, and Mr. Stecker, by the Tripolitan oasis; Mr. Stecker and M. Schuvet by Abyssinia; Signor Gessi, and, after his death, Signors Mattencci and Massari, traversing the province of the African Soudan where the False Prophet still holds high carnival; Colonel Flatters and his unfortunate companions across the Sahara; Dr. Lenz by Morocco to Timbuctoo; Captain Gallieni and Dr. Bayol in the Valley of the Niger. In the other directions, going from south to north and from west to east, we find Dr. Holua in the basin of the Zambezi; the members of the Portuguese expedition, Serpa Pinto, and Ivens and Capello, at the various sources of this grand river, and also in the Quango Valley; the unfortunate Captain Phipson Wybrants and his fellow-explorers on the Sabia; and more remarkable than all, the numerous travelers sent from time to time to Loanda by the German African Society, Herrs Pogge, Schutt, Von Mechord, Buchner, and Lieutenant Wissmann. In the same zone where the International Association and the Congo Committee have operated there have appeared, to eastward, the Abbé de Canzo, Mr. Keith Johnson, Mr. Thomson; and on the West Coast, M. Savorgnan de Brazza and M. Bailay. And these are only the most remarkable of the explorations noted by books of travel or by the patronage and applause of incorporated bodies. How many



A GERMAN FACTORY ON THE CAMEROON RIVER.

explorations, conceived in a spirit of modest privacy, but eventually yielding important results, could be catalogued in an article of this character if all of the facts were available to the investigator. The religious missions are also much more numerous than we know; the English alone have established six Christian mission-houses on Uganda, at Lake Tanganyika, at Lake Nyassa, on the River Rovuma, and on both banks of the Congo. The Algerian missionaries, Fathers Delpechine and Duparquet, rival, by their devotion and heroism, the ardor of the Protestant pioneers.

The most casual computation will show that before the close of the present century the whole Continent of Africa will be within the orbit of civilization. The query naturally follows, in the face of the ambitious military movements of France on the Niger and in the Valley of the Congo, whether the great work already accomplished and projected to be finished before the year 1900 is to be disfigured by colonial wars as brutal and needless as those which occurred in Asia and America during the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries? This problem must soon be solved by an enlightened European statesmanship, and on the result will follow generations of peace or war in Africa, as the case may be. The African Association, conceived in the cool head and wise pur-

pose of Leopold of Belgium, has carried on its labors under a neutral flag, recognizing in its progress across the continent the highest laws of barter, an abhorrence of force or conquest, a respect for life and property, and an anxiety to establish the active principles of Christianity among the wild children of the jungle and the steppe. For any Power to conquer unwilling peoples and impose an arbitrary sovereignty over their chattels and territory, introducing the weapons of war and kindling a thirst for treachery and massacre, when these primitive tribes have already yielded to the rules of trade and the softening influences of interested friends

and neighbors, amounts to an international crime, which Europe and America should prohibit and condemn.

I think it proper here to state the American position as to the future relations of this great region with the outside world, and I cannot better phrase this eminently wise policy than by quoting from the words of Chief-Justice Daly, the President of the American Geographical Society: "It has been suggested by European writers that an international protectorate should be established at the mouth of the Congo; but I see no occasion to resort to this entangling diplomatic contrivance. It is much better to leave those who settle on the Congo to apply to their condition the principle of self-government, as was



GERMAN TRADERS IN AFRICA.





THE TWO MEN IN GRAY HATS.—“DELLA PASSED QUICKLY IN FRONT OF HER SISTER AND THREW HER ARMS ABOUT HER. THE DOOR OF A VAST APARTMENT-HOUSE NEAR BY STOOD OPEN FOR THE MOMENT.”—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Vol. XIX., No. 5—35.

done by the Boers in the Orange Free State and in the Transvaal before the English followed and claimed the right to govern them against their own will. The settlers on the Congo and in the country adjacent will manage their own affairs infinitely better than officials acting as representatives of a combination of foreign Governments. In fact, this is now taking place over the whole field of the operations of the International African Association and its co-working organization, the Congo Committee; and the true course is to allow these bodies to go on with their work, and for foreign nations to recognize them as in actual occupation of the country, administering its affairs in the general interests of civilization and to the satisfaction of the native races within its influence for whose benefit it was instituted. Portugal's idea of the colonization of Africa is very different. It is to colonize it, not

for the benefit of Africa, but for the benefit of Portugal. This she may do on that part of the Southwest Coast of which she has long been in a state of possession; but when she assumes to take control of the mouth of the great artery of Central Africa, other commercial nations will say, or at least we will, 'Hands off,' and if need be exercise the power of a large nation to exercise it. . . . The whole population of Portugal is but a fraction over 4,000,000, and the colored population of the United States is over 6,500,000."

It was in pursuance of this address, delivered before the Chamber of Commerce of New York, that this body petitioned the President of the United States to give recognition to the flag of the International Society as expressing the rightful sovereign authority on the banks of the Congo. President Arthur saw the force of this action, reinforced as it was by that of the Chamber of Commerce of Boston, and he called the attention of Congress to the matter in his annual Message of 1884. This was shortly succeeded by Senatorial action in declaring that the United States pledged itself to the position of recognizing the International Association as its rightful possessor, to the exclusion of other claimants.

This important step by our Government was almost immediately decisive, for it was followed by like petitions from the Chambers of Commerce of Liverpool, London, Birmingham and Manchester, in appeals to the House of Commons to refuse to ratify the Treaty between England and Portugal which Lord Granville had concluded with the latter Power, and which was about to be submitted to the House of Commons for its ratification. The effect was immediate, and the Treaty was pigeonholed, thanks to the American foresight. These facts, together with the appearance of German ambition on the West Coast, and the hopeless entanglements which seemed likely to grow out of French, German, Portuguese, Dutch and other claims of territorial jurisdiction, caused Prince Bismarck to call the Berlin Conference, recently convened in Berlin under his presidency. But it is too early yet to speculate as to what that body will determine; as to what will be the confirmatory action, or otherwise, of the interested Powers; or indeed if such a body, extraordinarily constituted as it is, can, by a most unique experiment, solve what would practically be the disposition of the entire African Continent for ages to come.

Nor must the importance of this aspect of the future of the Congo be underestimated. The stream itself is the most important river in Africa—from every standpoint immeasurably of vaster value than the Nile, the Niger, or the Zambezi. Upon its banks and those of its tributaries there is a population that embraces what is believed to be nearly half the people existing on the Continent. They have a rich territory; they are warlike; highly favored, as far as savages can be, and under intelligent leadership, it must dawn upon the most obtuse intelligence that this Congo people will ultimately dominate Africa.

How important it is, then, when constructing this new empire, so recently outlined, physically and theoretically, by the courage, discrimination and zealous endeavor of Stanley, to lay the political foundation well; to remove the free State from the dragging influence of European interference, and to permit the young Republic to acquire its natural growth, unweighted by princelings, potentates or dictators from abroad, whoever they may be!

The Rothschilds still keep their ancestral dwelling in the Jewish quarter at Frankfort, although they do not live in it.

## THE TWO MEN IN GRAY HATS.

BY ELIZA ARCHARD.

"Linda! Linda! why so late? Your eighteenth birthday, too. But, no! you have no birthday feast to-night. Poor folks cannot afford that."

"Sly *grossmütterchen*! Don't I know better? Don't I know that in the oven is the roast mutton with spices and onions, Fatherland style? In the porcelain kettle the sweet chocolate simmers a welcome. I smell it this minute. And in the cupboard? There is the *pfannkuchen* and salad. Nay; in the corner behind the sugar-box is the tiny bottle of Rhine wine sacred to birthdays! Don't I look through the wooden doors and see it with my soul's eyes? And I take your pretty old ear in my thumb and finger and tweak it so; I kiss your pretty old cheek so—oh, bestest, sweetest of grandmothers!"

The old woman smiled. She liked it well.

"But you and Bella are still late," she said. "The roast is overdone, and the sweet chocolate—*schutt*—it will taste a hundred years old. Why did you wait so long?"

"Madame Arblay kept us," said Bella, the matter-of-fact sister. "She had an order for a hundred more Jacqueminot roses late this afternoon."

The two Bedeker sisters were artificial-flower-makers. Their grandmother knew the trade in the old country, and had worked at it in this. She taught it to the little girls as the only wealth she could give them, and a blessed inheritance it proved. When the bright old eyes became dim, when the brave old fingers were too stiff and unsteady to shape and fasten the flower-petals any more, Bella and Linda silently took the mantle of labor from her shoulders and folded it around their young strong ones. Together they wrought with their hands, and held the hunger-wolf at bay. The grandmother kept house in her neat, quaint, German fashion, and blessed the dear Lord for giving her two such good granddaughters.

They lived in two rooms, and were happy. People who work are always happiest. Linda, the younger girl, was an impressionable creature, with slender figure and large brown eyes. She was of an exquisitely sensitive organization, and occasionally had unaccountable dreams and premonitions of things, which a few times had actually occurred.

Their grandmother believed in it. She had traditions of a seer, or *doppelgänger*, who had been in the family a hundred years before, and had possessed the unearthly power of second sight. But our age knows there is no such thing, really. Oh, no! of course not. Nevertheless, Grandmother Bedeker watched Linda unceasingly. The girl was the core of her heart, and was never allowed to go upon the street unattended by grandmother or Bella.

She was not a sad or serious-minded child, however. Far from it. Her nature was as joyous and sunny as a bird's. A laughing sprite of mischief, she dwelt like eternal light and warmth in the heart of the grandmother, and kept the staid, sober Bella from growing old before her time. But she was over-easily influenced by strangers, and there was need that she should be taken care of.

The only time the girl was ever without one or the other of the two was at night. She slept alone upon a little couch in their front room, which served at once as kitchen and parlor. The long, narrow bed was hidden under a rose-color and brown cretonne cover, and was a pretty little make-believe sofa.

Linda was a light sleeper, and fussy at night. It made her restless even to share her couch with quiet Bella, and



it was by her own wish that she slept alone. Grandmother Bedeker and Bella had their bed in the back room. But the door between the two was always open. You will need to remember this arrangement of sleeping-rooms, in order to follow clearly the thread of the strange events that happened.

"A hundred Jacquemots!" said Grandmother Bedeker. "Very good. More work, more pay. *Jawohl, das ist gut.*"

"And," said Bella, "two men stopped us, and spoke to us."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed the old woman, sharply, clutching Linda's shoulder. "How dare you!"

"Truly, little grandmother, I forgot that. The like never happened before. I've made a conquest. The strangest thing! The prince is coming at last to take your poor Cinderella out of the ashes."

"Stupid stuff!" said the grandmother. "Don't let me hear more of it. But what do you mean?"

"Two men asked us if we had dropped a ring upon the pavement——" began Bella.

"Oh, yes," Linda interrupted; "two men, in gray hats. Bella, you have no romance in your soul. Let me tell it. They were beautifully dressed, grandmotherkin, like real princes——"

"As if you knew what a prince was like!" interrupts Bella.

"Don't interrupt, Bel. Where are your manners? I say they looked like real princes, only they had on such odd-looking gray hats. That color of hat is out of fashion, and the shape they wore has never been in fashion since I can remember. The men stood upon the corner at the Brunswick as we passed. They looked at us sharply, *so.*"

"How do you know they looked at you? Do you raise your eyes to men in the street? What have I not taught you?"

Linda laughed.

"No, little grandmother. We don't look at men—that is, not directly. But we see them. We turn our eyes sideways, and give a little glance under our eyelids, to see if they are good-looking, and if they have eyes for a pretty girl. They never know we see them, the stupid! It's a way girls have learned since your time, little grandmother."

"Yes, truly," said the old woman; "and I will not have it. You must do so no more. Men are wolves that pursue fatherless working-girls. The two strangers, they would not have dared to speak to you, only they saw you were watching them. Heavens, Linda, must I always go with you every time you walk upon the street?"

"Heaven forbid!" laughed Linda. "But, *grossmutter*, this was no harm. One of the two was a slim little dark man. The other was taller, and a fair man. He it was who spoke. I did look at him in the face. I could not help it. He had strange, bright-gray eyes, and when they were on me I felt it. He had little whiskers, little and short, in front of his ears. They were gray, like his hat; but his mustache was light-brown. I'm sure his face was fine and handsome, but it had no color. His eyes, his hat, and his face, were all the same. They seemed to melt away into a misty gray."

"*Dummeszeug!*" said Bella. "I saw nothing of all this. After we passed the Brunswick, the two men followed us. The taller one touched Linda upon the shoulder, and asked if we had dropped a ring. We said 'No.' But he held one in his fingers, and told us he had seen it upon the pavement, just after we passed, and fancied it was ours. We assured him no and no again. Then he said the ring was not worth much, and we might keep it.

And, grandmother, he gave it to Linda. He put it upon her finger. It is there now."

"Linda, Linda," said Grandmother Bedeker, "how could you let him do that? It was not right; it was not modest."

"Plainly, I could not help it. I had taken my glove off to fasten my hat, and the ring was on my finger so quick."

"You should have dashed it to the ground, and trodden it in a hundred pieces. Why didn't you, girl?"

"I could not, grandmother. The man was looking at me," she answered, simply.

The ring was a strange one, representing a serpent with its tail in its mouth. Its eyes were of some unknown gem, and gleamed dull and weird in the lamplight.

Grandmother Bedeker shuddered, and uttered an exclamation.

"Take it off," she said. "That is no common ring. It is a witch-ring—*ein hexenstein.*"

But the ring would not come off. It slid easily around and around upon the slim, girlish finger, yet all efforts to slip it over the joint were in vain.

"To-morrow, go to the jeweler's in the morning, and have it cut off," said the old woman. "It is evil. You must not wear it."

Linda laughed again.

"Why not, grandmother? Perhaps the man in the gray hat was a prince of the sorcerers; Linda, the magician's bride. Has it not a romantic sound?"

"God forbid," said the old woman, devoutly. "You don't know what you are talking about, Linda. Come away from the window, child."

"Why, grandmother, am I going to fly away upon a broomstick, like a—— There they are now, the very two men."

She had moved to the window a moment before, drawn there without any particular reason.

Grandmother Bedeker looked out.

Standing in the rays of a street-lamp opposite were two men with gray hats. They were looking up at the window.

The old woman pulled down the blind angrily.

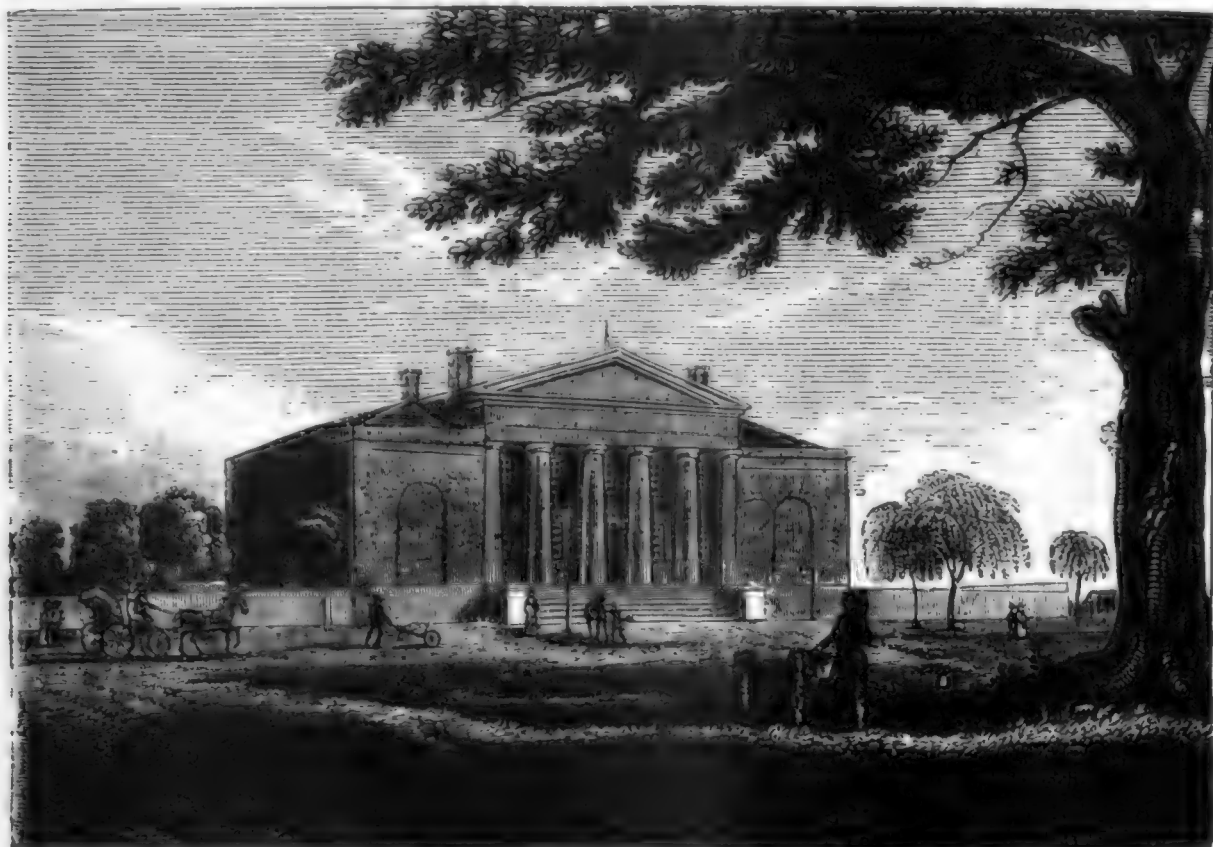
"Oh, but they are impudent," she said. "Now, I must go out with you. To-morrow morning I walk with you to Madame Arblay's, and don't you dare to stir till I come for you at night. The wolves and bears!"

Grandmother Bedeker did not walk out the next morning, however, nor the next. The fog that night brought an attack of rheumatism that kept her in-doors a week. Linda and Bella went to their work alone. Neither did Linda go to the goldsmith's to have the witch-ring off. It never was removed. She wears it to this day.

In the early evening, when the sisters were returning home, there was a tussle and a crowd in the street. Two newsboys were clawing and biting each other like wild-cats. A man shoved roughly between the girls, almost knocking Linda down. A hand caught and saved her from falling. It drew her aside, supporting her firmly and gently. The touch was a pleasant one, but it closed upon her arm like a ring of iron.

She looked up when she had got over her confusion. He who had rescued her was a man of forty or thereabouts. He wore a light brown mustache and a slight gray side-whisker. He had a fine, firm chin, and symmetrical face, but singularly colorless. His strange, lustrous eyes were fixed upon Linda, and seemed to draw her very soul toward him. It was the fair man in the gray hat.

He spoke to Linda in a soft, thrilling voice, like the



DEAF-MUTES.—FIRST DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM, PHILADELPHIA.—SEE PAGE 551.

tones or a magic flute. Linda's face turned pale, and her eyes grew large and staring.

But what he said she never told. Bella, who ran to her breathless the moment she found her, heard these words from the mysterious stranger's lips :

"You will be made an initiate. When you are ready we will come for you, whether it be night or day."

"Night or day !" repeated Linda, in a dream-like voice.

"Are you afraid ?"

"No ; I am not afraid."



AN ARITHMETIC LESSON TO DEAF-MUTES.



Bella grasped her arm in affright and pulled her from him. The stranger bowed gracefully and courteously, and disappeared.

Bella and the grandmother questioned Linda closely about what the stranger had said to her. She told them he spoke of the squabbling street-boys.

"Was that all, child?" asked Grandmother Bedeker.

Linda shook her head, and was silent.

"What did that mean when he said he would come for you if you were ready, night or day?"

"Truly I know not," replied Linda.

But from that day she seemed much changed. No more was her sunny face the light, her merry laugh the music, of the two tenement rooms. She was not sad or depressed, only preoccupied. She went to her daily work with Bella, but it was as one moving in a dream. She fashioned with her slim, white fingers the dainty, bright-colored muslin roses and pansies, as always; but it was mechanically, with her thoughts far away. But whither they wandered was beyond the ken of the tenderly watching sister.

Step by step the girl was passing on to the end. One evening again they were going home

from work. Linda suddenly turned down a side street, and began walking away from Bella. Following quickly, the sister saw, some distance off, facing them, the two mysterious strangers. The fair one had his deep, star-like eyes fixed upon Linda, who was walking rapidly toward him. It was his steady gaze that had turned her from the main street. A dread, unseen power, drew her.

Bella almost ran in her haste to snatch the girl from the stranger. But a look of recognition passed between the two. They were close together before Bella could come up.

Once more Bella heard the stranger in the gray hat say, in a soft, thrilling tone, to Linda:

"Are you afraid?"

And once more Linda answered, in a dream-like voice:

"No; I am not afraid."

"Now, indeed, you go not alone again, you two," said the grandmother, when Bella told her. "I walk with you night and morning, Linda, though I crawl upon my poor old knees. If the man speaks to you once more, I give him to the police. It is an infamy, this, if two honest girls may not go to their daily work without being

chased by men."

True to her word, she hobbles with them to Madame Arblay's next morning, and came for them at night. She kept it up for a week, with much grumbling and scolding at Linda. It was a pretty affair, at her time of life, and with rheumatism in her knees, to be dragged out in the fog like that, for a bold girl who invited men by her glances.

Still Linda said nothing. She seemed mentally and spiritually to be floating away from the protecting arms of the two who loved her. She sat silent and abstracted, while they talked the familiar talk of things which interest women. At night she seemed always



A DREAD-AND-DUMB WEDDING.

to desire to be left alone in the darkness.

So was forging the next link in the chain of this strange human destiny? Bella and Grandmother Bedeker never understood the events of the night when the chain was finished.

What happened to Linda—perhaps what she believed happened to her—was this: She was lying upon her little couch in a deep sleep. She heard a knocking upon the wall, as in a dream. At first the sounds were faint and far away; then they came louder. It was a dream, and not a dream.

She was not yet roused, when the room became filled

with a strange light—not the light of sun or moon or flame. It was more like the most delicate and subtle electric light, if one sought for comparison—yet even that seemed coarse and crude beside it.

In the midst of this ethereal white light suddenly appeared two human forms. They seemed to come in through the solid wall. They were the two men in gray hats. The taller fair one came and stood beside Linda. He looked at her with the gaze that seemed always to draw her to him. On his face was a look of ineffable pity and gentleness, and yet of inexorable purpose. He laid his hand upon her tangled shining hair. He spoke, as ever, in the strange magnetic voice, softer and more thrilling than before, yet there was no quiver of relenting in it.

"Once more, and for the third time, are you afraid?"

For the last time she answered:

"I am not afraid."

But whether she was sleeping or waking she knew not.

The fair man held something in his hand. He touched her lips with a powder.

"Take this," he said.

She knew that she shrieked in terror and agony. Then she knew nothing more till some irresistible force seemed drawing her away from and out of herself. Her soul slipped its material belongings. She, her real self, seemed slowly and painfully leaving the body through her head. This real self fluttered and lingered a moment; then a power within it braced and poised it for flight through the regions of space. She was transformed into a matter that was finer and subtler than air—an attenuated substance, that passed easily and lightly through walls of wood and brick and mortar. The next she knew she was floating and whirling upon great waves of air in the outer world. The two men in gray hats were with her, one close at each side. If she grew faint or affrighted, or wavered in her passage through the air, they supported and upheld her; so she passed to the journey's end. But whither that journey tended, or where it ended, concerning this there is silence; also, of the dread ordeal she sustained no ordinary man or woman knows aught. The faintest whisper of its nature has never been heard by the uninitiate. It is well. The ordeal is one few of mankind may endure and live.

What Bella and the grandmother saw and heard was this: In the dearest still hour of the night—that just before the morning opens—they were awakened from sleep in affright. There was a knocking upon the house that, in their sudden starting from slumber, sounded like thunderclaps. There was a mighty wind. Shutters banged and windows rattled, as with an earthquake shock.

The night had set in calm and clear, and this was an unaccountable weather change. The old tenement shook as if it had been the day of doom. They sprang from their bed, fearing the building would be blown down.

In the midst of the din a terrible shriek came from Linda's room. They ran thither, and found the girl lying upon her bed unconscious. She breathed faintly, but her face was white, her body was rigid, and her hands and feet were cold. They tried all the means known to their simple skill to rouse her, but in vain. Frightened, they sent for a physician. He tried to administer drugs, but her teeth were tightly closed. Heat was applied to her hands and feet. The grandmother and sister rubbed her with stimulants; they moved her rigid limbs; they tried in all ways to bring her back to life.

She remained in her death-like swoon two hours, then she opened her eyes and looked about her. She seemed

faint and dead, exhausted, as if from some tremendous physical effort.

They told her how she had been found in a faint, and how they had tried to revive her.

She looked at them and answered:

"What need? I would have come back without that."

The doctor muttered something learned about cataleptic hysteria.

She moved her hand impatiently, as if to wave them and their puttering doctor's stuffs away.

The next two days Linda was too exhausted and ill to tread the worn stairs that led to Madame Arblay's workroom. The third day she took her place beside Bella, among the pretty artificial flowers. The girls went to their work alone. The fiend of rheumatism had once more fastened his clutches upon Grandmother Bedeker.

Then the last link was closed.

The clock in the workroom pointed to half-past five. Madame Arblay's little army of employes ceased work. They chatted, girl-fashion, as they put on cloaks and shawls. They descended the stairs, and were lost among the innumerable host of New York's toiling sons and daughters.

Bella and Linda moved on with the rest, Linda silent, who had been the merriest of them all, Bella speaking now and then, as they passed corner after corner, and this girl friend and that dropped down a side street.

"Hasten," urged Bella, as they left the last one. "It is dark so soon these days. The grandmother is waiting us long since."

"Wait a moment," said Linda. "What is that I hear? It is coming this way."

She pointed forward. Her eyes were fixed like those of a sleep-walker.

Bella looked. A horror crept over her as she saw, coming rapidly and directly toward them, the mysterious strangers in gray hats. Bella passed quickly in front of her sister and threw her arms about her. The door of a vast apartment-house near by stood open for the moment. Bella drew Linda silently into the hallway and shoved the great door to with all her might. It closed with a bang; the lock shot into its place. Bella stood still in front of Linda, with her arm across the sister, to save and shield her.

They were safe!

But, lo! what marvel? Are there miracles and magic in this skeptical nineteenth century? Ay, there are.

The doors opened; they seemed to part of themselves. The dread strangers entered. The fair one fixed his eyes upon Linda. He thrust the frightened Bella aside, he removed her arm from her sister's shoulder. He threw his own arm about the girl; he bent, and kissed her lips lightly, and he said, in a soft, low, yet terrible voice:

"I want her. She is mine."

Bella tried to shriek, to cry for help, but her lips could make no sound. Was she, too, enchanted?

Linda went out with a never backward glance. She walked like one in a trance. Bella followed in dumb terror. A few steps away a church-door was open. The strange party entered. A priest was there in waiting. The fair man drew Linda's arm within his own and led her up the aisle.

Once more Bella tried to break away and give the alarm, to cry out against this unholy wedding-ceremony. The dark man laid his hand upon her and looked steadily into her eyes. She sank cowering to a seat, and covered her face with her hands. In five minutes the gray stranger and Linda Bedeker were pronounced man and wife.

The final link was closed, the two ends of the eternal



chain were welded finally together. But it was no marriage like a mortal marriage.

The destiny was accomplished that had been planned for Linda Bedeker by dread powers she knew not of. Never again the slim white fingers fashioned daintily the crimson muslin roses and the purple muslin pansies. Most often, when men and women behold them, they are clasped in a trance, while the girl utters things unfamiliar, sometimes terrible, to mortal ears.

From town to town, from city to city, she goes, speaking to countless multitudes in great halls and assembly rooms.

In her trancelike state she reads the lives of men and women as an open book; their past and their future; the most secret thoughts of their hearts, whether good or evil.

She speaks words of warning, of prophecy, and now and then of comfort. Here and there are hints of a new faith, a beautiful and awful system of science which is to overturn the painfully gathered wisdom of the centuries.

Her mission is to waken again in mankind the faith in the unseen that has wellnigh died out in this century.

Her lips utter burning words—words that are given to no human preacher, however great, however learned, however famous, to speak. Preachers and laymen are puzzled and confounded beyond expression by her sayings, by the marvels she works. Some say it is all trickery; that they are even able to detect the mechanical agency which she uses. Many scoff, others refuse to hear her, and most disbelieve. But none as yet understand. She communes always with a world in which formless mysteries speak and shadows whisper eternally.

Private, personal speech of this strangely gifted one no man or woman can gain. At public halls, on journeys, at home, wherever she may be, one or the other of the two men in gray hats is always on guard.

In the lonely rooms on ——— Street, New York, two women, a young and an old one, sit solitary and mourn, and will not be comforted.

There are no more birthday festivals, with *pfannekuchen* and a sip of Rhine wine. Of evenings the two glance sorrowfully at the little couch in the corner, with its covering of rose-color and brown cretonne, and the grandmother sighs now and then as if her heart was breaking.

From time to time money and gifts come to them—come in plenty—so that Bella works no more at flower-making. But from the day when she went away with the gray stranger, Linda came not back to the home of the two women who loved her.

She will never come again.

## DEAF-MUTES.

HUMAN nature is subject to many infirmities, all deserving of compassion and help from those more fortunate ones whom Providence has exempted from them. But amongst them all, there is none more deserving of our pity, and also so well repaying any pains taken to better their condition, as the deaf and dumb. Of late years this subject has received the attention of many worthy and devoted people, but by the world at large deaf-mutes seem still to be classed with idiots and others incapable of mental improvement, and therefore scarcely worth attention. Those people who have any experience of them know how erroneous this view is. "It is," says the Abbé Lambert, of the Institution Nationale, at Paris,

"a deplorable error to suppose that the ordinary deaf-mute has no intellectual ideas, no notion of duty, but lives in a purely animal state. Daily experience proves that their souls are like a richly-furnished apartment which is in darkness. It is necessary to illuminate it in order to give to each object its form, color and value. But in light there are many degrees, from the feeble ray of a candle to the splendor of the midday sun. The mind of the deaf-mute, like that of the hearing child, receives its first impressions from exterior objects, which attract its attention, employ the imagination, and make an impression upon its soul. Until the time when speech comes in, the deaf-mute is on a par with all other children. It observes, reflects, judges. The moral world is not entirely closed to it. It has some notions of propriety—it distinguishes the true from the false, it can appreciate the difference between a good and a bad action, it can understand that it must submit to others."

So far, then, there is no distinction between the deaf-mute and its more fortunate brethren. But at the age when speech is acquired the difference becomes at once apparent. The hearing child asks questions, and becomes capable, by the mere fact of hearing, of understanding answers and explanations of the daily phenomena it sees around it. Any false impressions it has received are in this way corrected, and imperceptibly and almost without effort its education goes on. But with its deaf-mute brother or sister it is different. The Abbé Lambert illustrates this in the following words: "Have you ever seen or heard of the agony suffered by an artist at his inability to portray the idea he has in his mind? Well, this is in some sort the condition of the poor deaf-mute. He surmises, but he comprehends little; he thinks, and he cannot explain himself. Added to this, there is in him a hunger and thirst after knowledge. As the body desires nourishment, as the eye seeks the light and the ear sound, so his soul longs incessantly for its intellectual sustenance. If he goes to the school with other children, he sees the books, the pens. He would fain read and learn with the others, but, alas! he cannot, and his young companions, seeing his inability to join in their studies or sports, mock and tease him."

So until comparatively modern times deaf-mutes, as a class, lived and died neglected; their minds laid fallow, the powers of their souls stunted, and because of this neglect on the part of their fellow-men, ranked with imbeciles and idiots. Science has conclusively proved this idea to be a wrong one. They are as capable of being taught and of attaining to a high state of intellectual activity as hearing persons, but they must be taught by particular methods and subject to special training.

The ancients had the greatest horror of all that was feeble and infirm; with them poverty was despicable and suffering a scandal. It is no wonder, then, that amongst the beauty and pleasure-loving Greeks the deaf-mute was looked upon as a disgrace to humanity, and under the barbarous laws of Lycurgus they were exposed to die. Deaf-mute children in Sparta were pitilessly sacrificed without a voice being raised on their behalf. The Romans treated these unfortunates with the same cruelty as the Greeks. The first who seems to have seriously occupied himself with this phenomenon of deaf-mutism was the philosopher Aristotle, and he declared congenital deaf-mutes to be incapable of instruction, and this was the universal opinion of classical antiquity.

In the course of time certain rights were granted to those deaf-mutes who gave proofs of ability; such as had been brought up secretly by their parents, showing some signs of intellect; this gradually dissipated the horrible



MONUMENT TO THE ABBÉ DE L'ÉPÉE AT ST. ROCH, PARIS.

prejudice with which their brethren in misfortune had hitherto been regarded. Pliny mentions a congenital deaf-mute, called Quintus Pedius, who distinguished himself as an artist.

M. T. Müller gives to the Egyptians the credit of first instructing deaf-mutes. They as well as the Persians always respected persons thus afflicted, and their hieroglyphic mode of writing was especially suited for their education. It is doubtless something more than

mere coincidence that their better treatment by the Romans dates from the time of the incorporation of Egypt as a Roman province.

But it was not till the advent of Christianity that a spirit of charity began to animate the dealings of men toward these afflicted ones. After the example of the



H. P. PEET, LL.D., FORMER PRINCIPAL OF THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR DEAF AND DUMB.

Divine Master, the Christian devoted himself to succor the unfortunate, and the sick, the blind, the deaf, the lame, as well as all others laboring under spiritual or corporal infirmities, became the objects of his love and care. But, unfortunately, in the case of the deaf-mute it was only his bodily welfare that was at first considered, and Aristotle's idea of their intellectual inferiority survived with his system of philosophy. So, although better times

had dawned for them, little or nothing was done to instruct them, and by the laws of Justinian they were pronounced unfit to manage their own affairs and incapable of making their wills. Their infirmity was regarded as incurable, and St. Augustin, Bishop of Hippo, held that the congenital deaf-



MASS AND INSTRUCTION FOR DEAF-MUTES, PARIS.

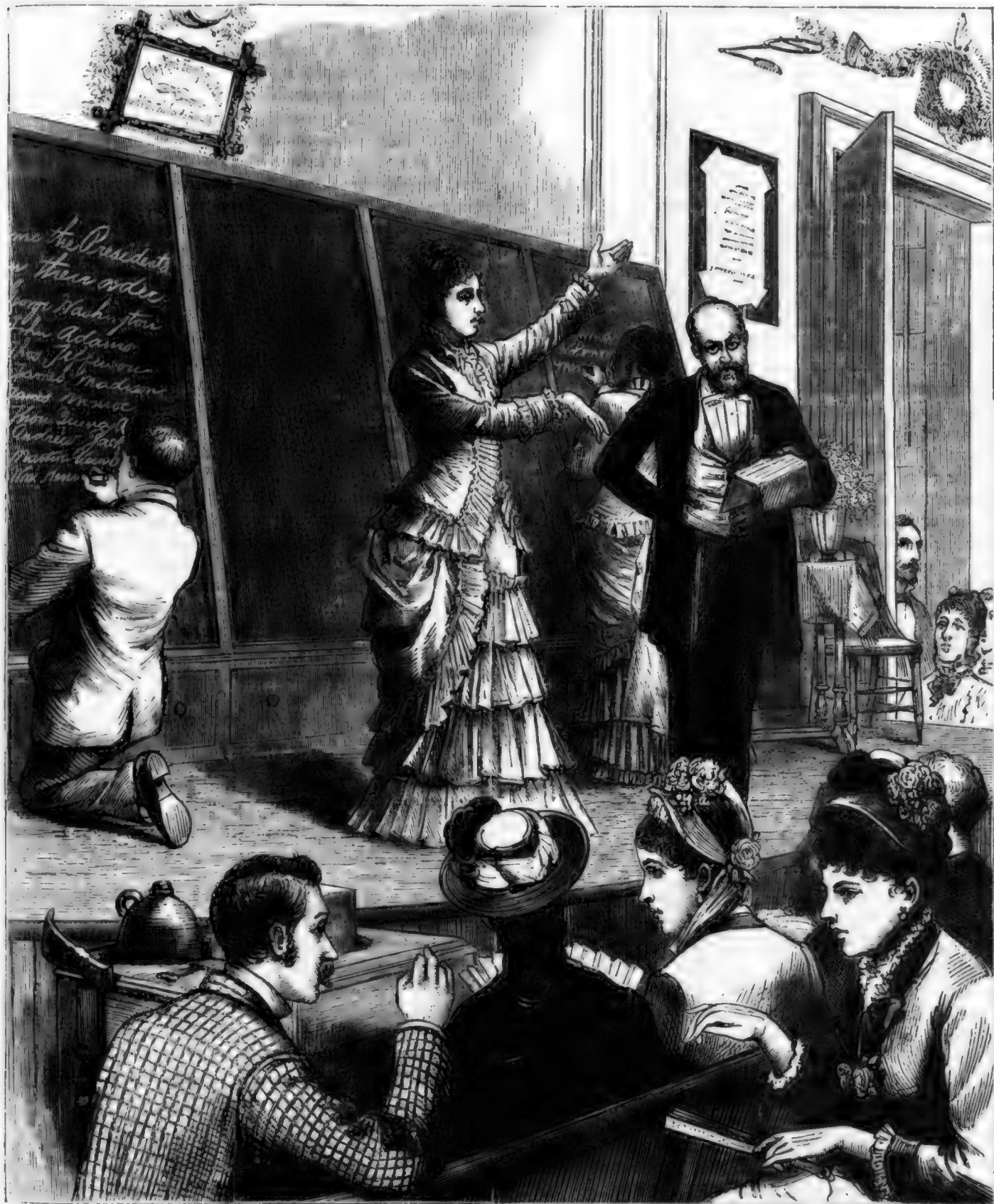


mute being baptized, remained in a state of perpetual infancy—that is, in a state of passive innocence, and deprived of moral responsibility.

M. Müller considers the convents to have been the first schools for deaf-mutes, and at Heidelberg a manuscript

of such special training and its results, which was looked upon as miraculous, is mentioned by the venerable Bede in the life of the holy Archbishop of York, St. John of Beverley. The date of the occurrence is 685.

Amongst the works of the venerable Bede is one called



A SONG RENDERED IN SIGN LANGUAGE.

dating from the thirteenth century, belonging to a Cistercian monastery, contains an account of the system of dactylology, or manual sign-language, which was used there. But, mixed up with the other pupils, no one seems to have subjected deaf-mutes to any special training, so that they seem never to have been awakened out of their state of intellectual torpor. The first historical instance

"De Loquela per Digitos," or "Of Speaking by the Fingers"; and this and the example of St. John of Beverley go far to show that the instruction of deaf-mutes, both by means of signs and articulation, was known to our ancestors as early as the seventh century. What was wanting was the methodical application of such instruction in special institutions, a proceeding which did not

take place till eleven centuries later. The instruction of deaf-mutes in articulate speech is not mentioned again till toward the end of the fifteenth century, when Rudolph Agricola, professor of philosophy at Heidelberg, is said to have trained a deaf-mute to speak.

About the same time the Spaniard, Ramirez de Carrion, undertook the education of the deaf and dumb Prince Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy-Carignan; and another Spaniard, Pierre de Castro, physician to the Duke of Mantua, educated Prince Thomas of Savoy, who was also deaf and dumb. In Germany, J. Pasch, preacher to the Court of Brandenburg, in 1578 taught two deaf-mute children successfully by means of articulation. Rabelais mentions a young Italian called Nello de Gabrielti, who, being deaf, yet understood all that was said to him by watching the lips of the speakers. But to Spain and to Spanish monks belongs the honor of first inaugurating a special education for teaching deaf-mutes language, and Spanish monasteries were the first institutions for such purpose.

Pedro de Ponce was born at Valladolid in 1530, and became a monk in the Benedictine Monastery of San Salvador at Sahagun. He educated three children, the brothers and sister of the Grand Constable of Castile, and also another youth, the son of the Grand Justiciary of Aragon, all of whom were born deaf-mutes. He taught them not only to read and write, but also to answer any questions they were asked. The register of his monastery says of him: "He was distinguished by his eminent virtue, and obtained a just celebrity by teaching deaf-mutes to speak."

He was succeeded in his labors by another monk called Juan Pablo Bonet, who was attached to the secret service of the King of Spain.

Bonet published several works, and in one, called "The Art of Instructing the Deaf and Dumb to Read," he tells us that his method is "artificial pronunciation, the manual alphabet, writing and gestures, or the language of signs." From this book the celebrated Abbé de l'Epée derived his system.

In 1616, Giovanni Bonifacio, a celebrated jurist, showed how, by the aid of signs, language could be made visible, and so taught to deaf-mutes; and after him, a Jesuit of Brescia, the Padre Sana Terzi, invented a means of teaching them to articulate words and sentences.

In 1648 an English physician, John Bulwer, wrote several books on the subject of the education of deaf-mutes, the chief of which was entitled, "Philocophus; Or, The Deaf and Dumb Man's Friend," and therein he undertook to show, as he himself says, "the philosophic verity of the subtle art, which may enable one with an observant eye to hear what any man says by the movement of his lips; so that a man born deaf and dumb may be taught to hear the sound of words with his eyes, and thence learn to speak with his tongue."

George Delgarno, of Aberdeen, who kept a grammar school at Oxford, next wrote a book called "The Art of Signs: An Universal Alphabet and a Philosophic Language," and also another one called "Didascalocophus; Or, The Deaf and Dumb Man's Tutor."

At about this same time, Dr. John Wallis, Savilian professor of mathematics at Oxford, started as a practical teacher of the deaf and dumb, and with such successful results as to be able to exhibit one of his pupils, David Halley, before the Royal Society in 1662.

In 1669 Dr. William Holder, rector of Bletchington, published a book, "Elements of Speech," with an appendix concerning persons deaf and dumb, and he disputed with Dr. Wallis the priority of his claim to be considered

a teacher of deaf-mutes, even going so far as to say that he had taught one whom Wallis claimed as his pupil.

In Holland we find Peter Montanus instructing the deaf and dumb; and, in 1667, F. M. Van Helmont published a tract called "Alphabetum Naturæ," showing how the deaf can be taught to speak.

But it was a Swiss who, in Holland, first introduced the system known now by the name of the "German" or "oral" method, though it might be called the Anglo-Saxon or Spanish method, seeing that it was the one used by John of Beverley and Pedro de Ponce, long before this time.

John Conrad Amman was born at Schaffhausen in 1669. He was at first a doctor of medicine, but afterward turning his attention to teaching the deaf, is generally considered to be the founder of the German or oral method, as opposed to the French or sign method of the Abbé de l'Epée.

In France, early in the eighteenth century, there appeared as a teacher of deaf-mutes Jacopo Rodrigues Pereira, born at Berlanga, in Estremadura. Pereira was a most successful teacher, but he confined his labors to a chosen few amongst the rich and noble, and so did little to call for the gratitude of deaf-mutes as a class. Kruis, of Leignitz, and Schultze, of Dresden, also took up the work of educating the deaf and dumb. "But," to use the words of Dr. Dasent, in his lecture upon this subject to the Society of Arts, "these were but the individual efforts of isolated philanthropists, though they are remarkable as agreeing in one thing, and that was the possibility of instructing this afflicted class of persons in articulate speech."

The first result of the discovery that deaf-mutes were rational beings, and not imbeciles, was a very painful one for the class affected. It is now an acknowledged fact that the majority of deaf-mutes are dumb only because they cannot hear, and that the fault lies therefore in the organ of hearing, not in that of speech. But at first this fact was not recognized, and surgeons declaring that the affliction arose from a defect in the latter, and not the former only, the unfortunate deaf-mute was subjected to all kinds of painful operations of the tongue, throat and tonsils. And although as early as 1570, Valles, the surgeon of Philip II. of Spain, declared the fault to lie in the hearing, it was only in quite modern times that this useless and cruel practice was abandoned.

But at last a brighter day dawned for deaf-mutes throughout the world, and the poorest and most friendless were to participate in the blessings of that education which, as yet, had been only extended to few, and those mostly of the higher classes. For in the beginning of the eighteenth century were born the Abbé de l'Epée in France; and in Germany Samuel Heinicke, who, with the Scotchman, Thomas Brainwood, were the first founders of special institutions for the education and training of deaf-mutes in all ranks of society.

The Abbé de l'Epée was born at Versailles on November 25th, 1712. The way in which his attention was called to the special training of deaf-mutes was in this manner. Having occasion to visit a certain widow in Paris, he found her on his arrival absent from home, and only two young girls, her daughters, sitting in the room and sewing. The girls received the abbé respectfully, but in total silence. To all questions he addressed to them they made no answer. Upon the arrival of the mother, the good priest expressed his surprise at this extraordinary behavior of her daughters. "Ah," sadly answered the woman, "it is not their fault; they were both born deaf and dumb!" The abbé, filled with pity,



asked if there were no means of helping them, and the mother told him that a priest, the Father Vanin (who, with the Abbé Deschamps, had made some efforts on behalf of the deaf and dumb), had for some time instructed them, but since his death there was no one else to do it. This was the inducement which caused the Abbé de l'Epée to begin his first institution for deaf-mutes at Paris in 1760, where he continued to work indefatigably until his death, which took place in 1789. His memory is still, and will ever be, held in veneration, and in Paris an annual dinner is given to the deaf and dumb in that city on the anniversary of his birth. He was succeeded in his labors by the Abbé Sicard, Bebian, and others.

Samuel Heinicke was born in Germany in 1729, and died in 1790. He perfected the oral system of Amman, and commenced his work at Dresden in 1754. From 1763 to 1778 he taught a great number of deaf-mutes at Eppendorf, near Hamburg; but in 1778 he removed to Leipsic, and there founded an institution under the patronage of Frederick-Augustus of Saxony. Heinicke rested the principal stress of his instruction upon the learning of speech, and held the sign-language to be unnecessary and even perilous. He was soon involved in a controversy with De l'Epée, and as out of mercenary motives he concealed his method and only pointed to the results, the Abbé had a great advantage over him in the opinion of their contemporaries.

Professor Fornari, in his "*Sordo Muto che Parla*," gives us the following summary of both these systems. Of De l'Epée's he says:

1. The education of the deaf and dumb should be transferred to the eye, as that which cannot enter by the door (the ear) can be introduced by the window (the eye).
2. The visible form of our language is alone suitable to the deaf and dumb, then writing, and to this form their acquisition of language should be restricted.
3. Ideas have no more affinity for their symbols in sound, than for those in writing.
4. All then lies in translating into writing that arbitrary and conventional link which unites speech with thought.
5. The deaf and dumb can indeed learn to speak, but the results do not by any means correspond with the time and labor required, and therefore have no practical importance, and would not be an equivalent for the loss which the mental education would suffer from the absence of the voluntary extension of mechanical (mimic) exercises.
6. The use of the manual alphabet by the deaf and dumb supplies their aptitude to speak.
7. Every deaf-mute who is not imbecile is in possession of the language of gestures, which is to him a mother tongue.
8. To instruct the deaf and dumb in our language, which is a foreign language to him, and generally to instruct him, one has continually to employ his mother tongue (signs) as a medium, as any one who can speak would have were he to learn a foreign language.
9. Whatever may be the intelligence of the deaf and dumb, their language of gestures remains limited and unequal to their requirements; the teacher ought therefore to aim, as a primary thing, at developing and perfecting, materially and formally, this essential means of acquiring knowledge, so that it may suffice as an exclusive means of instruction.
10. Such an improvement is best pursued in the manner most conformable to the object, after the rules and forms of the language which the deaf and dumb shall learn; so that such modes of expressing himself shall differ only from writing by being the signs of the hand (manual alphabet).
11. There is no impediment to the said culture of signs.
12. The language of signs is the one form in which the deaf and dumb can think.

So far De l'Epée. Heinicke, on the contrary, says:

1. Human thought is not so possible either by gestures or by writing as by the spoken word only.
2. The deaf-mute desires to be taught to speak and read aloud.

3. He cannot remember the infinite variety of the complex combination of written letters to serve his purpose in writing.

4. The deaf-mute cannot advance to and acquire abstract ideas by means of gestures and writing, but solely by the use of spoken language.

5. The method of De l'Epée, which is to teach language to the deaf by gestures and writing, is to be altogether rejected, because it makes them no better than writing-machines.

6. My method has made extraordinary progress in two or three years, and enables the pupil, awake or dreaming, to think in spoken language.

7. The true method of instructing the deaf-mute should be based solely on spoken language, and this on the palate or touch, which takes the place of the absent ear.

8. He can employ the manual alphabet, but only to associate ideas.

9. For signs of ideas and for thinking, there is nothing for the deaf and dumb but speaking and writing.

The experience of more than a century appears to have convinced Europe that Heinicke was right, and his adversaries wrong; but in spite of his system of teaching being now held to have been a mistaken one, the gratitude of mankind is due to the Abbé de l'Epée for his large-hearted and disinterested charity, which took pity upon those for whom others had no pity, viz., the deaf-mutes, who were most numerous amongst the poorest.

About the same time that the Abbé de l'Epée opened his little school in Paris, Thomas Braidwood established in Edinburgh the first asylum for deaf and dumb in Great Britain. He began at first with one pupil, and this asylum became the model and parent of all the earlier British schools for deaf-mutes. Its local name of Dumbiedikes recalls to one's mind Sir Walter Scott's "*Heart of Midlothian*."

The next asylum founded in the United Kingdom was in 1792, and it was called "*An Asylum for the Support and Education of Indigent Deaf and Dumb Children*." This institution was opened at Bermondsey with six pupils, and it was soon found necessary to erect a larger building. This was done in the Old Kent Road, and the foundation-stone was laid in 1807, by the late Duke of Gloucester, who became its munificent patron. Upward of 4,500 deaf-mutes have received its benefits, and it has to-day over 320 children under its care. The children of poor parents are apprenticed to various trades, and 1,730 children have thus been apprenticed during the past seventy years, at a cost of over £16,000. In 1875 the Prince and Princess of Wales opened a branch asylum at Margate. The oral system is here, as in most other places, displacing the old conventional sign system.

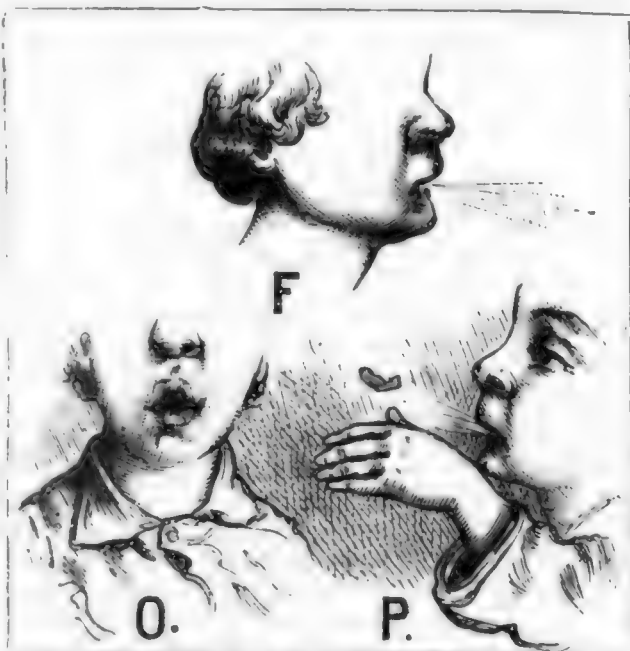
From these two institutions thus founded sprang up others in different parts of the kingdom: at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Doncaster, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast, and others, and amounting, according to the latest returns, to forty-six.

There are fifty-five asylums and schools for deaf-mutes in the United States and Canada. In nearly all, the improved French or manual system is employed, although more or less instruction in articulation is also given. The controversy as to the relative value of the two systems of instruction—the oral and the manual—is still in progress. While in the United States the authorities are practically on the side of the manual or sign method, the oral seems to have the preference in Europe. This was the decision of the Milan Congress of deaf-mute teachers in 1880, and of the Brussels International Congress three years later.

The New York Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-mutes has long devoted special attention to



HOW TO ARTICULATE THE VOWEL "A."



HOW TO ARTICULATE THE LETTERS "F," "O," "P."

the work of teaching articulation and the understanding of spoken language. Two of our illustrations refer to the principles upon which this instruction is based.

Every sound made by the human voice necessitates a certain action and position of the vocal organs. The lips, especially, play an important part in making the positions visible.

If the reader will press his upper teeth over his lower lip and expel the air from his lungs, he will unconsciously produce the force of the letter "f." Thus the teacher, in explaining to the child the method of articulating "f," causes it to place its



A CAFE FOR DEAF-MUTES IN VIENNA.

teeth and lips as above, and the task is accomplished. (See illustration.)

"O" is a very simple sound, caused by forming a circle with the lips. The child, imitating the teacher, expresses the vowel without the slightest difficulty. (See illustration.)

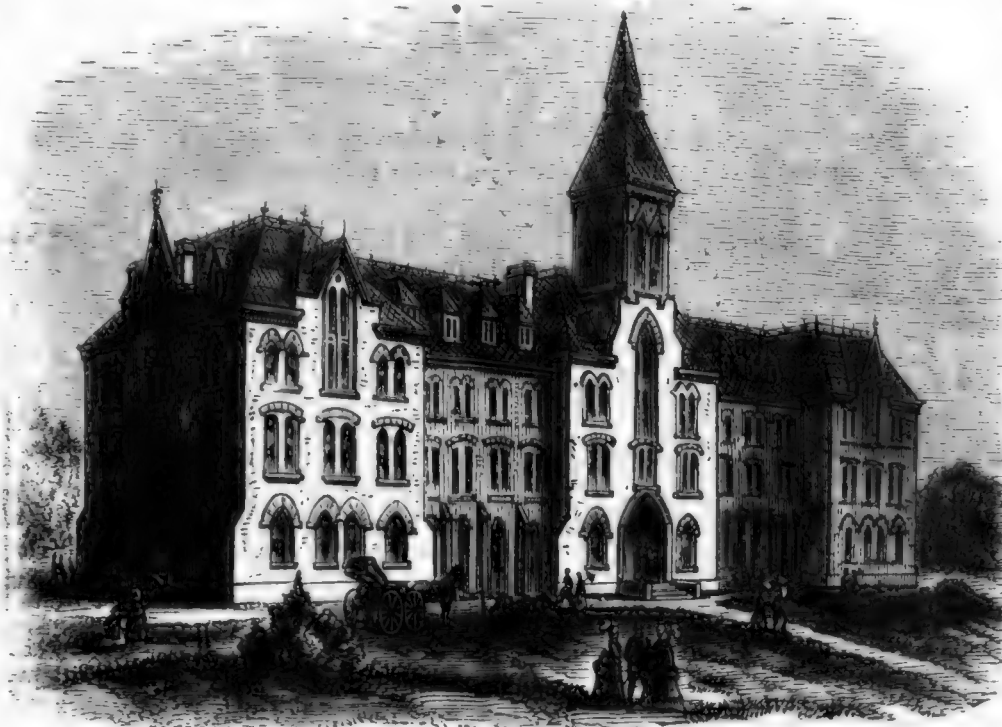
To indicate the force of the letter "p," the lips are placed to imitate the puffing of a pipe, and the teacher makes a corresponding motion. The points of the lips come together, and are then separated with a peculiar force that produces the force of "p." If a little bit of paper be placed upon the back of the hand and held up



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to the mouth, the air formed by the contraction and expansion of the lips in pronouncing "p" will be sufficient to blow it away. (See illustration.) The child, watching this exhibition, and treating the act more as amusement than a task, imitates the puffing, blows away the paper, and without strain or study acquires the



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to all sorts of devices to quicken the comprehension of his pupil. Very frequently the mere showing of the position of the lips will not suffice to make the child produce the sound. For instance, to articulate the vowel "a" in *father*, the mouth must be opened wide, and the tongue kept down. Very often the teacher is



DESCRIBING ANIMALS WITH THE HANDS.



THE LORD'S PRAYER BY SIGNS.



THE FIRST LESSON.

correct force of the letter "p."

When the motion of "p" is made with an additional vocalization and vibration, the result is "b." This vibration is felt in the throat. The above are only a few illustrations of the principle on which this system is founded. More complicated sounds require fuller and more varied explanation. The first element necessary in a pupil's composition is "imitation." He must learn to imitate every expression produced by the teacher's vocal parts. The conscientious tutor of articulation requires wonderful patience and perseverance. He must resort



A BLIND AND DEAF MUTE CONVERSING.

compelled to hold down the child's tongue before it can be taught to sound this correctly. A bookfolder is made to do service in such cases. (See illustration.)

If the tongue be permitted to curl up with the point touching the upper teeth on the inside, the letter "I" would result instead of "a." Thus, every sound is taught by visible expressions; but it is not in our province to explain the method of each one. We have given sufficient to indicate the system by which the deaf-mute is taught to articulate.

The numbers of deaf-mutes in the world are roughly calculated to be from 700,000 to 900,000, and of these sixty-three per cent. are said to be born deaf, the others losing their hearing by different accidents. The numbers of deaf-mutes in Great Britain amount probably to about 20,000. To meet the educational wants of these, there are on the face of the globe 397 institutions, containing 26,473 inmates of both sexes, and employing over 2,000 teachers.

The causes of deaf-mutism are, according to the Abbé Lambert and other authorities, damp atmosphere, uncleanliness, bad air in dwellings; certain occupations followed by the parents, such as laundressess, excavators, miners, weavers, and all who have to work in damp and badly ventilated places; the age of the parents, either when one or both are too young, or in cases where the mother is much older than the father (the opposite does not matter), developing in, rarely the first, but often the second and third, generation of deaf-mute progenitors, scrofulous and nervous temperaments; marriages of consanguinity, a fault in the construction of the ear, fright, grief, or ill-treatment of the mother before the birth of her infant, awkwardness of midwives at the birth, exposure to cold directly after birth, and the innumerable maladies to which children are subject during teething, convulsions, fevers, and many other causes, some of which have not yet been fathomed. Drunkenness in one or other of the parents is also a predisposing cause, and on this point a Swiss collector of Statistics, M. Merkle, says that he found the fewest deaf-mutes or half-deaf in the wine districts, and the most in the districts where spirit (*eau de vie*) was the favorite drink of the inhabitants. Canon Moufang, of Mayence, says that more than one-fourth of the deaf-mute children admitted to the institutions are the issue of marriages between relations, and the editor of the German *Organ for Deaf and Dumb* gives the following statistics upon the same object: "In Berlin the greater number of deaf-mutes is found amongst the Israelites, where consanguineous marriages are frequent, and the smaller number amongst the Catholics, to whom such marriages are forbidden. The proportions in that city are: Amongst the Jews, one in 675; the Evangelicals, one in 2,175; and the Catholics, one in 5,179."

In China, on the contrary, where the law positively forbids such marriages, the numbers of deaf-mutes are very few.

The National Academy of Science, not long since, transmitted to Congress a memorial prepared by Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the telephone-inventor, on the danger of the formation of a race or variety of deaf-mutes by intermarriage. This aroused a spirited opposition on the part of the people most interested.

They do not hesitate to criticise what they call the professor's bigotry. He urges that marriages between deaf-mutes should be discouraged, because their children are, in most instances, deaf-mutes. That is a result which is flatly disputed. J. F. J. Fresch, one of the most intelligent and most prominent of this class in New York, writes to a Washington paper: "Out of the 500 married

mutes in New York city, we know of only half a dozen whose children are deaf and dumb. Out of the 500 mutes in Brooklyn, not one has deaf and dumb children. Very few children are born deaf and dumb—they become so by sickness or accident. At the Wisconsin Deaf-mute School, out of the 700 cases recorded, only three pupils are the children of deaf and dumb parents."

Mr. Fresch adds: "Professor Bell thinks that marriages between mutes and oral persons would be a good thing, and that such union can only be effected by employing the articulation system among mutes. We cannot agree with this position. Whenever a mute enters into marriage relations with a hearing person, peace and contentment disappear."

This last shot will fall harmless at the professor's feet. His wife, as is perhaps not generally known, is a deaf-mute, and a very highly esteemed lady here. The domestic relations of Professor Bell are considered unusually happy. He has carried out his ideas in regard to the articulation system so successfully, that Mrs. Bell is able to understand perfectly what is being said by any one addressing her.

Interesting articles have from time to time been written about those deaf-mutes who, in spite of their infirmity, have attained to distinction in the arts, literature, business and other walks of life. The *New York World* recently published an interesting compilation on this subject, which included the following paragraph:

"Deaf-mute poets are more numerous than is suspected. One of the best-known is Mr. John Carlin, of this city. Mr. Carlin was born deaf and dumb. The others are generally semi-mutes. Besides being a poet, Mr. Carlin is a portrait-painter of some note. He is over eighty years of age now, and is not regularly occupied. Mr. Carlin is also one of the best-known orators in deaf-mutedom. Another wonderful deaf-mute poet, who has recently published a volume of poems called the 'Venture,' is Miss Angie Fuller, of Savannah, Ill., complimentary letters on which were received from Whittier, Holmes and others. Other well-known deaf-mute poets who have frequently appeared before the public are Miss Jennings, Howard Glyndon, and Mrs. M. T. Peet."

The above has elicited an interesting reply from "Howard Glyndon" (Mrs. Laura Reddon Searing). She disclaims the right to be numbered amongst the deaf-mutes, saying:

"I lost my hearing when over ten years of age, and speech to a great extent afterward, though I recovered it by dint of successful training years ago. I have not heard of any truly deaf-mute woman who ever wrote poetry, all of those whom you mention being what are called semi-mutes, in contradistinction to deaf-mutes—though I regard the term semi-mute as particularly offensive in such cases, it being used to designate persons who are deaf and not dumb, though its real meaning is half dumb or half mute. All those women whom you have cited can speak, and, though you have given me but indefinite mention among them, I believe I am the only one of them that makes literature an avocation. I believe, too, that I am the only one of them that has published two distinct volumes of poems."

H. Humphrey Moore, the well-known artist, who is now in Paris, is a deaf-mute. His studio was formerly at No. 11 East Fourteenth Street, New York city. Mr. Moore's masterpiece is entitled "Almeh." The scene is laid in the "Hall of the Two Sisters," in the Alhambra, which is reproduced in all its magnificence of coloring. This picture was exhibited in the art-galleries of the Centennial Exposition, where it excited the most intense admiration, and was honored by the medal of the Exposition, and named on the first list of awards. In 1865 Mr. Moore went to Europe. It was at Granada that he first made the acquaintance of his beautiful wife, the very type of Spanish loveliness, who is the daughter of a distinguished officer of the Spanish army. From



Granada he went to Tangier and Morocco. During his residence in Morocco he formed many intimate friendships among the Moors of the higher class. Then he went to Rome. Here he was elected a member of the *Cercle des Artistes Internationales*.

One of the best known metal-engravers in Boston Mass., is Wallace H. Krause. He is a deaf-mute. Any one who has seen and admired the medals presented to the rescuers of the passengers of the ill-fated steamer *City of Columbus*, which was wrecked at Gay Head, January 18th, 1884, will be surprised to hear that they are all the work of a deaf-mute.

Probably one of the best known and most influential deaf-mutes in the country is Thomas Brown, of West Henniker, N. H. This gentleman is over eighty years of age, and was one of the first pupils to attend the old American Asylum at Hartford.

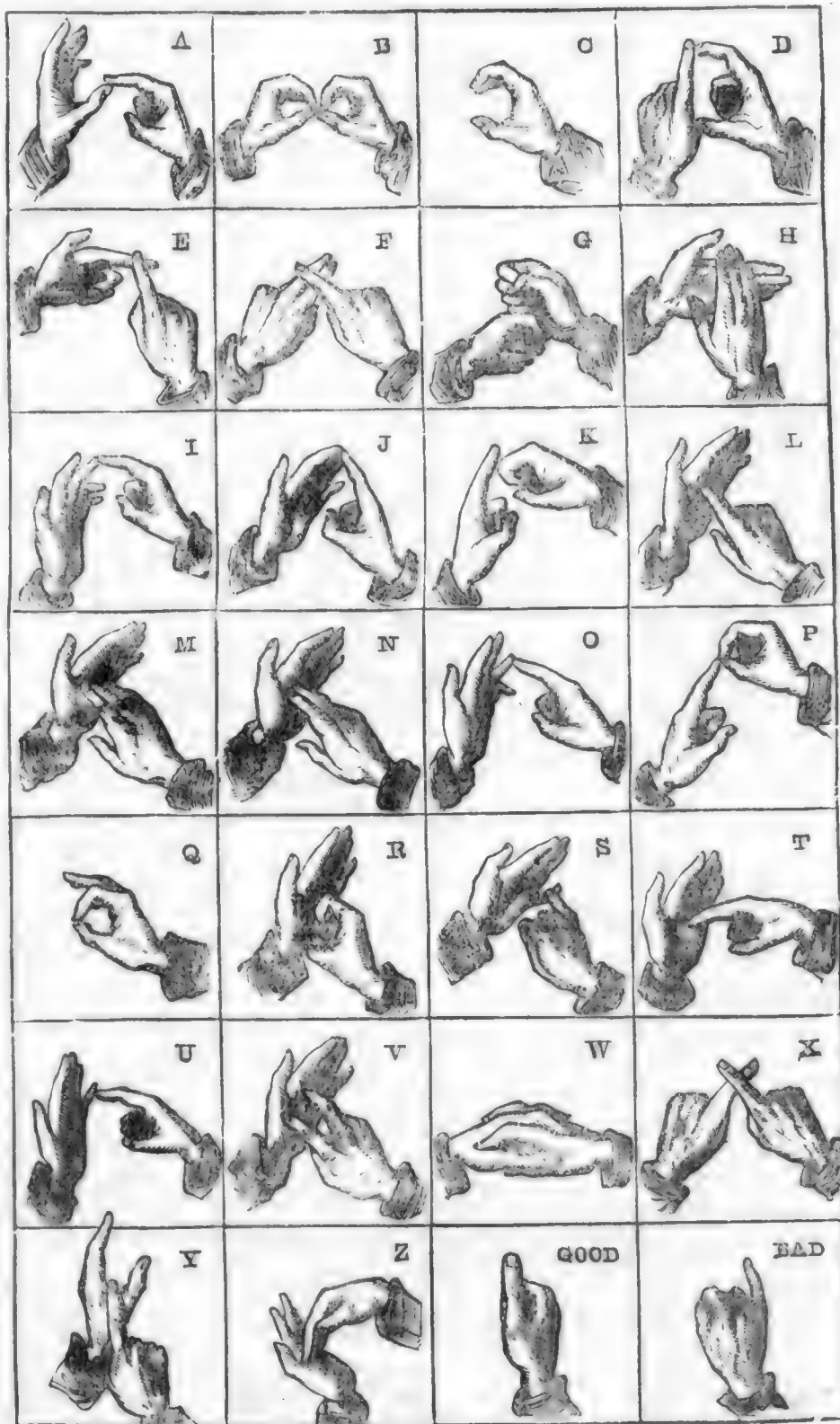
The deaf-mutes publish several journals of their own. Nearly all of these are published at the State institutions. The largest of these is the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, a four-page weekly, published at the New York Institution. Its editor is Mr. E. A. Hodgson, who was elected President of the National Convention of Deaf-mutes in 1883. This paper has correspondents in all the principal cities of the United States, and in several European cities, with a large subscription list. It discusses questions of all sorts relating to the education, employment and interests of deaf-mutes, and its influence in this direction is very great. The only deaf-mute paper that is independent of State aid is the *National Deaf-mute Leader*, published at Brooklyn. Its editor is Mr. A. W. Bond.

In the Lord's Vineyard, too, we find the deaf-mutes at work.

The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, a son of the founder of the American Asylum, is pastor of St. Ann's Church in West Eighteenth Street. Services for deaf-mutes in the sign-language are held every Sunday afternoon at half-past three, and the average attendance at these services is about one hundred. About twelve years ago, the church mission to deaf-mutes of the Protestant Episcopal Church was established. It is a society independent of St. Ann's Church, though it generally meets there. The Protestant Episcopal Church was the first to take up the work of looking after the religious training of deaf-mutes after they leave school. Recently Rev. H. W. Syle, of Philadelphia; Rev. Job Turner, of Romney, W. Va.; and Rev. Mr. Moun, of Cleveland, O., all deaf-mutes, were admitted to Orders in this Church. They are now traveling from city to city, preaching at stated intervals to deaf-mute congregations. Rev. Job Turner has the control of the southern part of the United States; Rev. Mr. Moun looks after

the western part; and Rev. Mr. Syle preaches every Sunday in St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia. Besides Dr. Gallaudet, of St. Ann's, there are connected with the church two other clergymen. About five years ago the Catholics saw the necessity of establishing similar instructions, and this undertaking was placed in the hands of the Rev. Father Costin, of St. John's College, who established a Sunday afternoon service in St. Francis Xavier's Church, in West Sixteenth Street. After two years of labor, which met with great success, he made way for the Rev. Father T. J. A. Freeman, who still conducts this worthy work.

This chapter might be added to indefinitely; but enough has been written to show that, with proper training, the deaf-mute section of the "abnormal classes" more than repays the increasing labors in its behalf.



ALPHABET OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.



STUDIO OF H. HUMPHREY MOORE, A DISTINGUISHED DEAF-MUTE PAINTER.—SEE PAGE 551.





A DESPERATE PLOT.—“WITH A QUICK, SHARP BLOW SHE SEVERED THE ROPE THAT HELD THE HEAVY CURTAIN-POLE ALOFT.”—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Vol. XIX., No. 5—36.

## THE SONG OF THE GIBBET.

BY ALFRED THOMPSON.

[As recited by Mr. Lawrence Barrett, in his new play, "The King's Pleasure."  
Louis XI. was accustomed to hang criminals in groups in the forest.]

THERE'S a forest, on whose branches  
Stretching forth like withered arms,  
Clusters hang of fruit that blanches  
In the sun—but never warms.  
'Neath the leaves are ravens tenting,  
Kites are hovering on the wing  
Round about—the harvest scenting,  
In the orchard of the King.

Ye who love or pity cherish,  
Come not near these laden boughs,  
Here must hearts in terror perish,  
Or to rebel thoughts arouse.  
What's this sound the wind is bringing?  
Do the foul birds dare to sing?  
'Tis the creak of corpses swinging  
In the orchard of the King.

## ENVOI.

Prince! within that orchard bleaching,  
Thick as beads upon a string,  
Clusters hang, to conscience preaching,  
In the orchard of the King.

## A DESPERATE PLOT;

OR,

## AN INCIDENT NOT DOWN IN THE BILL.

"THEN I am to understand that there is some one in the way—some one whom you love, eh, Miss Carlton?"

"I do not know, sir, that I have given you reason to understand so, but since you have brought it to this issue— Yes, there is some one in the way—some one whom I love, Mr. Green."

The tone was contemptuous.

"And he is——"

"Harold Laforme."

"Humph!"

There was a brief pause, during which the man ogled his companion with his amorous eyes.

"Don't forget, Miss Carlton, Laforme is poor, while I am wealthy, and you might do much worse than to marry me. Oh, I'll give you such a turnout as will set the town afire with envious jealousy." Here the man sidled closer to the woman, and endeavored to take her hand. "You shall have diamonds, and——"

"Silence, sir! Do you think to buy me with your gold?" She stepped quickly to a bellcord, which she nervously pulled. "Harold Laforme's love would soften poverty, while yours could only embitter affluence. James," she continued, turning to a servant who had entered in response to her summons, "show this gentleman to the door."

The man turned ashy pale, and trembling with rage as he passed her, he bent his head close to her face, and hissed:

"Have a care! Mark my words, the day will come when you shall rue this. You cannot marry Harry Laforme. I will kill him first!"

"Go, sir!" she cried, haughtily, drawing her beautiful form up proudly. "I despise you and your threats."

With a muttered curse he slunk away.

Nicholas Green, lessee and manager of the Grand Olympic, was not a prepossessing man in appearance. Short and stout, his figure was devoid of grace, while the small bullet-head, set close upon his shoulders, was unmarked by beauty of face or form. Still, Nicholas was a

vain man, and made up for nature's slights by artificial means. That is to say, he patronized an ultra-fashionable tailor, and paid unusual attention to his costuming.

Notwithstanding the diversity of opinions held regarding Nicholas's appearance, there were two points on which the majority coincided with him. The first was the fact of his extreme shrewdness, and the second and more important, of his immense wealth; but again there was an open question, in which the public took sides against Green, and this was his integrity.

So the majority were agreed that Nicholas Green was a wealthy, shrewd, unprepossessing rascal, while Nicholas himself differed strongly with them only in the matter of the latter couplet.

Howbeit, while it was generally conceded that he was a rascal, people were a trifle guarded in alleging it, as the conviction, although having taken a firm hold, was only an intuitive impression, and without evidence with which to establish it as a fact, for Nicholas was shrewd, as agreed.

As he left Miss Carlton's hotel he was in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. Miss Bertha Carlton was his leading lady, extremely attractive in her youth and beauty, and Nicholas had for once so far forgotten himself as to fall in love with her—that is to say, he was influenced by her exquisite face and form in a desire to possess her.

He could not love; he was incapable of a pure passion; but all his gross, sensual nature was aroused by this woman, and he determined to marry her. Not but what he would have preferred an easier and less exacting method of satisfying his amorous inclinations; but that Bertha Carlton should ever consent to become his mistress he was clear-sighted enough to see was impossible.

Calling himself a fool for his pains, he had proposed to her, never, in his conceit, harboring a doubt but what the glitter of his wealth would overcome any scruples of the heart which might for a moment deter her; but he was mistaken.

Bertha Carlton's pure soul revolted at the thought, and her heart, already in another's keeping, shuddered at the man's audacity. So Nicholas, as he walked rapidly away from the scene of his unsuccessful encounter, was filled with conflicting emotions.

His desires were as strong as ever, but his heart was full of rage, and he plotted revenge; and so adept was he at this sort of business, that, ere he had walked a block, he had resolved upon a scheme which was worthy of his devilish mind.

He rubbed his coarse, fat hands in glee, and chuckled to himself.

"He cannot refuse," he muttered, concluding his rascally thoughts aloud. "He cannot refuse, for I have him in my power."

A vigorous slap on the back at this point so startled him, that for a moment he trembled like a leaf.

"Nicholas, I believe you are plotting murder!" called a loud voice.

Nicholas shuddered again at the words. Turning, he discovered his leading man, a tall, handsome fellow, of about thirty years of age. But, notwithstanding his features were conducive of a good effect, the eyes were unsteady, and did not prepossess one in favor of his character.

"You are the very man, Dayton!" cried Green, quickly, as he recognized him. "Come with me."

Without further parley, he grasped the actor by the arm and led him to a restaurant near which they were standing.



"We will drink a bottle of cham," continued Nicholas. "I have a business matter I should like to talk with you about."

The condescension was so marked that Dayton glanced at him suspiciously, but still followed him into the *café*, where they were both acquainted.

"Send up a bottle and cigars to No. 9," said Green to the waiter, as he and his companion made their way to the private room. "Breakfasted?" he continued, turning to Dayton. "No? Send up a bird, too."

"What the deuce can he want of me?" thought Dayton, at this latter act of unexpected and unusual hospitality.

But he waited patiently, after they were closeted together in No. 9, for Green to make known his desires, for he felt sure that the little man had some extraordinary favor to ask at his hands. However, Nicholas did not immediately open the ball, but sat silently gazing out of the window until the waiter had returned with the breakfast and wine.

"Fall to," he said, as the door closed behind the servant. "I can talk while you eat."

To Dayton's surprise, he rose and locked the door.

"I shall bill 'Romeo and Juliet' for Saturday night," he continued, shortly.

Dayton nodded.

"This is a little out of the usual course, but the date is open, and you are all up in it."

Dayton nodded again, waiting anxiously for something further, as he knew it would not have required a bird, a bottle and cigars to impart this information.

"You will do *Romeo*, of course; Miss Carlton, *Juliet*; and I think Laforme can handle *Tyball*."

Dayton did not return any response, and Nicholas paused again and fastened his gaze on the walls of the opposite house.

"Dayton, you are hard up," said Green, suddenly, without turning.

"Generally," answered Dayton, his mouth full of partridge.

"Now?"

"Humph! I suppose I could settle for this 'bot,' perhaps."

"You recollect that little piece of paper you were so kind as to negotiate?"

Dayton winced.

"I think I should like to have that taken up before Saturday," continued the little man, still intent upon the bricks across the street.

Dayton seemed to lose his appetite, and laid his fork, with which he was about to insert into his mouth a tempting bit of bird, back again on his plate.

"Confound it!" he said, moving uneasily in his chair. "I tell you I'm strapped. I couldn't take up that infernal thing if it would save my life."

"Your life is not endangered." Nicholas still counted the bricks. "But you know it might insure your liberty."

"I tell you I cannot do it," cried Dayton, sulkily, as he hastily poured down a glass of wine.

"But, Harry"—here Nicholas turned from his contemplation of the mason's handiwork, and leaning his arms on the table before him, looked at his companion with an insinuating smile—"it must be settled by Saturday."

"I tell you again, man, it is impossible—I haven't the money."

Dayton was growing desperate, and filled his glass recklessly, while he now ignored the half-picked partridge.

"But, Harry," pursued Nicholas, suavely, "I said no-

thing about money. I want to ask a little favor of you. If you will grant it, the note, and one hundred dollars besides, shall be yours. Will you help me?"

The man's eyes snapped nastily, and he leaned eagerly forward.

Dayton paused, with his glass half-way to his lips, and looked at Green in amazement.

About a year previously Nicholas Green's name had become attached to a note for one hundred dollars as indorser, and without his knowledge, but through the instrumentality of Harry Dayton's facile pen. Nicholas had settled it and retained the document, which he now held over the unfortunate man's head.

"What must I do?" questioned Dayton, in astonishment, setting down his glass untasted.

He would give worlds to obtain possession of the note, and for the pleasure of rending it into fragments with which the wind might play and welcome.

"Will you do it?"

"If it is in my power, most certainly."

"It is in your power."

And Nicholas Green grasped the young man's arms, and leaning across the table, whispered eagerly for a moment.

Dayton's face blanched as he finished, and starting from his chair, he gasped:

"You do not mean—"

"Sh! I mean just that. Will you do it?" he asked.

"You devil incarnate! No! A thousand times No!"

"Humph! Very well. The note goes into the hands of the authorities. I am sorry for you—extremely sorry. Forgers are not generally so very squeamish."

And Nicholas Green buttoned up his frock-coat about his form and moved toward the door, his face clothed in a disagreeable smile.

Dayton watched him, full of conflicting emotions.

Should this man carry out his threat, he would be ruined—convicted of forgery and imprisoned. The thought maddened him.

But the alternative! His blood ran cold as the whispered words of his tempter rang in his ears.

Still, the picture of a convict in a felon's stripes rose before him as Nicholas turned the key of the door and looked back at him with a sneering, taunting smile.

He darted to his side and grasped him by the arm.

"Will nothing else satisfy you?" he whispered, his eyes blazing with excitement.

"Nothing," answered the manager, roughly shaking his arm free and stepping across the threshold.

"Stop! I will do it."

"Now you are sensible."

Green returned as he spoke, and turned the key in the door again.

"Sit down," he continued, "and we will talk it over confidentially."

Like a man who had sold his soul, Dayton seated himself at the table and drained glass after glass.

Nicholas Green, his ugly little twinkling eyes flashing with suppressed rage at the thought of Bertha Carlton and her lover, then unfolded his desires in detail.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh, Harold, I feel an unaccountable presentiment of evil to-night! What is it?"

It was Bertha Carlton who spoke. It was Saturday night. She and Harold Laforme were standing in the green-room at the Olympic a few moments before the orchestra was "rung in."

They were both in costume, and Bertha's exquisite

form was displayed to its best advantage in the clinging drapery of *Juliet*.

As she addressed these words to Laforme, her beautiful face, upturned to him, was full of trouble and anxiety.

"Pshaw, dear! You are nervous. What is there to fear?"

Harold took her little white hand in his as he laughingly tried to reassure her.

"I do not know what there is to fear, Harold, and I dare say it is nervousness. But look!"

The trembling girl pointed to the door of the green-room.

Harold looked, and caught a glimpse of Nicholas Green as he withdrew from observation.

"Well, dear, what did you see? Only our esteemed manager, who has done you the honor to seek your hand in marriage."

There was an overt sneer in his voice as he spoke.

"That was all," she answered, clinging nervously to his arm. "But you did not see his eyes, Harold."

"No; and neither do I desire to, little one. They are scarcely objects of interest to me. Come, you are trembling; let us take a turn in the passage."

The orchestra was rung in, the play began, and the applause of the audience—for Bertha Carlton was a favorite actress—soon dispelled her despondency. The curtain was down on the second act when the call-boy knocked at Miss Carlton's dressing-room, and informed her that the manager wanted to see her in the flies.

"In the flies?" she exclaimed, unable to disguise her surprise.

"That's what he said, miss."

"Very well."

She could not understand this request. She had no business in the play that would call her to the flies, and it was certainly a strange place for an interview.

Nevertheless, she determined to go, and on her way would stop at the green-room, and notify Harold of where she was going and why; for, with the message, the strange feeling of uneasiness and fear of evil to come returned.

When she reached the green-room she found, to her disappointment, that Harold had not come down from his dressing-room, but she passed on by the prompt-box, behind which the stairs ascended to the flies.

The flies, which consisted simply of a first flooring or bridge, far above the stage, were dark and gloomy. There were myriads of ropes and cleats which were the working-gear of the heavy curtain, and countless drops spread out across the stage in dim, uncertain forms.

Leaning on the rough balustrade that guarded the outside edge of the platform, and to which the ropes and cleats were attached, stood Nicholas Green.

The light from a row of jets in the first groove shone in a narrow streak across the bridge; a dim light near the curtain added its mite to the illumination of the place, and that was all.

Nicholas watched the head of the staircase intently, and as the curtain rung up on the third act Miss Carlton appeared, and, without pausing, went directly to him.



THE SONG OF THE GIBBET.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 562.





IN THE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS.—TOURISTS NEAR WANGENBURG.—SEE PAGE 566.

"You have sent for me, sir."

As soon as the manager had recognized her, he turned his attention to the stage below, which was now lighted by the glaring footlights. He did not reply.

"You have sent for me, sir," she repeated, standing before him.

"Yes, yes!" he answered, quickly. "Stand here; my eyes cannot distinguish the characters below. Tell me of the exits and entrances and the action of the play."

She stepped to the rail to comply, thinking the manager had taken this means of viewing the scenes unobserved.

"*Mercutio and Benvolio* are on," she said, without turning. "*Harold—Tybalt—enters with the Capulets.*"

"Humph!"

"*Romeo enters.*"

"*Dayton—good. Go on.*"

"*They fight.*"

"Who—what? Who fight? Speak."

"*Mercutio* and *Tyball*—"

"Ah!"

"*Mercutio* is wounded—they bear him out."

"Enough of that! Come, look at me!"

Startled by his words and tone, she turned quickly.

He seized her round her waist, and drew her to him with a grasp of iron. His breath was quick and hot in her face, and he bent close down to her.

"You spurned me once, but I love you still!" he cried, as she struggled weakly in her fright to escape from his embrace. "Tell me that you did not mean what you said—tell me you will be my wife."

"Never!" she cried, trembling with fear. "Unhand me, sir, or I will scream for help."

"Scream away; you'll not be heard. Think before you speak. Once more—will you be my wife?"

"Never, though you kill me!"

Again she exerted her puny strength against the man's mad passion.

"Look!" he cried, pressing her to the rail. "Tell me what's on the stage?"

She looked over, and involuntarily a cry escaped her lips.

"Harold! Harold!" she moaned.

"Yes, they fight—*Tyball* and *Romeo*—see! Your lover is lost! The button is off Dayton's foil. He dies in a moment—watch! Not a stage death, but a death in life—the boards will be stained with the blood of *Tyball*, Harold, your lover—watch!"

For a moment she did not realize the import of the man's words; then, with a shriek that echoed amid the fluttering drops, she turned upon him.

"Oh, Heaven! Is this true?"

"True as steel," answered Green, chuckling as he saw the terrible effect of his words. See! Would you save him?"

"Yes, yes! How? What would you do?"

"At a signal from me he is safe," answered Green, deliberately, somewhat loosening his hold upon her as he fancied his object was attained. "Without it he dies. Tell me you will be my wife, and his life is safe. Speak! See, *Romeo* forces him to the wings."

His wife! She shuddered as he spoke, and for a moment felt that she could look upon Harold's death in peace, were this the only alternative. He would not wish her to save him at such a price.

But, no; he must be saved at all costs, though not so—not so. And, dumb with agony, she looked about her breathlessly for some means of escape.

It was hopeless. Even though she wrenched herself free from the grasp of this fiend, she could not reach the stage in season to save him. If the scene could be stopped! But how?

Suddenly a light of inspiration filled her tearless, burning eyes.

With a superhuman effort she threw Nicholas from her, and was free. He made no attempt to restrain her.

"It is too late!" he hissed. "You cannot reach the stage before your lover is a corpse. Yield—be mine; it is better."

She did not answer. She had reached the staircase, but did not descend.

Against the wall, on a hook, hung a fire-ax.

Before he was aware of her intention, and with a quick movement, she tore it from its fastenings!

Still she heard the ringing of the steel. There was yet time.

With the heavy ax in her small, white hands, and her face pale and set, she flew toward the proscenium, past the manager, who now crouched in cowardly fright, with his hands upheld to shield himself from the expected blow.

She paid no heed to him, however, but rushed on.

The ringing of the swords grew fiercer. The end was near. It came!

With a quick, sharp blow, she severed the rope that held the heavy curtain-pole aloft. With a hum, a rustle, and dull thud, it fell!

The stage, shut out from the glare of the footlights thus suddenly, was in almost total darkness; but leaning over the rail, as her nerveless fingers dropped the ax, she saw, with a glad cry, Harold—safe. Both men had lowered their swords, and were looking about for an explanation of the accident. There was now no need for fear. The scene was ended.

A loud murmur of conversation came up from the auditorium.

Weak from the reaction, Bertha leaned gasping against the rail of the bridge, while Nicholas Green, scarcely comprehending what had so suddenly transpired, still crouched in fear of her.

Recovering herself sufficiently, Bertha made her way slowly to the stairs, casting a look of unutterable contempt and scorn at the baffled manager.

On reaching the stage she tottered. She was overcome with excitement; but recognizing Harold in the opposite wings, she managed to reach him, when she sank fainting in his arms as she whispered the words, inexplicable to him:

"Thank Heaven, you are safe!"

The carpenters soon discovered the cause of the accident—that is to say, they surmised that the rope had stranded, and the manager was sought to quiet the now clamoring house till the curtain could be raised.

But Nicholas Green could not be found. He had fled, fearing Bertha's disclosure, which she made as soon as ever she recovered consciousness.

Harry Dayton, too, was missing, and it became necessary to appease the wrath of the audience at the box-office.

Green and Dayton did not return, and the management of the Grand Olympic fell into the hands of Harold Laforme.

Bertha Carlton continued as leading lady, although she changed her name to that of Laforme.

## IN THE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS.

### A TOUR IN THE VOSGES

By KATHARINE LEE.

WHERE can we go, we asked, where we cannot meet the British tourist? Tickets were advertised for everywhere; and wheresoever the Cook is, there shall the British be. The plains of Central Russia seemed about the only un-Cooked region; and as we hate plains and detest Russians, we decided not to go there.

We were going to give up any hope of quiet, when my husband began to whistle a tune.

"The very place for us," I said.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"The Blue Alsatian Mountains," I replied; "let us go there. I have longed to go among them ever since I first saw them from Strasburg, and nobody has ever been able to tell us anything about them, except that Erckmann



and Châtrian wrote about them, and that there are wolves there."

We agreed to go. We told various friends of our project. Some had never heard of the Vosges, some thought they were in the south of France, some in Switzerland, and one in Austria. We were warned by some against robbers; by others against wolves, wild boars and other fierce and noisome beasts; and one kind friend offered the loan of a revolver, which my husband refused, on the ground that, if it were loaded, it might go off and hurt some one, and if it were not loaded it would be of no use.

Our preparations were soon made. We would go away for three weeks, and take no more than we could carry—a knapsack crammed with changes of raiment, a bag of sketching-materials, a mackintosh, an ulster, an alpenstock, and an umbrella. We divided these very equally. I took the umbrella. Armed with return tickets to Strasburg and back, we sought the Calais-Douvres steamer. That estimable boats, or these estimable boat (for the dual unity of it is puzzling), "came as a boon and a blessing" to us as usual, or rather, we came to it (or them), and received the negative boon and blessing of no sea-sickness.

There was the usual scramble at Calais, caused by a large body of persons all trying to squeeze through a passage two feet in width at the same time, and a frantic rush to get something to eat, with a very small and expensive result. Calais is not beautiful, and does not smell nice; yet the train seems so loath to leave it, and hangs about it so lovingly, that one can only account for it by remembering that trains cannot smell—I mean in a grammatically active sense: passengers can. For a wonder our carriage was not overcrowded.

The low-lying Flemish country, with its green marshes and golden cornfields, its gray willows and long rows of poplars, was unusually lovely under the July sun and a faintly-clouded sky.

We had friends to meet us in Brussels, who, with a tender forethought, brought us a bag of the most enticing pastry nothings that the mind of man can conceive, or a Belgian cook's fingers execute.

We drove across the bright, pretty city, where all the servant-maids were washing the pavements with long mops—for the morrow was the Sabbath—to the Luxemburg Station. Here we were plunged into the struggling side of Belgian life. Such a fight for places in a train I never witnessed.

We had settled to stop the night at Jemelle. This was because we had never heard of any one else having done so, and we had a morbid longing after being "the first that ever burst into silent seas."

Jemelle is not important. There is nothing to see there. It is just inside the Forest of Ardennes, but the forest is not much of a forest there. Still we expected quiet at any rate.

It was dark when we arrived. The road from the station led down a steep hill, and, avoiding several omnibuses, we set out to seek a lodging. At the foot of the hill a girl accosted us, and asked if we wanted an hotel. We did, so we followed her to a little roadside inn bearing on its front the title "Hôtel de Luxembourg." It seemed clean, so we entered. A middle-aged woman came to answer our inquiries, and we were shown into a little room with bare floor and short bedsteads.

We asked the price of the room. The landlady seemed puzzled. After a consultation in the kitchen she returned, and asked if we would breakfast there.

"Certainly," we replied.

"Then," said she, "I cannot think of letting you have bed and breakfast for less than a franc each. I should be ruined if I did. I assure you it is quite the usual charge."

With the recklessness of compulsory extravagance we ordered supper in a lordly manner.

"What would we have?"

"Whatever we could get. We were hungry and had had nothing but cakes since early morning. Let them give us a good supper."

We got a good supper—exquisitely-cooked fillets of beef, salad, potatoes, sauté, cheese, fruit and excellent beer. But again the extortionate charges appeared, and they wanted a franc and a half each for this feast.

"Do you think we shall hear the trains?" said I, as we went up to bed, and a screech as of a peacock gone mad was wafted in at the open door.

"Oh, no," said my husband; "that must be the last train. Jemelle is quite a little place, and I don't think the night expresses stop here."

Then began a noise and a pandemonium of which Dante had no notion, for steam-whistles were not known in his day. Engine answered engine in jerks and shrieks and yells. Sometimes they vied with each other in loudness of sound, sometimes in length of yell, sometimes in the number of jerks per minute.

We left Jemelle at about half-past ten next morning. The station was crowded with peasants in holiday costume, for it was Sunday, and the third-class carriages seemed crammed.

The Ardennes country did not look specially inviting from the train. It is but moderately picturesque.

What they do with their frontiers in this part of the world is a puzzle to me. There was a station with a Belgian custom-house, and about five minutes afterward another custom-house told us that we were in Luxemburg. But between these two stations, though we looked out very carefully, we could distinguish nothing to mark the frontier. I don't know what we expected to see. Perhaps we should not know a frontier if we saw one.

We staid at Luxemburg till the next train in order to dine, and then went on toward Metz. We had been very lucky in empty carriages hitherto, but at some place about half-way to Metz a mob of unsavory third-class passengers were crammed into our carriage. It was a hot day, and we did not like our company. Presently my husband addressed me across the carriage in an extemporized Latin couplet:

"Omnibus hominibus hoc sit nimis notum  
Lotharingæ populum nunquam esse lotum."

It was a pity that he used the German pronunciation of Latin and that he had not noticed that there was a clergyman present; for a priest who was sitting in one corner of the carriage immediately entered into an elaborate Latin speech, defending the cleanliness of his countrymen. Latin conversation is not a strong point with Englishmen, so my husband answered in French, and gave him to understand that he would accept his word for it that the "*populus Lotharingæ*" did wash sometimes, but that it must have been a long time ago. This seemed to please him, for he went into the most astonishing fits of laughter, and wrote down the couplet on the fly-leaf of his breviary, and talked hard all the way to Metz.

We went to look at the cathedral after we had found our hotel. It (the cathedral, not the hotel) is a beautiful building, especially on the outside, though the new color of the stone, where it has been mended since the war, gives it rather a spotty appearance.

My husband wanted to go up into the tower, and as I have no fancy for climbing narrow steep stairs, I staid below and wandered down to the lower end of the nave and sat down.

Presently my husband came down and expatiated at great length upon the beauties of the view from the tower. Metz, lying in a great plain, with her girdle of hills, had all been visible; and the three waterways into the city, and the fortifications, were all to be seen; he said the effect was very beautiful, and I have no doubt it was, but I was glad I did not go up all the same.

Leaving the cathedral, we went through the town, crossing the canal and river by good stone bridges. Upon one of the latter I stopped to make a little sketch, and was immediately surrounded by a group of children, all deeply interested in my drawing. The exclamations that came over my shoulders were curious: "My God, it is good!" "Jesus, how like it is!" all in the most simple way from childish lips.

My husband, by way of reproofing their profane exclamations, turned upon one of these babes, and, forgetting the difference in the Catholic arrangement of the Decalogue, asked in German: "Can you say the Third Commandment?"

"Ja wohl!" was the answer, with the sauciest of grins. "Gedenke des Sabbathtages, dass du ihn heiligest," and so on, which was not at all what we wanted on this Sunday evening. The town did not seem in a very prosperous condition. It had somewhat of an empty, swept and garnished appearance, and strongly reminded one of the house in the parables.

It was dull weather when we left Metz; the country looked gray and marshy and dismal. We seemed a long

time coming to the mountains, but it was really only three hours. At last a line of blue hills appeared. We were very much excited, and really we had no occasion to be so, for we had all along expected to find the mountains in their old place.

The Vosges are not very high about this end, but they strike away in a long line that gets bluer and bluer. Saarburg was the first station we stopped at that was really in our desired land. It is a little old crumbling town, with a dilapidated wall around it, all old and falling to pieces together; the hills rise from the back of it,

and it has seen plenty of good fighting in its time. It does not look as though it will see very much more; it has ceased to be a place of much importance, and I should not think anybody would take it on a repairing lease.

Now we were really in the Vosges. Leaving Saarburg, we plunged straight into the mountains. On each hand of us rose wooded hills, their rocky sides of red and purple sandstone showing warm and bright.

Acacia trees were largely planted along the cuttings; their intense delicate branches



THE MODE OF CONVEYANCE OF WOOD BY SLEDGE-ROADS IN THE VOSGES.

waved beside the carriage-windows. Every few moments we caught glimpses of lovely wooded valleys stretching away to the right and left. Then we flew shrieking into tunnels whose entrances were overhung with delicate blue harebells and long fronds of ferns. It was a lovely country, and we knew this valley of the Zorn to be the least lovely portion of it.

Zabern is a wonderfully picturesque little place. Waterways abound, and down almost every opening between the houses could be seen a rushing stream, with women kneeling beside it, or on planks floating on it, busily washing heaps of blue and white clothes. The



houses are old, many of them timbered, and the streets were paved, clean and pretty. An immense amount of sawing of wood was going on before the houses. Trees had been brought in from the forests, and were being split up into logs.

It rained cats-and-dogs. Fortunately we had not far to go, for the best hotel was the one at the corner of the Platz.

We were shown upstairs into a long room, with windows all on one side overlooking the Platz, but of course all carefully closed and curtained, and they had seemingly been so for some weeks. A long table was laid for the *table d'hôte* which had just begun; some dozen men were seated at it, and the remaining places were quickly filled up.

I give a description of this dinner, as it is characteristic of all the dinners at the German hotels in Alsace, the cooking being more or less good in different places:

Soup, hot, brown water, with a crust of bread in it.

Boiled salt fibre, served with lumps of waxy potato and pickled turnip in saucers.

Goat, or some other animal, in brown sauce, with excellent French beans cooked in butter; both very good.

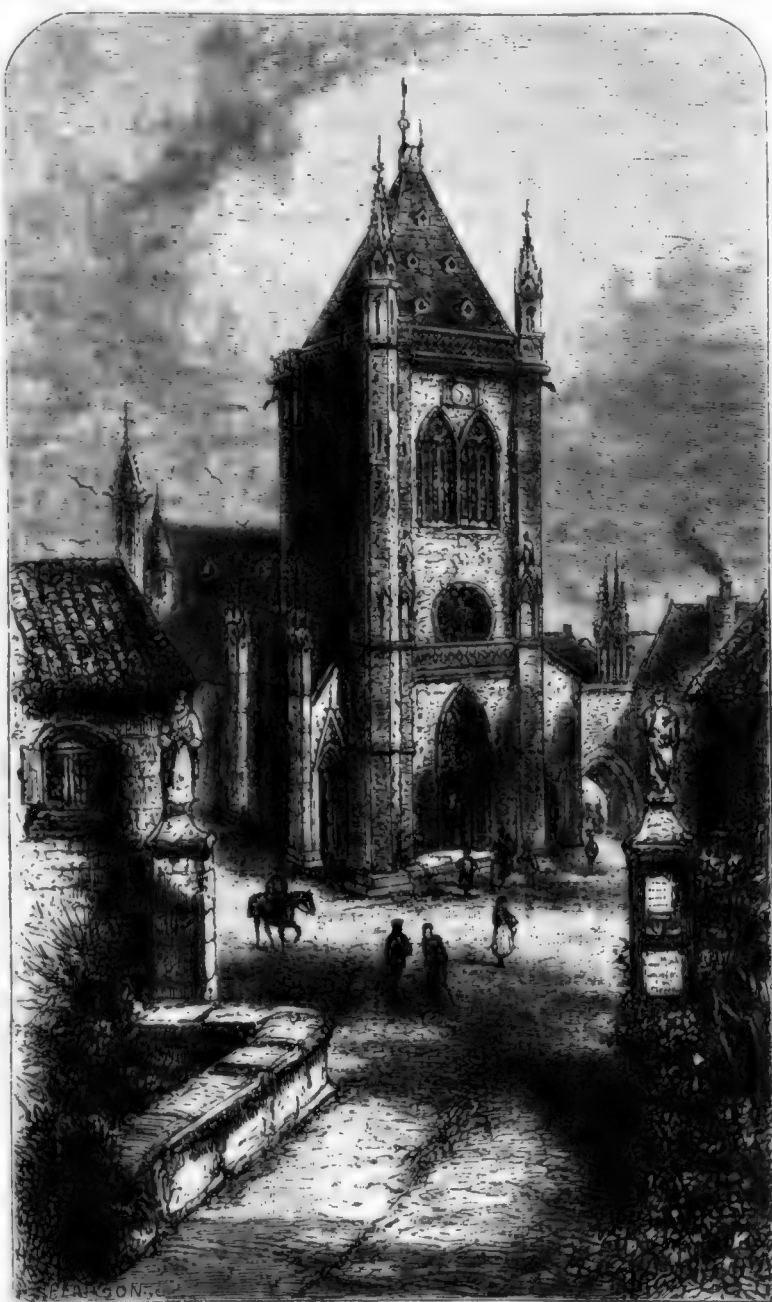
Rings of fried fish, with piquant sauce (made of vinegar, oil, and chopped raw onion), served with slices of lemon and pickled gherkins; very good, indeed.

Roast beef, with salad: the latter always delicious—the former variable, but generally fairly good.

*Pâtés de foie gras*; abominable to me, but doubtless delightful to those who like them.

Stewed cherries and sponge-cakes.

The above was a good specimen of the average Alsatian mid-day meal. Of course the meats varied—often poultry was served with salad, and the beef took the place of the goat's flesh; and



THE CHURCH AT NIEDER-HASLACH.

often, alas! the *pâté de foie gras*, which at least was unobjectionable to look at, was replaced by some awful compound of some inside portions of animals—we never asked names; it may have been an innocent calf's brains, but it may not have been; we let the dish go by in silence.

We paid our moderate reckoning—five marks sixty pfennigs, which included a bottle of wine for the two of us—and went on our way rejoicing. We were going to walk to the Hoh-Barr.

We soon left the town behind us, and passed along pleasant grassy fields with fruit-trees growing in them. The road was very good, and the view down the Valley of the Zorn beautiful. After a while we left the fields and entered a wood. We had been going uphill all the way; but in the wood the path rapidly became steep and rocky.

Presently we came out upon a sort of ridge, where the trees grew thinner. We turned and looked back, and beheld a

magnificent view of the valley beneath us, stretching away to the shadowy Upper Vosges.

After a somewhat rocky bit of path we came upon a broad road. This was the carriage-road that wound round the hill, and by which we might have come up the whole way if we had desired it; but we had preferred the footpath through the woods. This road-way led us now beside a huge mass of rocks, with birches and brambles, oaks and ferns, growing out of every crevice.

Straight down from our feet went the precipitous side of the mountain, clothed in trees whose topmost branches lay beneath us. At the bottom of this steep descent lay a broad valley, green and gold in bands of corn and wine, for vineyards were planted beside the grain. Little villages of a deep, warm, red color, stood on this vast plain; and far away in the distance rose—now



A WINDOW IN RAPPOLTSWEILER.

gleaming, now shadowy, a point no bigger than a needle, but alive to us with beautiful memories of form and color—the spire of Strasburg Cathedral.

To our right the Hoh-Barr joined a long range of wooded hills running right down the whole length of the Rhine Valley. Of course we only saw the nearest of them, and very beautiful they were, all clothed in trees, save one bleak summit—the Schneeburg. We were to go over that, my husband said, the next day, and the view from there would be finer than the one we now saw.

The entrance is in better preservation than the rest of the castle, and exhibits a tremendous thickness and strength of masonry. For some distance it consists of a walled passage, with little rooms concealed in the walls, doubtless for purposes of reconnoitring. In common with most Alsatian castles, the building is so inextricably mixed with its rocky foundation that it is hard to tell which is castle and which is rock; and the original plan of the rocks seems to have guided the builders in their work, for the natural red sandstone is utilized in every possible manner. The place has now fallen into such a state of ruin that it is impossible to trace out even the ground-plan of it.

As we had to leave Zabern at four, in order to get to Wasselonne to meet an omnibus, we were obliged to leave the Hoh-Barr long before we wished to do so.

The walk down-hill of course was beautiful, the sweet smell of the woods and the newly-cut hay in the fields adding to its enjoyment. The weather had become simply delightful; the sky soft and blue, with a few white clouds upon it—just enough to give the charm of swiftly-passing shadow over the landscape.

We had a little time left to wander about Zabern when we got there, and to note how clean and tidy all the people were. Coming from Belgium, the neatness and good clothing struck us forcibly. In all Zabern I never saw a barefooted woman or child; every one had coarse but good sound clothing, and there was no absolute poverty visible.

Several Sisters of Mercy were at the station carrying little black boxes, containing, I suppose, their small stock of clothes. Zabern is Catholic, and, I believe, always has been so.

The land all about here is owned by peasants, and each one has his own little strip of corn, of hay, of barley, of vegetables, and so on.

We passed several little towns or large villages, their red and brown tiled roofs looking warm and comfortable. One village, Maursmünster, possessed a remarkably fine Romanesque church, which we wished we had time to stop and see. The façade has the characteristic Alsatian vaulted vestibule, and fine fourteenth-century windows along the side.

Arrived at Wasselonne, or Wasselnheim, as the Germans call it—they don't know any better—we did not find it attractive.

We found the principal street after a little while, and walked along it looking for the hotel Baedeker had recommended, the *Goldner Apfel*. We found it at last, a low white building, with the comfortable look of an old-established inn about it. The inside did not belie its external reputation. We were shown up-stairs into a large room with several windows in it, and beyond that into a large comfortable bedroom, with old walnut presses, and good beds, and a carpet. Everything was very clean and good, though in a certain sense homely.

We were much struck by the enormous size of some of the boards in the floor; the trees that produced them must have been of an immense girth.

We were not sorry to leave Wasselnheim, except for the comforts of the *Goldner Apfel* or *Pomme d'Or*—they are diglot here—whose like we probably should not encounter that night at least. But Wasselnheim was not in the mountains, and we had been rather tricked in going there at all.

The morning was fine, and our drive along the level road was very pleasant. We had a kind of carriage common in this part of the world—a sort of single Victoria, of a ramshackly and heavy make, yet comfortable for a long drive, and quite good enough for a walking tour.

Our driver was a very interesting man, and rejoiced in the gorgeous name of Kaiser. He had been a grenadier in the French army, and had been in Metz during the siege, and was seven times under fire, yet escaped without a wound. In one battle he was under “*un véritable feu du diable*,” when the bullets came like rain. He appeared to have rather liked the fighting part of it, and found it preferable to being idle in Metz. He complained bitterly of Bazaine as a man who cared only for his own comfort and enjoyment, while his soldiers were undergoing privations and hardships.

I never could decide which I liked best, the green and brown of the fir forests, or the gray and pink of the beeches; whichever I happened to be going through at the time I thought most lovely.

We met several carts coming down the road; they were all much alike, were invented in the time of Pharaoh, and are composed of long slender fir poles roughly fastened together, and mounted on wheels. They were filled with logs and bark from the sawmills that abound in the mountain valleys.

We went on, getting higher and higher, and winding round numbers of hills and seeing lovely views every few minutes. Gradually the forests thinned a little, and we came to a wide upland valley, with houses in it scattered at intervals. Fruit-trees grew beside the road. We passed through a scattered village with a church in it, and finally were put down before a large hotel. This was Wangenburg.

It was a white building, with a large portico, and a sort of rough attempt at combining a flower-garden and a bier-garden in front. Several people were sitting on chairs and seats in front of the house, and in a few moments we realized our horrible position.

We had come to the Vosges for quiet, for rusticity, for freedom from tourists, and what did we find? Wangenburg, we learnt, is a great Summer resort of people from neighboring parts of Germany and the Alsace plain, on account of the great purity of the air and the bracing effect of the pine forests.

There were a great many people at the *table d'hôte*—seventy, I should think—and all more or less German, noisy, ill-dressed, and desperately hungry. The meal was a fairly good one, except for one or two fearful compounds of calves' interior arrangements which would have been better consigned to oblivion. A very thin sour wine, white or red, according to choice, was supplied in half-bottles to each person. It was rather like amiable vinegar, but had a certain amount of restorative power about it, as we found all the Alsatian wines had.

The keen delicious air was like a tonic after our walk; it was fresh without being chilly, and was sufficient to repay us for our trouble without the view. The very top of the Schneeburg is crowned by a heap of rocks, and on the flattest part of these is a diagram fixed showing the principal points of interest in the view.

We had to get down to Nideck before dark, where we hoped to find a lodging for the night; so we had to leave



as soon as we could tear ourselves away from the view. Our path lay down the opposite side of the mountain to that by which we had come up.

The Forsthaus of the Nideck was a little, prim, white building, with a door in the middle and a window on each side of it, for all the world like a suburban tea-house. It was built on the slope of the hill, and was reached by a little flight of steps from the road, and a tiny garden full of bright flowers and fruit-bushes was on one side. It was not in the rustic cottage or romantic style at all; and, except from the presence of a truly magnificent heap of manure, possessed no distinctive Alsatian feature.

After a meagre breakfast the clouds lifted a little. We saw the Valley of the Nideck, down which we were to go. I struggled into my damp boots and ulster; they had been sent into the kitchen to dry, but that desirable end had not been attained. My husband shouldered his knapsack, paid our bill, and off we started in the fond hope of getting to Nieder-Haslach in time for the *table d'hôte*, and then pushing on to Urmatt.

As we came to the turn of the road that led us into the forests it cleared still more. Hope celestial had a short time of it in our breast. Then down that treacherous rain came again, thicker and faster than ever.

At last the rain cleared a little; soft whiffs of mountain mist curled about the cliffs, and wound in and out among the gigantic pines and the wide-spreading oaks. As if in special concession to our admiration, the sun even came out for a few moments and illuminated the shining leaves and snowy water, and showed a rift of blue behind the red porphyry walls. It was lovely and wild beyond description. We hurried down the zigzag path that the Vosges Club have made on the side of the cliff, every moment getting a new-view of the beautiful falls.

The valley gradually widened as we went on. The broad meadows were green and marshy; the road was running over with water and mud. Cherry-trees, stripped of their fruit, dripped dismally upon us. Not a human creature was in sight; some of the sawmills were working, but we saw no one we could ask directions from. Moreover, it would have been useless if we had, for there was but one road, so we must walk in it.

Presently we came in sight of a long straggling village, and some distance beyond it we saw a church-tower.

"That is Ober-Haslach Tower," said my husband; "now we are all right."

Wet, limp, exhausted, and famished, we trudged at last into Nieder-Haslach, and sought the longed-for portals of the *Goldner Apfel* with not a single lingering hope of a *table d'hôte* remaining in us.

The landlord of the *Apfel* came himself to meet us when we arrived at his door. He was short, he was round, but not stout; he had a bright, shrewd eye, a beaming face, an expression of tenderest commiseration and welcome as he gazed at our dripping habiliments and our hungry faces.

We dined in what clothing we had saved dry, and it was by no means a full-dress affair. I had been foolish enough to wear cotton stockings instead of the silk ones I should have worn; so my feet were sore and blistered, and I could not bear my shoes upon them, but had to wrap them up in a pair of my husband's socks.

Monsieur served us with dinner himself, in a dignified, gravely-polite manner. His son assisted him, and never entered or left the room without a bow to us that would not have disgraced a courtly gentleman.

We got to Urmatt after a walk of about an hour.

There is nothing there but a station set in a soft quiet valley, with wooded mountains on both sides.

Rosheim Station is, of course, a mile or two from the town, as most Alsatian stations are.

We passed a few houses beside the road, and then came upon the city gate. Instantly our desire to leave Rosheim vanished.

The gateway that so excited our admiration was a large square tower, with a broach spire and a wide arch underneath. The city walls, with old houses perched upon them or built into them, joined it on either side, and a moat ran beneath them (or did run, for it was dry now). There were two narrower side arches to the tower and a little turret under the spire. A Romanesque pattern ran round it just under the eaves, and a large, very well done fresco of the Virgin and Child was over the principal portal. The Child held a shield on which a coat-of-arms was painted—a red rose on a white field, no doubt in unetymological allusion to the name of the city. Two lines of poplar-trees lined the road, and a group of tall poplars completed the picture.

Through the wide archway, as we came up to it, we caught glimpses of an ancient street, and as we passed the shadowy portal, and came out again into the sunshine, it seemed as though we had stepped back into a former state of existence, and found ourselves in an Alsatian city of three hundred years ago.

It was all old—there was nothing new to be seen. Had the old town been taken up and wrapped away in some storehouse hundreds of years ago, and to-day taken out and set down, it would have worn pretty much the same appearance that it did now. No incongruous new houses mingled with the old; there were no modern shop-windows, no flashy brick and stucco dwellings—not even a green shutter. The brown roofs were bulged and waving with the curvature that comes with the years they had numbered. The timber-fronted houses were black with age, yet they held stoutly together, and the plaster crumbled between their posts. Upper stories of the houses hung over the sidewalks, and the windows in them formed all manner of lines except straight ones. It was the quaintest, queerest, most uneven old street I had ever seen.

We had not gone very far before we saw another gate in front of us very like the former one, only, instead of having walls attached to it, a large, many-windowed building joined it at either side, and the words "*Schul-Haus*" were written on it.

Fancy a perfect eleventh-century church! a church that has not known restoration or innovation, because it was completed at once and never required it. I had never seen such a thing before, neither had my husband, and we were much delighted with it. No Gothic windows had been introduced, no Renaissance façade built up, to mar its completeness. A pure specimen of Romanesque architecture it was built, and there it remained.

But the curious things about this church that gave it such a special character of its own, were the enormous and remarkable grotesques on the gables and roofs. There was something almost diabolically weird and incongruous about these fearful contortions of stone, compared with the peaceful, quiet beauty of the building. They looked as though they had been placed there in frightful mockery.

On the very top of the roof of the nave was a gigantic and uncouth bird as big as an ox. It turned its back to the church, and was gazing with a clumsy, magnificent contempt, upon the town. At the corners were demons holding men in their grasp, and so huge that they seemed



MERRY WASHWOMEN AT THE TANK IN ROSHEIM.

to dwarf the church. But most curious of all was the figure of a man seated on the slope of the roof, where the tower joined the nave. He was cross-legged, impudent, and leering beyond description. Stone could not be more wickedly impious than this grotesque figure; he positively made one shudder. We puzzled ourselves in wondering why such dreadful figures had been perched upon the solemn, stately church.

One curious thing attracted our attention from the first. The women seemed to have a perfectly inexhaustible stock of washing on hand. We thought at first that they must be like the inhabitants of the Shetland Isles, who, as a schoolboy is said to have remarked, "gain a precarious living by washing one another's clothes."

The town was admirably adapted for such a calling. Running down one side of the street was a broad, rapid stream of water. This was inclosed in tanks of sandstone about ten feet long by three wide, and between each tank was a stone footway about four or five feet wide. All along each side of these tanks women knelt in little wooden boxes, stuffed with straw to keep the wet out, and here they washed from early morn to late evening. The dousing and rubbing, and wringing and soaping went on all day long, and as fast as one bundle of clean wet clothes was carried off another took its place.

The women's blue aprons and dark dresses, with here and there a striped petticoat or bright handkerchief, made the wide sunny street more picturesque than ever.



There was not much laughing or talking among them ; they all seemed too intent upon their work. Little girls, with all the dignity of womanhood, knelt beside their mothers sometimes, and gravely soaped, and pressed, and rubbed with their tiny hands.

It was more beautiful outside, to our thinking, where the marshy, flat, green meadows stretched away to a dim perspective under the rows of gray willows that became misty in the sunlight.

After dinner we wandered about the darkening town. A gentle-faced Sister of Charity was closing the Schulhaus windows as we passed by them. From her appear-

ance there we concluded that Rosheim was still under clerical influence. Whatever the influence was in the town, it was in favor of cleanliness. Rosheim was, without exception, the cleanest town we saw in Alsace. In all our wanderings we never came across a single heap of manure.

It was curious to see an entire town without front doors. The inhabitants, at the time when these houses were built, appear to have had an aversion to entering their dwellings from the street. There is a great round archway beside each house, and that leads into a paved yard, the upper end of which is frequently occupied by



RETURNING FROM CHURCH IN THE VOSGES.

stables or cowsheds, and a flight of steps at the side leads into the house.

Next day a sort of open-air market was held a little way down the street, and women were passing by every moment with their purchases. They were chiefly vegetables, fruit and eggs, for this was a fast day. The younger women were all bareheaded, with neatly plaited hair; the elder ones wore close-fitting white caps. They were all clean and decent, and most of them wore large blue aprons over their dark dresses. The little children were going to school, their yellow heads shining in the sun. They went by in little groups of twos and threes, carrying their slates, and looked smiling and happy. Several women had begun the everlasting washing again, and the splashing and flopping of linen was going on under my window.

The carriage with the tinkling bells drove up, and we had to get into it and leave Rosheim. We were very sorry to do it, but the blue mountains were before us at the end of the gabled street, and we could not resist them. We meant to sleep that night at the top of the holy mountain of St. Odile, in the convent hotel kept by the Sisters of St. Francis, so dreamy Rosheim must be left behind, and we drove down the sunny street toward the mountains.

We had gone quite round the mountain from our starting-point in the valley before we reached the gate of Gerbaden Castle. This entrance is decidedly complicated in construction, and seems, when perfect, to have been admirably calculated for keeping out intruders of all sorts. This elaborate defense forms merely one small corner of the great pile of buildings which once stood here.

Above the inner wall, on a great pile of red sandstone rocks, stands what is now the most conspicuous part of the castle. Two immense doorways seem to have existed in the lower part, but they are now choked with rubbish. A winding pathway beneath the walls led us at last into a great inner courtyard, and presently we stood in what was once a magnificent banqueting-hall. Though most of them have been broken away, a few of the clustered pillars still remain beside one of the windows.

Outside this hall bases of great pillars at regular intervals stand among the brambles and elder-bushes; part of one of them is even now standing, but the rest are a heap of ruins. It may have been a chapel, or a grand entrance to the great hall; there is little left to show what it was.

One of the courtyards was several acres in extent. It was difficult to realize the great size the castle must have been, for it is said to have had within its walls fourteen courtyards, and fourteen gates led out of the castle.

From this mountain-top the whole of this part of Alsace is visible. Gerbaden stands all by itself, and is not linked on to any other mountain. It has the finest possible situation for a stronghold, and every approach to it can be seen from the top. The castle is said to have been built in the thirteenth century, and it was one of the most important fortresses.

We left the thick forests shortly, and drove along a ling-covered hill, with bilberry bushes and the beautiful red berries in profusion everywhere. Masses of stone jutted out from the hillside, and once our road lay between two huge blocks of sandstone as big as a good-sized house, their crevices filled with ferns and grasses. An immense wall crowned this spur of the hill to our right. My husband said it was the "Heidenmauer," a wall that encircled the entire mountain, six to ten feet in height, and six feet and a half thick, and supposed to be Roman, or even Gaulish.

Duke Adalric of Alsace—one of a species of dukes more like those of Edom than of England—took up his quarters on this mountain, and his daughter, Otilie or Odile, founded the monastery which still bears her name. It has been an important place for centuries.

We left ourselves standing in the inner court of the convent. There was only one door to be seen, so we rang the bell, and were admitted by a sister into a long corridor which was used as a scullery. The sister was a little old woman, with a cheerful, shrewd face, and was very deaf. She wore a black gown and veil, the latter edged with blue, and a large white collar and close white cap. We followed her along the corridor, a bare, whitewashed place, to where other nuns were peeling potatoes and washing dishes. A great many visitors—tourists or pilgrims—were walking about, talking and laughing.

Our deaf friend spoke French moderately. We asked for food and lodging.

"Are you Catholics?" was the first question.

"Here is intolerance!" thought we. "If we say no, or explain that we are members of the Church of England, and leave it to them to settle whether that is Catholic or not, we shall be sent down the hill again."

But we wronged the good nuns. My husband, without a moment's hesitation, answered in the affirmative, and we found that the question was only preliminary to the statement that it was Friday, and therefore we could have no meat.

"Mais nous sommes bonâ-fide voyageurs," remonstrated my husband. "We are more than five miles from home," he added, evidently mixing up the Licensing Act and the canons of the Church; "also we are in the German Empire, and there are privileges attached to that."

But it would not do. We could only have the privilege of fasting. However, the *maigre* soup was excellent, and so was the omelet, to say nothing of the salad and the cheese.

"Would they have given us meat if we had said we were not of their Church?" said I, as we sat at table.

"I trow not," said my husband. "Besides, I wasn't going down that hill again to-night for the Pope, the Pretender and the other Person all in one. I only hope they will remember it in the bill."

We were to lodge for the night in a cell. My husband tried to say something about the fast-day being a "sell" enough for one night, but he could not work it to come out right in French.

After having become less hungry by means of omelets, etc., we went out to explore the mountain. I found a point, a little way down the road by which we had come, from which to sketch the view. The distant hills were of the softest, palest blue, that deepened almost into indigo in the pine forests or the nearer mountains. The bare slope of the Odilienberg was purple and gold with ling and fern and gorse, and variegated with great gray rocks.

We got back to the convent just in time for what would have been dinner, if it had not been a fast-day. I always thought that fasts were over by six o'clock—they always are in the best-regulated Ritualistic families that I have ever met with—but it was not so at St. Odile's. *Maigre* soup, eggs, omelets, salads and cheese—good of their sort, but food on which one did not appear to "get any forrarder"—again formed our meal.

After our meal we walked round the outside of the convent with a French couple stopping at the convent. The view from the garden is not unlike that from the Mennelstein, except that the latter place cut off the view of the



Vosges to the southwest. A pavilion has been constructed on a sort of terrace on the very edge of the precipice, and there one may make oneself comfortable and enjoy the prospect. Close to this is the little Chapel of the Angels, a Romanesque building situated on the extreme edge of the rock. A narrow path goes round it, to which is attached the legend that any girl who can walk nine times the whole way round will be married before the year is over.

It was on the site of this chapel that the angels appeared to St. Odile. It is not recorded that she walked nine times around it. If she did, the guardian spirit was off duty that day, for she died a maid.

We were sorry to leave the beautiful Odilienberg the next morning, with its fresh air and fine views, the courteous nuns and the old convents; but we had promised to be at Bebelnheim, *via* Barr, on Sunday afternoon, so we had to press on.

Coming from the pure, bracing air of the Odilienberg, the plains seemed suffocating; there was not a breath of air, only streaming, pitiless sunshine. I believe, if we had tried to walk to Hohen-Königsburg, we should have dropped by the way.

Then we made our way by Rappoltswiler, Bebelnheim, where we enjoyed a friend's hospitality, Kaysersberg, and crossed the Weiss to Orbey, where we passed the night.

Before starting the next day, which we did by nine, I made a little sketch of the Lac Blanc (or Weisse See) from our windows, and a few struggling streaks of sunshine came out and cheered our spirits.

The Lac Blanc, so called from a rim of white quartz that goes all around its edges, is a small, greenish lake, with high precipices on two sides of it, and a rocky slope on the other.

The Reisberg (3,310 feet), which is the highest point of the ridge above the lake, is reached by a winding pathway up a stony slope covered with low-growing bushes, coarse grass, and wild marigolds; a few stunted pines are scattered at intervals over it, and a fine view of the still green lake, with its white shores and dark precipices, is to be had all the way.

We met two priests coming down the path; they had come over from France probably that morning. In a very short time we were in France too, for less than an hour's walk brought us to the summit of the ridge. Of course we sat on a stone with one foot in each land promptly, and my husband walked in Germany while I conversed with him from France.

The ridge on which we were at this part ended in a steep precipice on the German side, down which we could look at little green lakes lying far below, and valley after valley beyond. On the French side it sloped gradually down toward pine woods and lower hills; the grass was coarse and the ground boggy, but marigolds and several flowers that were strange to me were growing in it.

We had been gradually descending for some little time, and presently entered a low pine wood, wherein were several beautiful cows, most of them with bells round their necks. A steep pathway brought us to our much-desired hotel.

The Schlucht Hotel is a building after the Swiss toy style, with wooden balconies and marvelous pierced barge boards in the roof.

There were a great many people at the *table d'hôte*, all of whom had driven over from Münster or from Gérardmer, the one fashionable watering-place in the Vosges.

The situation of the hotel is very picturesque, on a sort of ridge thrown across a deep ravine from Hautes

Chaumes to the Hoheneck (4,480 feet), and straight down from its balconies a tumbled mass of giant boulders and dense pine forests seem inextricably mixed, until they fade away into a distant valley. It almost seems as if one could from the balcony drop a stone down this lovely precipice to the valleys below.

We were disappointed in our hope of a walk on the Hautes Chaumes, and a climb up the Hoheneck, but at last reached Weiler. This is the chief town in the valley, and has a population of 1,150. There were not many of them in the streets as we passed through it, but their wealth was testified by a fine, handsome, modern Gothic church, built of red sandstone. We rapidly left the town and struck into a valley running out of the left side of the Saint Amarin Thal.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the fine weather had put us into remarkably good spirits. We had concentrated all our hopes upon the Gebweiler Belchen. This is the highest mountain in the Vosges, and is 4,677 feet. In shape it is very like a balloon at the top (whence its French name, Ballon), for a great round knoll rests on a long spur of mountain-ridge, and it is bare and smooth.

After getting some directions we went up a deep sandy lane, until we came to a bare mountain-side. At the top of the lane we sat down, and looked at the white houses in Goldbach that were so pure and fair far off, and such foul dwellings close by, at the lovely valley beneath us up which we had come, and that was now blue in the distance, and the surrounding leafy hills.

Then we walked on, on and on, up an apparently interminable mountain-side. Not a tree was near us, not the least shade anywhere; the sun was scorching hot and the path stony.

We heard at last a cow-bell, and soon came on some dairymen. Refreshed with milk, we trudged on.

"Well, we must be near the top now," my husband said; "it is impossible there can be much further to go, unless the mountain has taken to growing."

"It is quite equal to it," I replied, for I was fearfully tired. "I hope we shall not find the hotel full."

"I won't leave if it is," he answered, sturdily. "I am not going down this hill again for any innkeeper in Alsace."

"It must be nearly four," I said.

"Quite that," he answered. "We have been four hours on this blessed old mountain. I said in Switzerland that next time I went up a mountain I would go in a balloon, but I didn't bargain for the outside of one."

We went on again, and presently I exclaimed with delight on seeing him reach the top. He did not respond, and I found when I joined him that there was yet another top, and a good way off. We went toward it, but we said very little by the way, for where was the hotel? We passed an ordnance survey-hut and pole. At last we came in sight of it, on the further topmost bit of the mountain.

It was built of stone, and had one window, with a wooden shutter to it. The floor was of earth, the roof dripped upon it, the furniture consisted of a dirty plank table and a form; and that was all. There were no waiters, no landlord, no beds, no food, and, worst of all, no drink!

Truly the view was most magnificent. It had need to be, or we should not have looked at it. A deep green gorge separated us from the Storkenkopf, a bareheaded mountain opposite to us on the west. This formed the end of a long brown ridge of hills that ran right back to the Hoheneck, and formed a continuation of the Hautes Chaumes, and makes the backbone of the Vosges system.

It was a broad grass-ridge, bare and brown, with one or two tiny chalets dotted on it, and here and there masses of stone. The pine forests crept half-way up its sides, but

chensee. It was beautiful, lying so calm and bright amid the blue of the woods and the bare hills.

Without shelter on the mountain-top, our next thought



THE FAN-PAINTER.—FROM A CANVAS BY LOUISA MAX-EHRLER.

did not venture into the cold clear air any further. Numberless wooded hills sloped down from this ridge, and faded away into blue distance; while just below us, in a hollow of pine forests, lay a little green lake, the Bel-

was to find a resting-place for the night, and we started blindly for Rolle, near a small lake, and fortunately reached it. Our journey began to lose some of its charm, and we made our way to Colmar more prosaically.





STORIES OF THE CAMPAIGN.—BY MAX VOLKHART.

## THE DEATH-MARK.

BY GARRETT WALKER.

## CHAPTER XXX.

THE squalor and dilapidation which marked the hovel of Mère Simon appeared unchanged, or, if anything, increased, as Henri, for the second time, found himself in front of the open gateway. The rank grass and tangled weeds grew still more luxuriantly in the little deserted garden, and the flowers which had been struggling so bravely for their lives had given up the conflict, and one by one had been crushed to death in the coils of their cruel destroyers.

There was an air of gloom about the whole building, which sent a chill through the young man's breast as, alighting from his horse, he fastened the animal to the fence, and made his way to the entrance of the cottage; a sensation of awe, inexplicable, but none the less a reality; that chilling depression which, in the popular mind, is associated with a warning of approaching death.

The rough bench upon which on that former occasion he had first seen Delphine Simon, was unoccupied; indeed, no one was visible about the place, but the front door stood wide open; and after a momentary hesitation on the threshold, the young man overcame his feeling of repugnance, and with a firm step entered the building.

His first glance was toward the room which had been the scene of that painful interview with Valiska. The little apartment presented the same appearance as upon that but too-well-remembered occasion, except that a couple of chairs had been added to its meagre furniture, upon one of which a slender form, in a plain and sombre

black dress, sat with a crossed hands upon her lap, in an attitude of anxious expectancy.

At the sound of the first footfall the pale face was lifted, and the dark-gray eyes turned full upon the newcomer. The room was dim and shadowy, the tiny windows permitting only a few feeble rays of light to enter. Yet, even in this gloom, Henri could perceive the terrible change which a few short days had wrought in that beautiful countenance.

A little pang of self-reproach choked back the words which struggled to his lips. The agitation of the lady was almost equal to his own. The slight figure trembled nervously, the face was averted, and the little hand which he took in his was burning hot.

"Mademoiselle," he at length said, "you cannot imagine how painful this interview is to me. And yet I must thank you for this chance to obtain your pardon for my disgraceful conduct when last we met in this room."

"Monsieur!" murmured the lady, in a low, melancholy voice.

"Yes, mademoiselle. I feel that my conduct upon that occasion scarcely admits of forgiveness. And yet—and yet—your gentle and forgiving nature prompts me to throw myself at your feet, and seek the pardon I so little deserve."

"But, oh! monsieur, you must not reproach yourself for all the wrong. Alas! my miserable folly, my wild infatuation! Oh, Captain Dantan! Tell me that I have

not fallen so low in your estimation as to be beyond the reach of all redemption. I know that I have been weak, sinful, wicked if you will; but to you, at least, I have been true. My whole life lies at your feet, and even yet you can save me."

All this was said with averted face, as if the girl feared to betray to her companion the full extent of the emotion that agitated her.

The effect of the wild words upon Dantan was painful indeed. He had come to this interview to ask for pardon; he had come in obedience to a note from Valiska, begging him to see her for a last time, and now it was unpleasantly apparent that this was to be something more than a mere parting.

Henri had fully recovered from the fit of passion which had spurred him to that mad declaration of love, and he had long ago recognized the folly of his act. He hesitated, and it was with considerable awkwardness that he at length spoke.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "for God's sake do not speak in that way! Duty, honor, everything, combine to separate us."

"But Monsieur Leon is dead," whispered the temptress, "and I am free."

The words sent a shudder through Henri. A revulsion of feeling took place within him, and there was even a slight sternness in the tone of his voice when he replied:

"Alas! that is too true. But my uncle's death can make no change in our situation; and forgive me, Mademoiselle Valiska, if I say that it is better for both of us that things should be as they are. I trust—I sincerely trust—that the day will come when you can look back upon this moment without a single regret. I assure you, if I thought it were otherwise, I should never forgive myself."

"And you do not love me?—you have never loved me!"

There was a tremor in her voice, a stifled sob, which seemed to tell the struggle the girl was making to control her feelings.

"Mademoiselle, I beg of you, I entreat you, do not make my task harder to me than it is already."

"But, oh, I cannot give you up! My happiness, my every hope of happiness—nay, my very life—is bound up in you! Oh, Henri, Henri, you will not reject me—you will not trample on the bleeding heart which lies at your feet?"

"Mademoiselle, I beseech you, for Heaven's sake——"

"And for what would you sacrifice me?—for the cold affection of Henriette? Would you give up for the shadow, the mere phantom, of love, a devotion which knows no bounds? See! I will go on my knees to you. I will be your slave. I will—I will——"

"Mademoiselle, you are punishing me too severely for the indiscretion of a moment. Forgive me!" and taking the slender hand in his, he gently but firmly raised the cowering figure kneeling in supplication at his feet. "Forgive me," he said; "but from this moment all must be over between us. I cannot consent to break my vow to Henriette. I cannot—I cannot!"

The sound of footsteps rapidly approaching the cottage put a stop to the young man's words. He paused, and looked inquiringly at his companion. A strange, a terrible change, had taken place in the lady's face. All softness, all tenderness, had passed away. The eyes were now blazing with fury; the cheeks, red with an angry flush. It was the countenance of a Megæra!

"Miserable coward!" she cried, in a deep, suppressed tone, dashing the young man's hand from her with fero-

cious violence. "I thank God that you have made my task easier to me. Descendant of the murderer Dantan, your moments are numbered! Orloff! Carl!" she cried, raising her voice until it rang through the hut. "Here! here!"

The words died upon the lips of the speaker. She recoiled in blank amazement from the open doorway. A woman stood in the entrance—a tall, slender figure, whose dark-gray robe enhanced the natural pallor of her countenance. Henri was as one paralyzed, scarcely able to credit the evidence of his own senses. Was he mad? Or was this a delusion—a phantom creation of his brain?

No! The slight form, the beautiful face, could not be mistaken. It was Valiska Zortichoff.

But who, then, was this other—so like, that he himself had been deceived? Who was this woman—this woman who had knelt at his feet—who had pleaded Valiska's cause with such depth of emotion?—this woman who now stood cowering and abashed? Again he almost felt as if the whole thing must be a dream—a wild, fantastic vision. He looked from one to the other. In every feature, in every turn of the form, the figures were identical. He grew confused, dizzy, and scarcely conscious of what was passing.

For several moments the silence was oppressive. The two women stood staring at each other, mute and motionless. At length, with a firm step the newcomer entered the room, and placed herself by Dantan's side. This seemed to rouse the other from the spell which had enthralled her. The look of withering wrath which for one moment had devoured Henri again blazed with intensity.

"Wretched creature!" she shrieked, in a voice hoarse from overpowering anger. "What would you do?"

"Save the man I love!"

The answer came in a firm, determined tone. The speaker stood calm and proud, facing the fury of the other with a look of unyielding courage which spoke the soul resolved to meet every danger.

"False to your oath, Valiska! Again I ask you, What would you do?"

"And I—I tell you, Wanda, that I will save the man I love, cost what it may. This life is mine. I have bought it with my love. You shall not touch him. Do you hear me? You shall not touch him!"

The fixed, unalterable determination of the speaker, betrayed in every inflection of the voice, seemed to sting the other to a deeper fury.

"And for this base hound, this descendant of a band of murderers, you would sacrifice your brother, your sister? For this infamous creature you would break the oath sworn on the body of your mother, whose untimely death you have pledged yourself to avenge?"

"I will save him! Go, Wanda: there is yet time for escape!" The answer came cold and determined. "I tell you," continued the speaker, drawing up her slender form to its full height, and facing the fury of the other with stern composure, "I would break a thousand oaths rather than that you should shed one drop of his blood."

The light of a matchless tenderness shone in the gray eyes; the whole face seemed transfigured.

"But he does not love you, wretched girl. Even now he has spurned your love with merciless contempt. He can never be anything to you."

"What do I care! I love him. Do you understand me? I love him!"

"But you cannot save him!" cried Wanda, with a smile of diabolical joy, as, for the second time, the sound of heavy footsteps was heard in the outer hall, and the



huge and ungainly figure of Orloff darkened the open doorway.

The appearance of the old man might well have struck terror to the stoutest heart. His face was of a ghastly leaden hue, which made the deep-scarlet cicatrix of the wound more hideous than ever. His bloodshot eyes glowed in their cavernous recesses like coals of fire, and the scowl upon his distorted features was frightful beyond expression.

"Orloff Ivanovich!" exclaimed Wanda, her voice trembling with excitement, "there stands the last descendant of the murderer of your master. There stands the son of that accursed villain whose cowardly hand struck down a wounded and helpless man. Foster-father of my mother, shall the vile wretch live to gloat over our suffering? Remember the oath! Set your foot upon the head of the serpent, and crush the viper beneath your heel! See, here is the very chamber in which you writhed with agony from the wound inflicted by those ruthless assassins. Here let the last of their descendants perish. Upon him, upon him, I say—strike and spare not!"

The wretched woman had lashed the fury of her wrath to frenzy. The fire of insanity flashed from her eyes, and quivering emotion shook her slender form. She spoke now in Russian, with eager volubility, goading the old man to desperation.

Suddenly, however, in the very midst of her furious words, when her excitement had reached its highest pitch, she paused—a strange, a terrible change stole over her features. In rapid succession the flushed face changed from an angry red to a ghastly and livid pallor; her eyes, swollen and distorted, seemed bursting from their sockets; the miserable woman staggered, and clutched her throat with both hands; the next instant the changing color had given place to a dull grayish hue. She gasped for breath; a stream of bright crimson blood gushed from her mouth; she tottered, threw up her arms, and with a low groan fell lifeless upon the floor.

With the yell of an infuriated tiger, Orloff sprang forward, a long knife gleaming in his uplifted hand. Quick as was the old man's action, Valiska had guessed his purpose. Throwing herself upon Dantan's breast, with her arms clasped around his neck, she covered him with her body. The fatal blow descended, the knife was buried to the hilt in the tender young flesh.

For a space she stood as if unconscious of the agony of that mortal wound; a pure, a severe tenderness beamed from her dark-gray eyes, and a slight smile parted her lips as she gazed with fond devotion on the young man for whom she had sacrificed her life.

"Save yourself, Henri! save yourself, Henri!" murmured Valiska.

The white eyelids closed, the soft arms relaxed their hold, and ere Henri could clasp the slender figure, she had fallen to the floor.

"Madman, you have killed her!" shrieked the young man, as he closed with Orloff, seizing the hand which still held the bloody knife.

The combat was a desperate one. The old man's strength taxed all Dantan's powers. They tugged and strained with panting breath and quivering muscles; the knife had fallen from Orloff's grasp, and he labored to hurl Henri to the earth. With horror the young man felt his strength deserting him. The huge hand of the giant was on his throat; he made a last, a mighty effort. It was successful. The massive body of his antagonist fell with a terrific crash, which shook the frail and dilapidated building. With a cry of joy Henri sprang upon the prostrate form.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

It was almost dark when Aristide reached the hovel. The melancholy surroundings impressed him as deeply as they had Captain Dantan; but he did not pause to consider these emotions. Life and death hung on his footsteps, and he had come at such a rate of speed, that he was almost breathless from exhaustion when he made his way into the hut. What a sight met his eye! What a scene of weird and ghastly horror!

Two motionless female forms lay stretched upon the bloodstained floor; and nearer to the doorway a fiend was struggling to hold down what seemed to him a monster from the very depths of hell—a maniac who gnashed and ground his teeth; whose blood-injected eyeballs glared and shone with the malignity of a fiend, and who struggled with a strength which threatened each moment to release him. Aristide hastened to Dantan's assistance.

"Thanks, my friend, thanks," faltered the young man. "You are in time to save my life; but would to God you had been earlier, that you might have saved hers as well. Here; help me tie to this brute!"

To the last Orloff resisted with all his strength. He was at length, however, secured, and his wrists and feet firmly bound with the handkerchiefs of the young men. Once satisfied of his utter powerlessness, the old man ceased all efforts to release himself, and lay silent and speechless, devouring with his eyes the frightful scene.

"Henri," cried Aristide, "for God's sake tell me what has taken place?"

"My friend, I cannot speak," replied Dantan. "Help me, I beseech you, to lift this poor girl."

"What! Mademoiselle Zortichoff?" exclaimed Vis. with amazement, as he aided his friend to raise the recumbent figure and place it on the little pallet. "Yes, Aristide; it is to her I owe the preservation of my life."

"But who, then—who, then—is this other? Merciful Heaven! what is this?" continued the speaker, as he turned the body, so that the set white features were visible in the last faint rays of light which stole in through the cottage-window.

"See, see, Aristide!" cried Henri, who had been bending over the wounded girl. "See! Valiska is not dead! Perhaps there is yet hope. Yonder in that pitcher you will find water. Hasten with it, I entreat you!"

In a dreamy, mechanical way, Vis obeyed. In helpless amazement, he stared from one to the other of those two faces, which seemed the duplicate of each other. In the growing darkness of the room the likeness appeared even more wonderful.

"What was this? What was this?" the question revolved and revolved in his mind. "Was the solution to the mystery come at last? Was the dark to be made light?"

"See, Aristide, see! She lives! she lives!"

He turned to his friend. It was indeed true. The pale, beautiful face, was still ghastly in its pallor; but there was a fluttering of the eyelids, a quivering of the lips, which seemed to presage returning consciousness; and as Henri continued to bathe the forehead, these signs of coming life increased, until with a deep sigh the dark eyes opened.

"Thank Heaven!" she murmured, in a voice so faint as to be barely audible—"thank Heaven, I was in time!"

"Ah, Henri, I am dying. No; it is useless"—as the young man sought to speak—"no; it is useless. I know that I am dying; but, oh, it is sweet to die for you!"

"Valiska, I entreat you!"

"Yes, yes; I know you never loved me. But I, alas!—oh, why should I be ashamed to confess how fondly I have loved you? Soon—yes, very soon—you will have forgotten me entirely; you will be happy with Henriette. Would she have given her life to save you? What have I not done for your sake? For you I have violated the oath I took upon the body of my dead mother; for you I am a false and perjured wretch! Yes; what Wanda said was true; but, oh, do not think I reproach you! No; I glory in the sacrifice which I have made for your sake!"

The excitement of the speaker caused the wound to bleed more rapidly. Henri bent forward, and strove with trembling hands to stanch the stream.

"Vain, vain!" whispered the unfortunate girl, as she gazed with a feeble smile upon the handsome face bending over her with eager solicitude. "But, Henri, it is easy to die. See poor Wanda; she is at rest, and I, too, will soon lie here cold and still! Will you forget me entirely? There; do not weep. I am not worthy of your tears. Oh, no! I am a base, guilty creature, not fit for you to touch. Do you remember what that old woman said? Alas! it was true. I was the affianced wife of Pierre Marrois. I was the fatal bait that lured the wretched man to his destruction. I was false to him, false to your uncle, false to Henriette; but to *you*—to *you*, Henri, I was true. And now I grow weaker and weaker, and there is yet much to tell; so far I have saved you, but your life is still in danger. There is another bound by that frightful oath—another sworn to seek your death. Here; come closer, closer!"

She paused, closed her eyes, and for a space lay silent and speechless. Dantan drew the head of the sufferer higher on his breast, and Vis again bathed her forehead, now cold with the clammy dews of death. At length strength returned, and again Valiska reopened her eyes. Her voice was so weak that Vis was obliged to draw nearer to catch the feebly uttered words.

"That evening at the cottage—ah, poor little cottage! I shall never see it again. Do you remember Orloff's story—the sad history of my unfortunate parents? Much of it was true; but much, much more, was false—a lie, told only to deceive. My mother was a Russian lady; but my father was Count Paul Eiddlesdorf, a German, who held a high rank in the Russian army. When war broke out between France and Germany, my father left the service of the Czar, and came to offer his sword to the Fatherland. He was placed in command of a regiment of Uhlans, and my mother's foster-father, Orloff, served with him in the same troop. You remember the old man's narrative? How, after escaping many dangers in one of the most fierce and desperate skirmishes, my father and he were left for dead upon the field? Do you understand now where was that skirmish? 'Twas here—here, almost in sight of Abois! When consciousness returned to Ivanovich, and he sought assistance for his wounded master, he was captured by five men, whose uniform should have been a guarantee of their honor, for they were volunteer patriots. But, no; these men, who should have respected and pitied a wounded and helpless man, basely murdered the victim whom Fate had thrown into their hands—degraded the soldier by treating him as the foulest and most guilty of malefactors. These merciless fiends, without feeling and without remorse, staining with infamy the uniform which they wore, basely slew those with whom they should have been most tender, the helpless and the wounded. You have heard from

Orloff's lips the account of that terrible scene, and I will say no more. When the old man recovered consciousness, where think you he found himself—where? Here in this room. Yes; here it was, thanks to Mère Simon, that his life was preserved. For weeks and months he tossed in delirium on this very pallet upon which I am now dying, and it was here that he swore an oath of vengeance against his master's murderers. The faces of those five men had never been forgotten, and when able to move, his first task was to discover the names of the assassins. This was accomplished with safety, and the fatal list was scratched upon the wall of this room. Ah, do you know what were those names? Pierre Marrois, Victor Robert, Leon Dantan, Alphonse Rousel and George Dantan."

"Oh, God!" murmured Henri, in a voice of agony: "my father, my uncle! And I—I never know. Oh, Aristide, this is frightful! My father a murderer! Would to God that I had died before I heard this." The young man buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud in the agony of this frightful discovery. "Oh, forgive me; forgive me for the pain I have caused you. Forgive me, for I am dying, dying! and my—oh, monsieur! beg him to forgive me!" cried Valiska, seizing Aristide's hands. "Oh, what could I do?"

"Go on, mademoiselle; go on, I entreat you," replied Vis. "My friend owes you his life. You cannot doubt that he will remember the debt?"

"Ah, monsieur, 'tis hard, 'tis hard. But I—I *will* be brave for his sake. You remember the rest of the story. When Orloff reached our Russian home, it was to find his foster-child a helpless maniac." Overcome with emotion, Valiska again closed her eyes. "Oh, how weak! how weak!" The pale lips trembled, and it was only after many efforts that the dying girl was able to make her words distinguishable. "Then came my mother's death, and on her dead body we took that oath of vengeance. We swore to hunt down our father's murderers, till not one of their descendants remained. How we have kept that oath you know but too well. Time passed; after my mother had left us we waited patiently, patiently. My brother went to France, but before his departure we had agreed upon our plan. Three years ago, in obedience to a summons from him, we came here to Abois. I was a poor music-teacher, and Wanda in the disguise under which you have known her. Ah, you start? You remember poor Sergius, but you never thought that my charge was a woman. One, two, three years passed after our arrival at Abois, and then the fatal moment came, and we struck our first blow. Oh, for mercy's sake, do not shrink from me," cried the wretched girl, as Dantan recoiled with a shudder at her words. "Oh, do not shrink from me, or I will not have the courage to finish my story. It *was* to meet me that Marrois came to the *fête*, but it was Wanda's hand that struck him. It was Wanda who left behind that glove, which might have proved so dangerous to me had not my brother found the means to steal it, and substitute another. We were safe. No one suspected us, or, at least, there was no proof: my brother had cared for that. Then days passed, and a second time our vengeance fell on the descendants of the murderers of our parents. Those miserable women! Ah, we were pitiless. This time, as before, an accident came near to betray us—the imprint of Wanda's hand upon your sleeve. And again, for the second time, my brother was able to turn away suspicion from himself and my sister, for he, too, shared in the holy work. Oh, God, how weak! how weak! Where are you, Henri? Come closer. I can see you no longer, the room grows dark.





WATCHING THE PROCESSION.

Oh, I am dying! Now raise me higher. I must finish; my time is short. Your uncle—oh, forgive me—your uncle died by my brother's hand, and now you are menaced with the same danger. Carl lives, and nothing can save you from him but my falsehood, my treachery. One last sacrifice, to betray my brother. Oh, it is hard, hard. And yet, if I save you I can die happy."

A groan broke from the lips of the suffering girl, her arms fell from Dantan's neck, and with a violent exertion she struggled to rise, her glazing eyeballs fixed in strong horror.

Aristide instinctively followed the direction of her eyes, and there, in the doorway, where so lately had stood the hideous form of Orloff, he beheld another apparition.

A tall, thin, and emaciated figure, with pale, cadaverous features; with closely-cropped white hair, and eyes that gleamed with a phosphorous glitter, like those of a hungry tiger.

The blood stood still in the young man's veins as he recalled with a shudder the description which the Baroness d'Aubrac had given of Leon Dantan's murderer. The dying girl trembled and writhed in wild convulsions.

"Carl! Carl!" she shrieked, and throwing up her arms, fell back upon the pallet.

"Oh, Aristide! Aristide! She's dead! she's dead!"

Vis turned at the agonizing cry of his friend. Alas! it was true; Valiska's soul was at rest.

A deep and painful sigh, which seemed the echo of Dantan's mournful words, once more called his attention to the doorway. It was unoccupied; the apparition had vanished, vanished as mysteriously as if, instead of a human creature, it had been some being from another world.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

It was the next day after the tragic events at Mère Simon's cottage. The news, once made public, had spread with unexampled rapidity.

To speak of the excitement as intense, irresistible, overpowering, would be a tame description of the whirlwind of astonishment that swept over the town.

The dark was light, the obscure and sanguinary mystery was a mystery no longer; and what a solution! A *dénouement* as weird and ghastly as that thrilling moment when the *Borgia* unrolls to *Maffio Orsini* and his fellow-banqueters the long row of collins, and the grim, gray figures of the ghostly comforters.

As romantic as some wild Sicilian or Corsican vendetta. In this age of steam and electricity, of hard materialism and mathematical exactness, the whole affair seemed as unreal as if, in turning over the pages of some dry encyclopedia or musty scientific work, the reader had come suddenly upon a scrap of "*Orlando Furioso*" or "*Amadis de Gaul*" hidden away between the leaves.

Every one, that is, every one of any importance, remembered the Kaiserlic colonel, whose body had been found hanging by the neck from one of the trees in La Forêt on the day after the great cavalry skirmish, and equally well did every one remember the terrible punishment which this had been near to bring down upon the town.

Père François, Père Antoine, Père Guillaume, and a dozen others, could paint for you the whole scene. The stiff figures, spiked helmets and stolid faces of the Landwehr regiment drawn up in front of the Hotel de Ville; the prancing horses, glittering trappings and fluttering pennons of the Uhlans; the terrified and weeping crowd of women and children; and lastly, the long line of citizens, pale but determined, prepared to bear the issue of the moment with the courage of men, and Frenchmen.

Within the hall the scene was even more exciting, the pale faces of the town officials contrasting so strongly with the methodical and impassive bearing of the German officers; the tall Prussian colonel, with his flaxen beard and huge spectacles; the excitable and dark-complexioned Bavarian major; the imperturbable Wurtemberger, and handsome Saxon.

The oaken table supporting the electoral urn and the roll of the Commune; the expression of anxiety changing to a smile of joy, as one by one the citizens filed in and drew from the fatal urn the ballot of life or death.

It was, indeed, a day of excitement for Abois; a day never to be forgotten in the history of the town; a day to be remembered with shuddering terror.

Nor was this all that Père François, Père Antoine and Père Guillaume could remember. Oh, no! these dark and gloomy recollections served as a background to throw out into more brilliant prominence the dauntless heroism of the Abbé Marteau. Tears stood in the eyes of the old man whenever they told this story of their beloved abbé's self-abnegation. How, when the fatal ballots had been drawn, and Fathers Lechaud and Jean Roland were on their way to execution, the noble Marteau came forward, and voluntarily proffered his life for the redemption of his fellow-citizens.

Thank God! the sacrifice was not required, but none the less did the offer produce the desired result. Even the icy-hearted Bismarck had thawed beneath the influence of this calm heroism.

The vengeance of man by man's self-sacrificing devotion had been turned away; but the vengeance of God!—that stern, immutable justice, requiring "blood for blood, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth?"

In the universal joy of the moment, when, thanks to Marteau's exertion, a full pardon had arrived for Father Lechaud and Jean Roland, every one had forgotten that awful declaration, "Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord." And now, after all these years; now, when the whole story had become a thing of the past, a dim and indistinct recollection—now it appeared that silently but surely, week after week, month after month, year after year, that Power which overrules the destiny of mankind had been forging a thunderbolt to consume the guilty. For many long years those five men, whose cruel deed had well-nigh brought such an awful visitation upon the innocent, had lived there, honored and respected, in Abois.

One by one the murderers of Paul Eiddlesdorf had perished miserably—and not these alone, but others, who, innocent themselves, yet from the tie of consanguinity had inherited the heavy debt of blood-guiltiness, until two only of the doomed race remained.

The vengeance of man by man's self-sacrifice had been turned away, but between the executioners of Heaven's justice and the helpless victims a stronger passion had interfered than ever burneth in the breast of the philanthropist or patriot.

Love! supreme, unquestioning love! That matchless self-abnegation which holds no price too dear, so that but a single pang of pain be turned away from the object of its devotion.

Of hate and crime was born the fierce, blood-stained spirit of revenge. Of love came the white-robed angel of mercy.

"And to think that Leon Dantan should have been guilty of such a deed! That the friend I have respected all my life, the companion of my boyhood, the man whom I have always looked up to— Ah! Monsieur Vis, this is a hard blow; a hard blow, indeed."

The face of Claude Duquesnay attested the truth of his



words. The grave, nay, even severe, expression habitual to him, had given place to emotion and excitement too powerful for repression. He strode up and down the room, the short and nervous steps bespeaking the great struggle going on within his breast.

"But, monsieur," replied Aristide, soothingly, in pity for the evident pain indelibly stamped on the features of his companion—"you must make some allowance for your friend. Think of the hatred, the bitter national antagonism, the stories so freely circulated of German cruelty to French prisoners—mistaken patriotism——"

"Could never pardon such a crime. I see your intention, and thank you for it. You pity my suffering, and, indeed, it is great. To be thus suddenly and rudely awakened to find the friend, the one being on whom you would have staked your life and honor, a wretched criminal, a cowardly assassin. I say again, monsieur, it is hard; very hard."

"But——"

"No," continued the judge, heedless of Aristide's interruption, "there can be but one way in which an honest man can look at this miserable affair. Everything should have combined to protect the victim from his murderer. The respect of brave men for a gallant antagonist, the pity of the strong for the helpless and weak. Oh, it was a vile deed! A wounded, almost dying man confiding in the chivalry of a Frenchman, a fellow-soldier. It was a disgrace!"

"But think of the fearful punishment! I have reason to know that ever since Pierre Marrois's death Monsieur Dantan had been aware of the awful doom which hung over him. Think of the agony of living for so many weeks in the perpetual expectation of death. Let this plead with you for your friend Leon."

"That is it—he was my friend. Had it been otherwise, I could have pardoned something of the heinousness of the crime in consideration of the punishment. But, monsieur, if you understand the full meaning of the word friendship, you will appreciate my feelings."

The agitation of the speaker had robbed him of the power of utterance, and he resumed his rapid walk.

Aristide broke the silence after some time.

"The whole affair is, indeed, very painful, Monsieur le Juge. But it seems to me, if you will excuse my boldness, that instead of repining over the past, we should be at work. An interposition of Providence has saved the lives of Henri Dantan and his cousin, for the time, at least. I say for the time, monsieur; because the full safety of my friend and his *fiancée* is not yet assured. Remember that the chief actor in this drama of revenge still lives."

"You speak of this mysterious brother," cried Duquesnay, suddenly stopping in his walk; "you are right. I am failing in my duty, which is to protect the living, not to weep over the dead. Come, tell me again all that took place at the cottage."

As Aristide had hoped, the implied reproach contained in his last words had not failed to produce the desired effect. The change was wonderful; emotion, excitement, agitation, all disappeared in a moment, and when Monsieur Claude seated himself at his desk it was the grave and stern Juge d'Instruction, and not the heart-broken friend, whom Aristide saw before him.

Again, for the second time that day, did Aristide enter into a detailed statement of the tragedy at the ruined hotel of La Forêt. Prefacing his narrative with a *résumé* of what he had learned from Henri Dantan, he went on to tell the story of that portion of the affair to which he had been an eye-witness.

Almost in Valiska's own words he described the cruel and dastardly assassination of Colonel Eidlesdorf, and of the wounding of his faithful servant; of the rescue and preservation of Ivanovich by Mère Simon, and the long days and nights passed in the cottage of the peasant woman, during which the old man, half crazed from the delirium of fever, and smarting under the agony of his wounds, had but one thought, one dream—*Revenge* for the merciless slaughter, by the five French soldiers, of his beloved master!

Then came the still more sad and moving account of Vera Eidlesdorf's death; the children kneeling around the bedside of their mother, and following, word by word, the fierce oath of vengeance, as it fell from the trembling lips of the dying woman.

In quick succession followed the other incidents of the story: the arrival of the sisters at Abois, the murder of Pierre Marrois, of Madame Robert and her daughter, and of Leon Dantan.

The magistrate listened with grave attention until Aristide reached that portion of his narrative when, attracted by the exclamation of the dying girl, he had looked up, and beheld in the doorway of the hut the spectral form of the dreaded assassin.

The rapid change which passed over the features of Monsieur Claude plainly proved that his emotion was getting the better of his official impassibility. Unable at length to control himself any longer, he drew a long, deep breath, and striking a heavy blow upon the desk with his clinched fist, he cried out:

"Again, monsieur, again describe to me this miserable wretch, whose hands are soiled with the blood of my friend; this assassin who eludes and mocks at me—me, whose duty it is to protect the lives and property of these poor citizens of Abois! What am I to say, monsieur, to my official superiors, when they ask me what I have done in this affair? Oh, this villain will be my death! Speak, I conjure you, and tell me again what the demon is like!"

"Unhappily, Monsieur le Juge," replied Vis, "I can give you but a shadowy description of the man. Tall, slender, with pale, cadaverous features, closely-cropped white hair, and eyes that glow with the phosphorescent glare of a beast of prey. You remember, without doubt, the picture which Madame d'Aubrac drew of this mysterious murderer? I can add nothing to it."

"And why—why did you not seize him?"

"You forget, monsieur," answered Aristide, stiffly, resenting the implied reproach in the tone of the question—"you forget my position. I had barely time for a single glance, when Henri's cry that mademoiselle was dying drew away my attention. When I looked again, as I told you before, the man had disappeared."

"Oh, this is too much! too much!" exclaimed Duquesnay, springing to his feet and striding excitedly up and down the room. "Who is this man that murders people with impunity—that laughs to scorn the sharp eye of justice? Who—— But stop! What is this you tell me? Did not Mademoiselle Zortichoff declare that it was this *miserable* who effected that strange exchange of the glove?"

"It is true."

"And yet, as I am a living man, monsieur, that glove was locked up in this desk"; and the excited magistrate dealt another rap upon the article of furniture mentioned. "Would you have me distrust my clerk, my poor Guillaume, or the two or three gendarmes who have the *entrée* of my office? I tell you I have known these men for years—almost from my childhood. I have

known their parents. It is out of the question that the assassin could be concealed among them."

"And yet Mademoiselle Valiska was positive in her declaration."

"Oh, I will have this man! Do you hear me, Monsieur Vis? I will have this man, even if I am obliged to search every house, to interrogate every man, woman and child in the town! Say what they will, no one shall have the right to accuse me of idleness. I will send for Dupont at once. I will avenge my friend's death. I will——"

The speaker paused. In his excitement he had approached the door, but at the very moment when he was about to lay his hand upon the knob, it was flung violently open, and Monsieur Dupont, the Chief of Police, entered the apartment.

Claude Duquesnay recoiled from the newcomer with surprise and astonishment. Was this indeed the Chief of Police of Abois—the rigid and inflexible example of official discipline, whom one would as little expect to see influenced by ordinary human emotions as a statue of bronze or marble? This Dupont was plainly agitated; this Dupont was plainly moved by some strong excitement. His face was flushed, his features worked convulsively, and when he strove to speak he stammered so violently, that his words were for the moment unintelligible.

"Monsieur," he stammered, "it is my duty—— Monsieur, I have to tell you—— Monsieur, the strangest circumstance——"

The Chief of Police could get no further, absolute want of breath reducing him for the time to silence.

"In the name of Heaven, what is this, Dupont?" inquired the judge, who had at length recovered from the wonder aroused within him by the strange change of manner in his usually prosaic and unexcitable subordinate.

Dupont took a moment to recover himself and arrange his ideas before he replied.

"Monsieur le Juge," he began, at length, still speaking with considerable difficulty, "I have a very strange story to relate. This morning I received a summons to attend you at this office. I was just preparing to obey, when Alexander Michaud, *conciërge* of a house in the Rue de France, came to me in great trouble. Something awful had happened to one of his lodgers. Indeed, he had every reason to believe the man had committed suicide."

"What?"

"Yes, monsieur; this lodger, a young man, had, according to Michaud's account, retired to his chamber about nine o'clock the night before. From that time he had never left the apartment, nor had any other person been seen to enter it. This, in itself, would not have been strange, for the young man might only have been sleeping off the effects of a little too much wine. But, this morning, one of the neighbors had heard the explosion of a firearm of some kind within the room, and—and—Père Michaud was evidently so much excited, that I considered it my duty to investigate the affair."

"Well, well, Dupont?"

"I followed the *conciërge* to the house, No. 140 Rue de France. The lodger's room was on the fifth floor. The door was locked. I forced it open, and——"

The chief was again obliged to pause for a moment—a moment of tantalizing suspense to the two listeners, who had not failed to be deeply impressed with the words and manner of the speaker.

"Monsieur, a glance showed me that Michaud's sus-

picious were, alas! but too well founded. The first sight that met my eye was the form of a man, lying face downward, upon the floor of the little room. A small revolver lay beside him, and the bare boards were hideously bespattered and stained with the blood and brains of the unfortunate wretch."

"*Mon Dieu!* Another crime? More blood?"

"Unhappily yes, Monsieur le Juge."

"And who was this unfortunate young man, Dupont?"

Dupont hesitated, and seemed at a loss for the proper word to reply to the question. His hesitation was indeed so marked, that it could not escape the notice of Duquesnay and Vis, and both gentlemen waited anxiously for the chief's reply.

"The room was a mean little place, monsieur—a cheap twenty-franc apartment; scarcely any furniture but a bed, a table, and two chairs; in one corner a battered valise; that was all."

"But the man—the man, Dupont?"

"Upon the table, near which one of the chairs had been drawn, were writing materials, several loose sheets of paper——"

The Juge d'Instruction, surprised and perplexed at the persistent refusal of the chief to reply to his question, gazed with astonishment on the stern face of his official subordinate, which had regained all its usual impassiveness.

"And this——?"

The impressive manner in which the head of the police department of Abois pronounced these last words produced such an effect that it was several moments before Claude Duquesnay could collect himself sufficiently to take the strip of paper which Dupont extended toward him.

At length mastering his excitement, he seized the offered object—a sheet of notepaper covered with closely-written lines—and in a deep, suppressed, and agitated tone of voice, he read aloud:

"A manifestation of Divine Providence has convinced me that my task on this earth is at an end. For years my sisters and myself have been instruments in the hands of an avenging God to execute Heaven's justice on the guilty. Let the bloody corpses of Marrois, of Dantan, and those miserable women, heirs by consanguinity of the blood-debt of Victor Robert, live in the memory of every citizen of Abois as a proof that an all-seeing God does indeed watch over the affairs of man. The base and cowardly murder of my father, Colonel von Eddlesdorf, a wounded and helpless soldier, a sufferer appealing to the mercy of every one, has been avenged. My task is over, since God has willed that we should go no further in our work of vengeance. My poor sisters have gone before me to join our parents in a better world, whither I shall follow them as soon as I have ended this. Place my body, with that of my sisters Wanda and Valiska, beside our father, in the Cemetery of St. Jean. I stand upon the threshold of eternity. Let God alone judge of the motives which actuated me in what I have done.

CARL VON EIDLESDOFF."

The paper fluttered from the hand of the magistrate; the silence that followed was painful and oppressive. The sound of Duquesnay's voice breaking the stillness set the overstrained nerves of the others vibrating like the explosion of a cannon.

"The assassin of Abois," he cried, with bitter emphasis; "this wretch has indeed escaped the punishment of man!"

"Monsieur," said Dupont, solemnly, "the most astounding part of this affair is yet to come. This man was no stranger to you, to monsieur there, or myself. I recognized the face the moment the body was turned over. The wig and beard were gone, but there was no mistaking the face. It was——"





ADMIRING THE LAST ART ACQUISITION.

The chief paused to give effect to the revelation he was about to make, and glanced at the other two.

In breathless expectance they hung upon his words.

A slight, a very slight, smile of satisfaction stole over the rigid countenance.

Dupont advanced a step nearer, and in a low, impressive voice, pronounced a name—"Charles Guimand."

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

Twice has the busy world accomplished its weary, annual pilgrimage around the sun.

Twice have the green leaves on the chestnut-trees of Abois withered and died under the wasting hand of Autumn.

Twice has Winter spread her carpet of white velvet over the blooming meadows where Colonel Courcelles and his hussars pranced and curveted amid the blare of trumpets, the glitter of brass, and the flash of steel, for the edification and amusement of the honest townfolk.

Two years have passed and gone, to be buried for ever in the storehouse of eternity.

Two long years, and yet in all that space of time how little change is visible in the beautiful face of inanimate nature—that calm and placid countenance on which, as on the stony and impassive features of the Egyptian Sphinx, the trace of the year's ravages are as a grain of sand in the Desert of Sahara—an atom in the boundless realms of space.

The moss is greener and thicker on the steep, slanting roof of La Bonne Colombe, and the old-fashioned windows and venerable stuccoed walls of the antique building are more markedly in contrast with the plate glass and red brick of its neighbors.

The Hotel de Ville, recently painted within and without, is as bright and fresh as a new napoleon, and the Dépôt de Police shines brilliantly in its annual coating of official whitewash. New edifices, perhaps a dozen in number, have sprung up in the gaps and vacant lots, and this is all.

The stage upon which we have followed for some time the course of our drama is still unchanged, still set for the same scene. But the actors! Oh, where are they? Here all is different, for change is one of the fundamental laws of human existence. A new mayor rules over Abois. Etienne Hilbert, retired upholsterer, sways the baton of magisterial supremacy, sits at the same desk; and, stranger still, dispenses hospitality in the same mansion formerly made so attractive by the geniality and intelligence of poor Leon Dantan. Nor is this the only loss which the official circle of Abois has sustained.

Claude Duquesnay has abandoned the law for the larger excitement of a political life; his voice is now often heard in the Chamber, and report says that it is not one of the least weighty in controlling the affairs of the nation.

Dupont, too, the worthy and efficient Chef de Police, has climbed another step higher on the ladder of advancement, and rules, as the representative of the Prefecture, over one of the large cities of the south.

Stephanie Marrois has returned to her little shop in Lyons. She takes with her Delphine Simon and her grandmother. The crazy girl is to be her charge in the future, and Stephanie has also pledged herself to secure the welfare and prosperity of Marrois's child. She is employed in preparing a plan for the endowment of the Asylum for Poor Children, to which she proposes to devote the wealth of her murdered husband.

Even Jeanne Aglaé Marie Seraphine Pichaud and Baptiste Ducorneau have deserted the town, and are

now enjoying, as man and wife, all the blissful delights of a porter's lodge in one of the new *maisons de logement* of the capital.

One alone remains faithful to the fortunes of Abois.

Papa Dubois stoutly refuses to move his *cuisine* to Paris, and it is with many a sigh that Aristide recalls the gastronomic *chef d'œuvres* of the immortal papa.

So much for the little people of our drama.

With the others—with those we have known more familiarly, more intimately—the change is even greater. Fulfilling the destinies of mankind, the hermit of Abois has married.

Angelique d'Aubrac's nerves had received such a shock upon the night of Leon's murder, that the little lady loudly declared she would not feel safe unless she could feel a man near her at all times.

Aristide, of course, submitted with the best grace, and is now engaged in the preparation of a wonderful code of philosophical and metaphysical education, which is to make the anxiously-expected Monsieur Aristide Vis, Jr., a shining planet in the political firmament, should the Republic Française be so good as to exist for twenty or thirty years longer.

The baroness is as captivating as ever, but her flirtations have assumed so mild a form, that the most jealous could scarcely find cause for reproach. She is still the friend of and inseparable from Henriette Rousel.

No, not Henriette Rousel, for the cousins have completed the family contract, and are now man and wife.

Henri makes a most excellent husband, and Madame Dantan flatters herself, like all good wives, that her husband has no secrets from her.

We greatly fear, however, that she will never hear the true story of that interview in the cottage of Mère Simon.

"No man," said the philosopher, when questioned by his friend on this very subject, "is obliged to put a whip in the hands of a woman which she may use at some day to lash him," and, we are ashamed to say, the captain has accepted the advice contained in the aphorism.

Poor Orloff perished miserably within the year which witnessed the fatal ending of the last of that family which he had served so long and devotedly.

The old man died in the madhouse at Charenton, where, for months, he had lived, a gloomy and morose maniac, his only occupation the monotonous repetition of those names which he had scratched on the wall of the cottage of La Forêt.

In one of the greenest portions of the Cemetery of St. Jean, a simple marble cross bears upon its polished face a list of names. The first is Paul Graf von Eidlendorf; the last, Valiska Gräfin von Eidlendorf; below stands written the mournful record of human forgiveness, "*Requiescant in Pace.*"

We can do no better than to echo the last word of the epitaph—Amen!

THE END.

It is said that a young girl has just died in the asylum at Hamburg who possessed the peculiar gift of changing the color of her hair according to the state of her mind. In "periods of sedateness" her hair was its natural dull color; when excited it became reddish, and her anger was indicated by a blonde color. Three days were generally required for the change to be completed, and her complexion also varied in the same periods and in the same direction.



## MR. BULSTEAD'S SURPRISE.

MR. BULSTEAD'S third and last letter bore the Oxford postmark; as he opened it he frowned. His niece, who had long ago noted that particular letter with apprehension, helped him in haste to the hottest and choicest kidney on the dish. Maggie knew well that of late the contents of letters from Oxford were far from welcome.

"Now, I will not stand this any longer," cried the irritable old gentleman, dashing his fist upon the table, and narrowly missing the just-arrived and juicy kidney. "Now, Master Tom has tried my patience once too often! Bill after bill have I settled during the last three months, expecting each to be the last; and, forsooth, listen to this, miss! To five hundred lawn-tennis balls, 12*l.* 10*s.*; to rackets, as per former account, 8*l.* 10*s.*; to marking-machines, 4*l.*; to—good gracious!—to half a ton of whiting, 4*l.*; total, 29*l.*! Good gracious! I say; does the young scapegrace live upon whiting?"

"Oh, it must be a mistake, uncle!"

"Mistake, indeed! Why, did not I have a bill of 2*l.* 10*s.* for dog-collars? Was that a mistake, too? And the wine bill, and Symonds's bill for horse-hire? All mistakes, of course! You may thank your stars, young lady," cried the old gentleman, abandoning the indignantly satirical for the savagely personal tone, "that I would not let you tie yourself to this extravagant nephew of mine. Now I've done with him, and so have you."

With a flushed face Maggie rose from the table, and looked from the window with eyes that saw through their tears little of the square outside. But, like a wise girl, she kept silence, and the kind-hearted old gentleman, after storming once or twice up and down the room, began to cast uneasy glances at the graceful figure by the window. If there was one person whom Mr. Bulstead loved before and above the present cause of his anger, it was his niece, Maggie Lloyd.

"Well, well," said he, sitting down to his now cold kidney. "There, my dear, give me another cup of tea. Half a ton of whiting—the lad must have gone mad!"

"It might have gone in worse things than whiting," she suggested humbly, but with a humorous quiver at the corner of a pretty mouth.

"So it might; that's true." The old gentleman was a little more strait-laced than most Londoners. "I'll tell you what, Maggie: I'll give Tom one more chance. I'll go down to Oxford by the eleven-o'clock train, giving him no notice, and see for myself what sort of life he is living. If he is doing nothing worse than waste money, I'll forgive him; but if I find the young fellow is as vicious as some of those Oxford sparks, why, then"—and Mr. Bulstead's voice assumed a quite unaccustomed tone of cool determination—"I've done with Nephew Tom."

Maggie trifled with the teaspoon, her eyes bent upon her plate. Her uncle's irritability was little to be feared; it was more than neutralized by his kindness of heart. But she knew him to be on rare occasions, and in some matters, a man of great obstinacy; and, loving her cousin with all her heart, she dreaded the result of her uncle's projected trip. Tom would be doing nothing dreadful, but he might be doing something Mr. Bulstead might object to. To move her uncle from his resolve, once expressed in this way, she knew to be beyond even her influence: the more as the old gentleman, who had but a few months before forbidden any express engagement between the cousins, was a little inclined to resent any influence she might try to exert in Tom's behalf.

"I shall not want any more tea, thank you, so you

may go to your music-lesson, if you like. I shall just go to the Athenæum for an hour, and then to Paddington. I'll leave orders about the carriage, and if you like you can meet the six o'clock train with it."

When Mr. Bulstead reached his club he found, to his disgust, that his favorite chair was occupied by a bishop. Had it been any one else, he would not have scrupled at attempting to oust him by one of those forms of strategy so well known in club-rooms; but as it was, he run his eye over the *Times* "all standing," and took his seat in the cab not in the best of tempers. "Half a ton of whiting!" he muttered to himself, in tones of fretful speculation, as he passed through Park Lane.

He felt like a spy as he hurried across Canterbury Quad, and made with all speed for the bottom of Tom's staircase. The scout, old "Dot and go one," as he was called, from his wooden leg, in vain essayed to detain him. Up went Mr. Bulstead two steps at a time to the second-floor, where, above the left-hand door, appeared, in white letters upon a black ground, his own name. He knocked sharply, and scarcely waiting for some one within to utter what might or might not be "Come in," threw it open and entered. Lounging upon one of the window-seats, in flannels and cigarette in mouth, was a young fellow whose good-looking face was rather manly and straightforward than handsome. He was alone, and got up without much appearance of flurry.

"How do you do, uncle? I thought it was you crossing the Quad. Take a seat. Why did you not let me know that you were coming?"

Mr. Bulstead took the proffered seat, and panted as he looked round. The stairs were steep, and his wind was not so good as it had been.

"I thought I would come upon you a bit by surprise, Tom," he said, without any circumlocution. "The fact is, it is that whiting that has brought me."

"Whiting, uncle!" ejaculated Tom, with his first show of surprise.

"Half a ton of whiting!" murmured his uncle, irresistibly impelled to dwell upon the mystery. "Half a ton of whiting! Ay, here it is." And he flourished the bill under the other's nose.

Tom took it gingerly, and opened it with a serious face. It seemed to Mr. Bulstead that he was not quite so much at ease as he would have his uncle believe, and the old gentleman glanced suspiciously round the room. It certainly was not the room of a hard-working, hard-reading student; but still there was nothing objectionable in it. He turned his glance again upon Tom; the latter, with a broad smile genuine enough, was contemplating the bill.

"Well," said Mr. Bulstead, "what have you to say about it? Half a ton of whiting, you know, Tom?"

The young man laughed loudly.

"I am not in fault this time, sir; it is the Lawn Tennis Club's account sent into me as secretary. I gave the ground-man the check to pay it last week, and why they should have had the impudence to send it in to you I can't imagine."

"Umph! But how about the whiting, Tom? What is that for?"

"Marking out the grounds, sir."

"Of course it is, Tom! Very stupid of me. Well, I'm very glad of it, my boy," said Mr. Bulstead, pleasantly. The mystery of the whiting was cleared up; but somehow it had made him suspicious.

"Now," said Tom, "will you come with me to a shop I want to call at in the High—not a hundred yards off, sir? and when we come back lunch will be ready."

Was the dust of that whiting still in Mr. Bulstead's eyes? At any rate, it seemed to him that his nephew was peculiarly and restlessly anxious to get him out of the rooms. However, he rose.

"Yes, Tom, certainly. Where did I put my umbrella? Ah, here it is, thank you. Why—what the—dence—is—that?"

If it had been another half-ton of whiting piled upon the sofa, the old gentleman's face could not have grown darker. The thing lying half hidden by the sofa-cushion was a lady's parasol—a dainty, tiny, wicked-looking sunshade of gray silk; and by it was a glove of too—too apparent French kid. Mr. Bulstead's worst fears were confirmed with a vengeance; all along he had felt that there was something wrong: this *was* the haunt of wicked dissipation he had half feared he should find it. Half a ton of whiting, indeed! In a moment, and before he had glanced at the young fellow's confused face, he thought the worst of him.

"Well, sir," he said, and there was real sorrow as well as anger in his tones, "can you explain this with equal ease?"

"No, I cannot, sir; but——"

"You can't? Cannot say whose they are, or how they came to be in your rooms? Fie, sir, Fie! Or where their owner is now, I suppose?" he added, suddenly recalling the scout's seeming attempts to delay him at the foot of the stairs, and marking the doors that led to the inner rooms.

"I cannot account for them."

"And will not, I suppose?"

"You can put it that way if you like, sir. All I can say is that I am innocent of what you are thinking of me. I give you my word of honor, I am; and I can't say any more."

The old man was a little impressed by the younger's earnestness. The obnoxious articles might have been left there innocently, of course.

"Then let me have a look into your other room, young man, if you wish me to believe you."

"No, I can't do that!" cried Tom, springing, as the other advanced, toward the nearer door, and setting his back against it. He was cooler now, and not a bit confused. The old gentleman, even in his anger, noticed that Tom looked more handsome than ever before.

"Don't be a fool, Tom!" he cried, imperatively. Then suddenly changing his tone to an appealing one—"Make a clean breast of it, and I'll try to forgive you."

"There's nothing to forgive."

"Then open that door. You won't?"

"No."

"As I live, if you don't before I count three, I'll cut you off without a shilling. Now, sir: one, two—it's your last chance—three! There, sir, I've done with you now, sir—I've done with you—I've done with you!" And, clapping on his hat, with furious haste and yet shaking steps, the old gentleman ran down the stairs, and, his heart full of sorrow and anger, made for the station.

Ah, Tom, Tom! A minute later he opened the inner door, and looked rather anxiously at the half-frightened, wholly pretty face that appeared at it.

"Did you hear anything?" he asked.

"No; but do let me get away. I am so nervous. He was very angry, wasn't he? Yes. What was it about, Tom! Bills?"

"Yes," was the somewhat halting reply; "bills and other things. I dare say he'll cool down. If you hear anything against me, you won't believe it, will you?"

"Oh, Tom, how can you ask?"

"Then there is no harm done," answered Tom, bravely and gallantly. And after reconnoitring from the window, the two left the rooms.

To return to Mr. Bulstead, Senior. It was a great trouble to him. Looking back upon that half-ton of whiting, he wondered how that could have made him angry with the lad. If he would only have kept to that, he could have forgiven him a ship-load of whiting. But this was a different matter, and the more the old gentleman thought of it, the worse it appeared to him. Still, he was a just and fair man; he had no real intention of cutting off the young profligate, as he termed him in his thoughts, with a shilling. He would make him some sufficient but small allowance; but near his house or near Maggie he would not have him.

He made this last determination known to Maggie, merely adding that her cousin had behaved so ill that he had forbidden him the house. The announcement was received with a woman's strongest remonstrances—silent tears. Altogether things were rather gloomy that June in Fitzroy Square.

One morning Mr. Bulstead made up his mind to see his lawyer about Tom. "I'll get it over," he said to himself, with a sigh, as he sought for his umbrella in the stand. It took him some time to find it.

"Bless the umbrella!" he cried at length, fumbling among the heap. "Is that it? No! Nor that. Why, what's this? Well, I am dashed!"

Only the word which he used was a stronger one, and one which seldom, even in moments of irritability, escaped him. But now, at the sight of a sun-shade in the umbrella-stand, he solemnly repeated it twice: "Well, I am dashed!"

Then he stood in the hall for some minutes whistling softly to himself. This done, he went rather slowly and thoughtfully up to the drawing-room and stood on the hearth-rug.

"Were you at Oxford when I was there on the 28th of last month?"

"Yes," answered Maggie, horribly frightened, and yet relieved at getting the matter off her mind. She had not confessed simply because she was afraid of increasing her uncle's anger against Tom. "Yes, I was, uncle. You said you were going to put Tom to the test, and I was afraid he might be doing something to displease you. I went to warn him."

"And you were in his rooms while I was there?"

"Yes. It was foolish of me; you followed me so closely, and I was afraid to face you. Tom put me in the Scout's Hole, as he called it."

"So you deceived me between you?" said he, harshly.

"No, sir; I did. Tom knew nothing of my coming; he was afraid for me, not for himself."

"Did he tell you what I was angry about?"

"After you were gone?"

"Of course!" snapped Mr. Bulstead, poking the fire.

"I think," said Maggie timidly, for now it was Tom's favor was at stake, "he said it was about bills. He had nothing to do with my journey to Oxford."

"And a nice ladylike thing you consider it, I suppose, gadding about to young men's rooms. Very well; since you seem inclined to mix yourself up with his affairs, you will write to him at once, and tell him to come up to town to-morrow and call here. When you are both together I'll tell you what I think of it. A pretty pair of fools!"

And Mr. Bulstead fumed his way out of the room with much outward heat and an angry expression of countenance. But the butler, who watched his exit with awe,





CUPID AND PSYCHE.—FROM A DRAWING BY D. HOCK.

and opined that there had been stormy weather up-stairs, was amazed to hear him mutter with an audible chuckle as he reached the darkest angle of the staircase, "Good lad! good lad!"

Tom, of course, came up as fast as the Great Western would bring him; and when they were both together, Mr. Bulstead told the culprits what he thought of it. No happier trio sat down to dinner that day in London than the party presided over by our friend's butler. Somewhere in the old gentleman's nature was a large lump of the chivalrous, and, for the sake of Tom's gallantry, Maggie's deception was forgiven. In no long time he did visit his lawyer, but it was upon business more pleasant both to himself and to that professional gentleman. "For a really paying piece of work," the latter has often been heard to say in confidence, "give me a marriage settlement."

### GILBERT AND AMETHYSTA.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"O SUN! awakener of care,  
Withhold thy dawning light;  
O Moon! the lover's planet fair,  
Prolong the hours of night!"  
Thus prays the passion-stricken boy,  
Extravagant and fond:  
The maid as loving, but more coy,  
Would willingly respond—  
"How fast the moments fade away!  
Oh, how unwelcome is the day!"  
But lest her speech might seem too bold,  
She leaves the loving thought untold

At length, upon a flowery bank,  
O'ercanopied by leafy arches,  
Form'd by the intertwining boughs  
Of fragrant chestnut-trees and larches,  
They sit; the nightingale the while  
Singing, as if from every feather  
In all its frame it pour'd the notes;  
And thus the pair discourse together:

"Old stories tell that men are fickle,  
False and fickle every one,  
And that love by guile untainted  
Never dwelt beneath the sun.  
Great in sorrow, strong in danger,  
Must his pure affection prove,  
Who would hope to win for ever  
Maiden's passion, woman's love."

"O Amethysta, best beloved!  
Since first thine eyes upon me shone,  
My soul has had no other joy  
Than love of thee, and thee alone:  
No other passion shall it own;  
And be the doubt for ever far!  
Thee at my side, whate'er betide,  
In vain the envious world shall war;  
I'll love thee still,  
Through good, through ill,  
My light, my life, my guiding star!"

"And couldst thou, Gilbert, for my sake  
Endure the freezing looks of scorn?  
If Slander's tongue should do me wrong,  
And Pride should call me lowly-born,  
Wouldst thou, as now, repeat thy vow,  
Nor prove for vanity forsworn?"

"Ah, never! Envy may defame,  
And men may censure if they will;  
Thy virtue shall disprove their blame,  
And Gilbert will adore thee still.  
No rancorous tongue shall work thee ill;  
And Pride itself, O maiden mine,  
Shall bow to worth so high as thine;

And Envy with a sigh confess  
Thy least of charms—thy loveliness."

"And couldst thou (oh, forgive the fear—  
Fond as a woman's fear should be.)  
Couldst thou endure, not scorn alone,  
But scorn and poverty for me?  
Couldst thou, for Amethysta's sake,  
Renounce the honors, thine by birth—  
The wealth, the titles, and the power,  
And all that men most prize on earth:  
And dwell in our secluded cot,  
By all thy former friends forgot,  
And never chide me, or repine  
That I consented to be thine?"

"No, Amethysta! poor the heart  
That veers as fortune's currents blow;  
And mine shall be a nobler part  
My true affection shall not know  
Change or decrease, or ever cease  
To prize thee best of all below.  
Love, like the beacon on the sea  
That warns the tempest-beaten bark,  
Still shines, if true, like mine for thee.  
The brightest when the sky is dark!"

Thus as they speak his fingers play  
Amid her soft luxuriant tresses,  
Their cheeks with mutual blushes burn,  
Their tender eyes exchange caresses  
So gentle is the night of May,  
So much the lovers have to say,  
They never heed the flight of time;  
And it is far toward the hour  
When sounds the matin chime,  
Ere from their sheltering forest bower,  
And bank with early flowers bestrown,  
They rise, and think they rise too soon,  
And see the modest eastern sky  
Blushing because the morn draws nigh,  
And hear the woods and welkin ringing,  
With the sweet song the lark is singing.

"Oh, light the touch of Time has been,  
And flowers his hand has carried,  
Or thus all night in forests green  
Our feet would not have tarried.  
We have outwatched the moon, my love,  
And all the stars but one:  
There is no need that we should part  
For rising of the sun.  
The air so full of odors sweet,  
The breeze-encircled hill,  
The music of the early birds,  
And thy sweet looks and sweeter words,  
Invite to linger still."  
The maid looked up into his face  
With eyes he thought that dimm'd the day,  
And the reply upon her lips  
Melted in happy smiles away.

### TUBBS'S ROMANCE.

#### CHAPTER I.

I WAS aiding in the circulation of Bibles among the heathen of Northern Illinois, one vacation, when I found at the post-office a letter bearing the well-known chirography of Tubbs.

We college men were in the habit of exchanging experiences by mail, with a view to our mutual advantage; for if it happened that one of our Bohemian confraternity struck it rich, he was morally bound to invite some of us to share in his good fortune.

Among all of us, Tubbs held the place of honor in versatility of pursuit. Teaching "deestric" school was, of course, our chief and common reliance; but Tubbs carried on other avocations besides. He figured as a map:



agent; he roughed it as a railroad-laborer, and if there were any money in the diversion, he might seriously have gone it as a tramp.

Tubbs's letter was dated from a prominent Newport hotel. This did not surprise me, for I had been aware of his intention of going into the mammoth hotel business, in the capacity of waiter.

But the contents of his missive did rather perplex me. He seemed to desire my presence quite peremptorily, albeit somewhat mysteriously, too. He intimated much profit in the field he effusively laid out before me, and ventured some observations I could scarcely approve of, touching my disinterestedness as a missionary to the good people of Northern Illinois.

That evening I took the train for Chicago, stopped long enough at the Garden City to resign my biblical enterprise to the German Israelite whose literature I was diffusing, and in the brief space of three days stood before his royal immensity, the chief clerk of the Grand Central Hotel, Newport, Rhode Island.

There was no such person as Tubbs in that hotel.

"Has any such gentleman been engaged as waiter?"

The clerk was positive that none had.

I left my scanty possessions in the hands of a porter, and proceeded to take an inventory of the remaining hotels. Tubbs was an unknown name among them. I was not looking for Boggs, a big greeny from Vermont, who was getting a knowledge of the world from a porter's pinnacle of observation; nor for Hubbs, a canting Yale sophomore, who was fitting himself for the ministry by performing the duties of assistant scullion; nor for Bibbs, a Boston pedagogue, studying animated nature in the stable. All these worthies were paraded before me for recognition, but none answered the description of the inimitable Tubbs.

Northern Illinois is well supplied with Bibles, or else the people of that vicinity are too much addicted to reading the Chicago papers. My efforts toward elevating the tone of literature among them had not been a marked success in a pecuniary point of view, and unless I could find my rich relation in Newport, who, for the time being, was Tubbs, my lot would not be an entirely felicitous one. I grasped Time by the forelock, therefore, and engaged as waiter in the hotel I had first visited.

Judge of my amazement the following morning to see a well-dressed, somewhat dandified young gentleman, surrounded by a bevy of the reigning belles, emerge upon the seaward veranda and to recognize in the exquisite surroundings the homely physiognomy of the inimitable Tubbs.

"Mulhooly Tubbs, by all that is strange and ugly!" I exclaimed, forgetting, in my democratic ardor of friendship, the proprieties of time, place and position.

I ought to explain that I was temporarily acting in an extra-official capacity, with a dustpan and a large brush.

The brazen upstart whom I addressed affected not to hear me. The delicate daughters of affluence looked my way with a surprised and doubtful, but a quickly averted, gaze.

Tubbs passed on.

I saw that I was recognized, and quickly reconsidering my fell purpose to expose him on the spot, I decided to await developments and explanations.

The same were not long in coming. I divested myself of my menial attire, and, it being the hour of recreation, I ventured out along the sandy shore of the straits, and soon found myself a solitary stranger in the midst of throngs of fastidious idlers, intent on pleasing and being pleased.

This time Tubbs acknowledged my acquaintance. I happened upon him as he sat in the centre of what I afterward learned was the *bon ton* of Newport's best season.

On my approach he sprang to his feet, his features betraying a lively emotion of pleasure entirely new to my past recollections of his lugubrious countenance.

"Reginald Sommerville, I declare! Why, when did you come?" he saw fit to ejaculate, as he villainously squeezed my hand—then adding, in an explanatory way, to the group of bright, expectant eyes, of which I had now become the cynosure: "My dear friend from the West, of whom I have been telling you so much! And have you at last arrived?" he breathlessly continued, in base imitation of Parisian vivacity.

In return for his mean snub of the morning I was again tempted to expose him on the spot, but refrained, and simply retorted:

"Doesn't it seem so, Mulhooly?"

He gave me a warning glance, and then, in a most gracious manner, proceeded to introduce me to his admiring friends.

What had wrought this surprising change in the status of Tubbs? Of course, that question had been puzzling me all the morning, and I was not altogether unprepared for the piece of imposition into which I now found myself dragged.

Buggins is my real name, and my parents saw fit to render my personality still more exclusive and picturesque by giving me the biblical Christian appellation of Hezekiah.

To be suddenly transformed from Hezekiah Buggins to Reginald Sommerville, and to be so introduced and saluted by a circle of fashionable ladies, is what Emerson would undoubtedly have called a violent projection out of the circle of self into the sphere of somebody else. There are some natures which, like most gases, easily expand to the bounds of the situation, exhibiting a wonderful elasticity of character and capacity. All the great frauds and impostors of history have manifested this peculiarity, from Perkin Warbeck, who would have England believe him her rightful king, down to Louis Philippe, who would convince the world that he was Mr. Smith.

We all possess the quality to some extent; but there has been very little of it vouchsafed the Buggins family, as I can personally witness. There is something seductively magnetic, however, in the contemplation of indomitable audacity that may make up for natural deficiencies.

So I found it in the peculiar situation where I was now so violently thrust.

The sublime assurance of my friend Tubbs, the complete and sweeping manner in which he ignored the truth, and the surprising ease and mastery he displayed in entering into the details of the lies he was fairly radiating, had a singularly demoralizing influence, and Hezekiah Buggins, the whilom Bible agent, was in a few seconds launched upon the high tide of Reginald Sommerville's personality.

I found that much of my new self had been previously prepared for me in the bold narrations of my friend Tubbs, and before experiencing freedom in my new situation it was necessary to get my bearings, by gathering the history of my past career as detailed by his impudent fancy.

This was not an easy task for my unimaginative mind.

The villain had seen fit to make himself the hero of sundry impossible escapades with frontier Indians and bears, and had introduced me sometimes as a sort of

man Friday, and again as a foolhardy bravo. I therefore was put to my wits' ends to extricate myself from the horrible positions the heartless wretch had placed me in. Moreover, the fellow seemed to take a keen relish in my mental agony, often pitching me back into the jaws of destruction after I had narrated myself into safety for my fair auditors, and never lending me a helping hand in the chamber of horrors, into which his colossal mendacity had conducted me.

More than once I felt like succumbing, and freely admitting that Reginald Sommerville had indeed been scalped, poor fellow! by the savage Black Feet, or that the last tussle with the gigantic grizzly had really proved too much for him; that I was not what I seemed to be, but my true identity was Hezekiah Buggins—no less, no more.

I resisted the temptation, however, and at length safely assigned myself to the heroism that was not mine, and to the rôle that the humor of the moment had so unexpectedly assigned me.

## CHAPTER II.

THE same evening I disengaged Tubbs sufficiently to have him saunter off with me toward a secluded byway, and at the point of a lighted cigar I demanded a full explanation.

He gravely proceeded to introduce himself to me as Parker Potter, Esq., residence New York city. Mr. Potter, it seems, had been for ten years absent in the Far West, where his father, now dead, owned valuable landed interests. He had just returned, and was on his way to Newport, when, chancing to meet upon the train a most agreeable book-agent, self-introduced to him as "M. Tubbs, Pardeeville University," an idea suddenly occurred to him. Tubbs and he were in the rough, like two Dromios. Why not exchange identities, more especially as he had an interested *motif* in the plot?

Culture is largely hedged in by the refinements of well-fitting garments. The apparel oft proclaims the man. Why not let it proclaim Tubbs to be Potter, and Potter Tubbs?

Suffice to say that Mr. Tubbs willingly consented to gratify the whim of his friend Potter. He engaged to play the part of that gentleman in the little romance of real life, then and there improvised, restraining, however, the poetry of his nature long enough to stipulate a round sum as consideration for the violence done his moral susceptibilities by the imposture.

"And here we are," continued Tubbs, "at the beginning of the second scene—shall we call it?—of the first act. Enter Reginald Sommerville, rôle assumed by Heze-

kiah Buggins, quondam bible-agent, pedagogue, hotel minion, factotum—"

"But always with an eye to business, however humble his capacity," I broke in. "And now suppose we establish some adequate salary for this new theatrical terror of the plains and grizzly-annihilator?"

This had been arranged for, Tubbs informed me.

Personating his friend Potter, he had been in the habit of drawing for that wealthy individual on a certain New York bank. The amount of these drafts had been quite large, and it was the agreement that three-fourths of the proceeds should be regularly turned over to the genuine Mr. Potter, while the remaining fourth paid the expenses of the masquerade and requitted the services of the impostor.

"This morning I received an unusually large amount, five hundred dollars of which I am instructed to pay over to you for your engagement in the drama, and fifteen hundred dollars of which I immediately conveyed to my romantic employer."

"But what," I inquired, "is the object of this expensive piece of deception? Has your *alter ego* in ugliness condescended to clear up that point to your satisfaction?"

"I can't say that I do clearly understand the part I am playing," answered Tubbs; "but I know the labor is pleasanter than what I was coming here to perform, and the pay to me is princely. Such chances do not often come to a fellow who has grown up in desperate straits and whose path has been one of meanest toil. And, Hezekiah, I have had a taste of 'upper-tendom,' its culture, its ameni-

ties and its attractions. I have been received and treated—I may say courted—as an equal, for the Potters had a corner somewhere in the *Mayflower* steerage, and this young man's father made a million out of a patent medicine. I find that the romance in which I am assisting appears to have about it some of the features of 'Lalla Rookh.' The coming of young Mr. Potter was not unexpected, and I am led to surmise that he is taking observations *incog.* for the first time of one of the other sex with whom some paternal agreement, expressed in a testamentary stipulation, has linked his interests. His assurance and innuendoes, and my own observations, seem to confirm this."

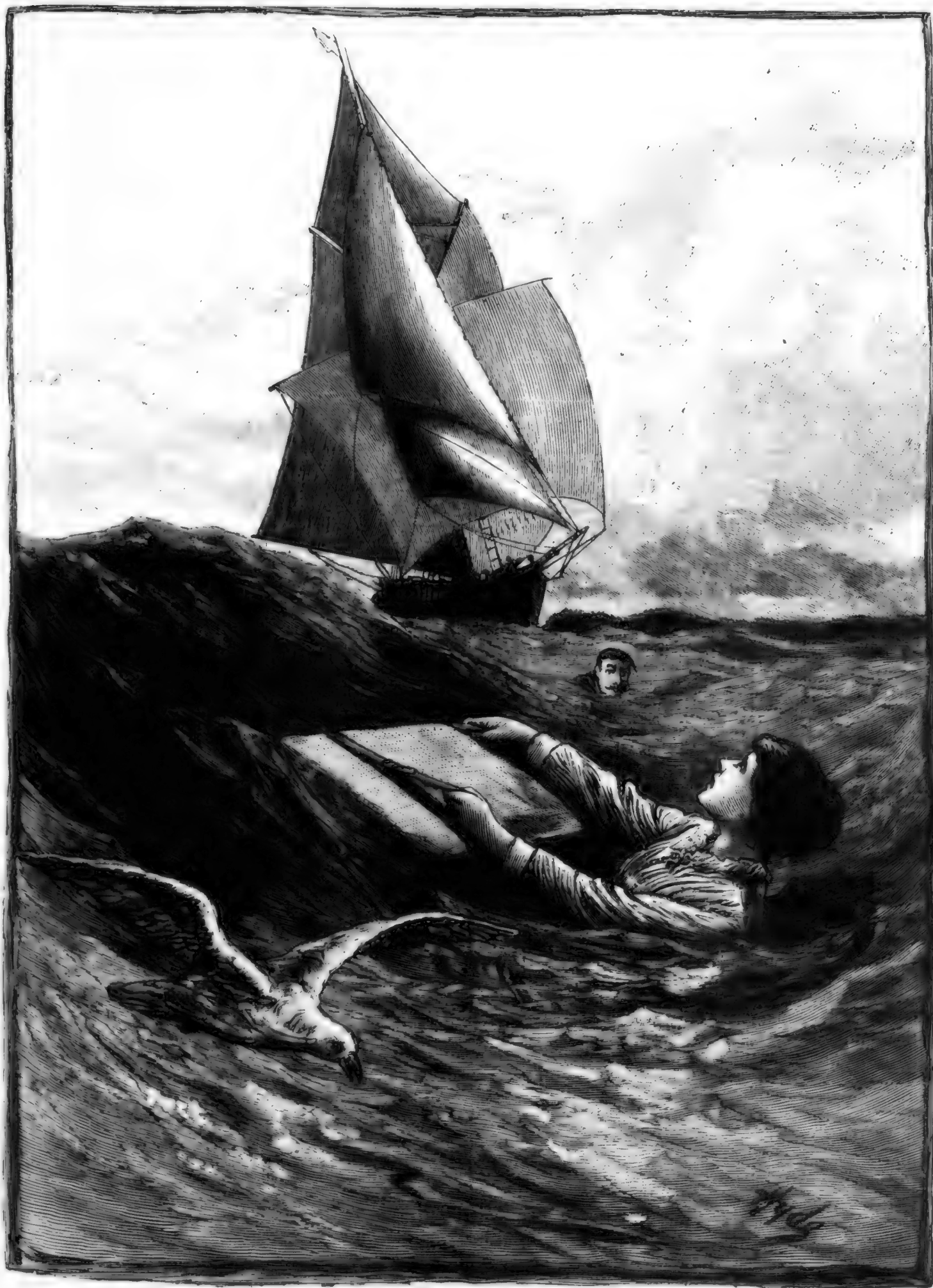
"Indeed! And whom, pray, is this *Juliet*, to whom, no doubt, you are an assiduous *Romeo*?" I asked.

"Miss Fanny Van Brunt, a lady whose *début*, I learn, created a sensation in New York society circles last Winter. I do not positively know that she is the Mrs. Potter to be, but from hints dropped by ladies of her set, and the manner of the lady herself, I draw my inferences."



GILBERT AND AMETHYSTA. — SEE POEM ON PAGE 590.





TUBBS'S ROMANCE.—"AMONG THE CAMP-STOOLS GOING OVER THE STERN A BLUE OBJECT FLASHED. IT WAS UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION, I PRESUME, THAT CAUSED ME TO MARK ITS SIMILARITY TO TUBBS'S NEW YACHTING SUIT. I DID NOT FULLY REALIZE THE FACT, HOWEVER, UNTIL I SAW HIS ROUND, HATLESS HEAD RISE ABOVE THE WAVES AS HE SWAM TOWARD THE STRUGGLING GIRL."—SEE PAGE 590.

"No doubt you are improving your opportunities for a first-class flirtation?"

"Well, dear boy," said the homely fellow, with the ghost of a blush, "if the lady cannot resist my fascinations, it is her misfortune, not her fault. To tell the truth, Reginald, this is the most delightful passage in the play. I enjoy it all the more because of the evident annoyance my presence gives a fiercely mustachioed blood, whom Dame Rumor makes Miss Fanny's most ardent admirer. De Witt Talbot has come here specially from New York to press his suit. My appearance on the boards as a rival is wearing on his nervous system."

"Your countenance ought to reassure him. How relieved would he be were I to betray you as the genuine Mulhooly Tubbs."

"My dear Reginald, you should practice addressing me as Parker. But, seriously, I do not find high intellectuality a characteristic of our "first society men." These fellows waste their time at college, you know, and live too luxuriously to have an active mental life. An ex-book-agent should be the last person to hide his light under a bushel, and though it may seem presumptuous to say it, yet I fancy Miss Fanny appreciates my ready wit and—and conversational abilities. This is what irritates the wealthy but vapid De Witt. He has had his revenge, too, in a petty way. You know there are some usages of polite society with which even a college and the book trade do not familiarize a man. Well, I have made several bad "breaks" at the table, in conversation and in the ballroom. These De Witt has noticed and commented on to others, though I think he has no suspicion as to my identity."

"Ha!" said I, drawing a long breath; "the plot thickens. But what service can Reginald Sommerville execute in this rather shady affair?"

"Oh, it seems necessary to keep up the play which my wealthy friend congratulates me on sustaining admirably thus far. Mr. Sommerville's appearance has been looked for right along, and Potter has posted me as to his past life, and relations to his principal," said Tubbs, with a complacent chuckle. "A few days ago," he continued, "under instructions, I telegraphed my New York banker, 'Sommerville is coming. Shall draw on you for the money.' This I did under Potter's directions. He seems to know what he is doing, as the money was promptly paid. And now let us go over to the Arlington boarding-house, where the author of the romance secludes himself, that you may satisfy yourself further."

It was about nine o'clock when we proceeded to the place indicated by Tubbs. We inquired for Potter, under a temporary appellation his idle fancy had chosen. The gentleman had gone out. We could not learn when he would return.

Retracing our steps to the Grand Central, we were soon in the midst of the gayeties of Summer life by the seaside. The balmy evening atmosphere of the salt sea, the swell of festivity in the corridors and along the broad verandas, the entrancing music, all combined to stir and exhilarate the spirits of the pleasure-seekers.

As the hours passed the revelers in the ballroom were fewer. Couples were sauntering along the broad piazzas to the seaward, or seated in the conservatory and among recesses of the broad hallway. I myself, fatigued with the unaccustomed excitement, retired into a nook behind a pillar to meditate on the changes in the current of my existence.

A familiar voice from some adjoining nook startled me. Listening, I heard:

"But, Miss Fanny, our individuality may often be

laid aside." There are versatile characters who play the part of others in real life as well as on the stage."

"It would be well for both of us, I confess," I heard, in an earnest yet pleasant voice, "could we lay aside some of our individualities; but I believe that man never lived who would willingly assume the personality of another in its entirety."

"True," said Tubbs, for he it was. "One may, however, find pleasure in a temporary concealment or change of identity as well as of employment. Much of the pleasure of the drama comes to us by our entering into the personality of the hero or heroine."

"Do we not rather enjoy the drama because it shows the triumph of principle and the reward of virtue?"

"That is no doubt an element of our enjoyment, but you will never agree with me in any proposition I advance."

With a pleasant laugh, she replied:

"To be frank with you, Mr. Potter, you are advancing strange propositions. I do not know what can possibly suggest your line of thought."

"Perhaps a guilty conscience, Miss Fanny," said Tubbs, no doubt with his usual chuckle.

"Speaking of personality, Mr. Potter, you are very much changed since I last saw you, seven years ago. Of course I was then but a little girl, but I did not think you gave promise of the brilliant wit the ladies say you possess."

"H'm!" thought I. "This is dangerous ground."

"The ladies," replied Tubbs, "have brilliant perceptive faculties, and I feel flattered."

"Ah! but perhaps I will change that feeling when I tell you that your cousin Estelle, who has your picture, taken at the age of sixteen, says you are not at all like it."

"Better-looking, of course?"

"No; not that; but—but—"

"Thanks to Estelle, I understand!" laughed Tubbs. "I never traveled on my good looks, but on a combination of brains and cheek."

Here I observed a little of the book-agent cropping out.

What further conversation there might have been was lost to me, not because of any squeamish delicacy on my part, but because a lower and more earnest tone was adopted by both parties.

The next morning I rose very late. I was seated at the table next to Mr. Philip Adams, a portly gentleman, whom the export trade in pork had made a millionaire.

I had been introduced to him the evening previous.

"Your father, Mr. Sommerville," he said, among other things, "was a particular friend of mine. It was by my advice that he went into the Western cattle business. It was a lucky venture. No doubt he has spoken to you about his Eastern friends?"

What could I do but assent? When a man drifts from the haven of strict integrity, he is in a current where resistance means certain death.

"You heard how profitably we disposed of his business interests after his death? That was another lucky stroke. You were away at college at the time, but your trustees must have told you of it."

I told him my unknown trustees had fully informed me, and thanked Mr. Adams for his interest in the matter, which, I surmised, was the cause of the good luck.

"Yes," he replied, reflectively; "your father did well out West, and I do not think you were injured. Consumption ran in your mother's family, and when you left



here twelve years ago, you were so pale and weak that your appearance now is a pleasant surprise to me."

All the healthy but plebeian blood of the Bugginses flushed in my face as I explained the tonic effects of the fresh air of the Western plains.

This tax on my imagination had a depressing effect on my appetite, and it was with a sigh of relief that I parted from the old gentleman. Not, however, before he said:

"We will expect you, of course, to make one of our yachting party this afternoon. We start from the Blue Wharf at three. Your friend, Mr. Potter, will be with us."

Walking out of the dining-room, I passed the charming Misses Adams, who honored me with a pleasant recognition, to which I gracefully responded.

I could not help reflecting on the lines of the poet:

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practice to deceive!"

### CHAPTER III.

At the appointed hour in the afternoon the well-rigged yacht of Mr. Adams headed out of the bay before a stiff breeze.

A merry party of about twenty sat or reclined on chairs and hammocks about the decks. In the bow of the boat my friend Tubbs, *alias* Potter, was again the centre of a bevy of chattering young girls and alert mammas. I noticed, however, that De Witt Talbot was seated with Miss Van Brunt in the stern.

The rest of the party were seated in couples on all parts of the deck, or in the diminutive cabin below.

A demure little beauty from Boston discussed metaphysics with me. I made large drafts on a crude knowledge of mental science, and larger drafts on a brilliant imagination, to keep pace with her intellectuality.

Her impressions of civilization outside of Boston were, I think, more favorable after our talk.

The breeze freshened and our gallant yacht parted the rising waves into long ribs of downy foam, extending from the bow far away into the distance.

Preparations were made to tack. The little yacht answered beautifully to her helm. Her head turned slowly to the windward, the sails flapped loosely for an instant, then filled suddenly, swinging the spanker-boom round the stern as far as its fastenings would permit, and sending us ahead with a spurt.

At the same instant a feminine shriek echoed from the stern, and De Witt Talbot called out in a frightened tone:

"She's tumbled in. Miss Van Brunt's overboard!"

In a moment all was confusion on board. No one seemed to know what to do.

The old skipper below might have done something, but he was at the helm, happily unconscious of what was going on overhead.

The poor girl had risen to the surface, and was now fast being left behind.

Portly Mr. Adams rose to his feet, and flung over the stern the camp-stool on which he had been sitting. His example was contagious. Every camp-stool, indeed, every loose object on deck, was soon in the water.

The little Boston lady at my side parted with her parasol in this way, and followed it up with a volume of Emerson we had been discussing.

Among the camp-stools going over the stern a blue object flashed. It was unconscious cerebration, I presume, that caused me to mark its similarity to Tubbs's new yachting-suit. I did not fully realize the fact, how-

ever, until I saw his round, hatless head, rise above the waves far in the rear.

Meantime Mr. Adams had excitedly rushed down to the skipper, yelling:

"Man overboard! Woman—girl, I mean! Head around!"

The yacht, again obeying her helm, swung round; not, however, before the plucky Tubbs had reached the struggling girl. Holding her safely above the water, he struck out toward the approaching yacht with a buoyancy creditable to his name.

Tubbs, of course, became a hero; but I fancied the few words Miss Van Brunt said to him pleased him more than the adulation of all the others.

Miss Van Brunt was soon dry and happy. Tubbs looked more thoughtful.

The next half-hour we spent fishing for camp-stools and other wreckage. I was so fortunate as to recover my lady's Emerson, for which service her thanks were profuse. We were all happy when Mr. Adams called out, in his oily tones:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will head for home."

Later that evening I found an opportunity to congratulate my friend Tubbs on his adventure of the afternoon.

"I don't like the looks of Talbot," said he, abruptly. "He regards me in a particularly vicious manner. I learn, too, that he was a neighbor of the Potters up to the time Parker went West."

"What of that?" says I. "Our pay ceases only when the real Potter chooses to assume his rightful place—and this, Talbot cannot hasten."

Tubbs was silent and meditative.

"Alas!" thought I, "poor Mulhooly! Another case of moth and candle."

The brilliant panorama of one of Newport's magnificent balls might well drive such thoughts away. A thousand hearts beating happily; the whirl of the dance, the delights of the conservatory, ease and enjoyment in promenade upon the veranda—but why linger longer on so transient a picture?

Tubbs had just led the heiress of the Van Brunt estate to a seat, when a gentleman, whose hasty entrance during the dance I had noticed, tapped him on the shoulder and whispered something in his ear. A word of excuse and Tubbs departed with the stranger, apparently for a brief interview in the conservatory.

"It is his Mephistopheles, Potter," I said, to myself.

I was again in the midst of the evening's enjoyment, forgetful of all things else save the pleasure of the passing hour.

\* \* \* \* \*

The New York papers of August 3d contained the following Associated Press dispatch:

"Newport, August 2d.—Private detectives from New York arrested here to-night one Tubbs, *alias* Potter, charged with embezzling large sums of money from the trustees of the Potter estate. Tubbs presented himself daily at the First National Bank, personating Parker Potter, Jr., heir to the estate, and obtained at different times six thousand seven hundred dollars. The deception was not sooner discovered, owing to the belief that Potter was actually at Newport. Tubbs presented letters from New York, introducing him to several prominent society people at Newport, by whom the impostor was well received. Mr. Potter returned yesterday to New York, after a short sojourn in the Adirondacks, not having gone to Newport, as was supposed. A letter awaited him from De Witt Talbot, Esq., of New York, informing him of suspicions regarding the identity of the party personating him at Newport. Detectives were immediately sent by the Eastern mail express, and the arrest quietly effected later in the evening."

\* \* \* \* \*

It is now five years since the above unhappy episode



THE AMERICAN ALOE OR CENTURY-PLANT, FROM WHICH PULQUE IS MADE.



transpired. Tubbs and myself graduated in due course from Pardeeville University, and are now immersed in the busy work of life.

The sharp scoundrel who made Tubbs his cat's-paw in embezzling from the Potter estate—who had found or stolen Parker Potter's letters and papers, and learned something of his affairs—was never caught. Tubbs escaped only after a tortuous trial and some very humiliating experiences.

After graduating he engaged in some manufacturing business along the Hudson, while I accepted the principalship of the Athensville High School.

Only a week ago I received the following letter, which needs no explanation, and may form a fitting *finale* to our little episode:

"ALBANY, NEW YORK, February 2d, 188-.

"MY DEAR HEZEKIAH: No apologies will atone for the long break in our correspondence. It is all my fault. I have been very busy. I wrote you I had gone into manufacturing. I did not say what I made—I was ashamed. All shame has now gone. If cleanliness is next to godliness, soap-making, as a profession, comes next to the ministry. I make soap. I stand up for my profession.

"I have given it my whole attention, and must say I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. Soap pays, old boy. It pays to use it. It pays better to make it. By shrewd advertising and good management, my business had come to menace the standing of one of the largest Eastern soap houses. Some months ago I received an invitation to consult with the senior partner of that house. I surmised beforehand the object of the interview. We had been cutting each other's profits pretty lively of late, and unless some arrangement was made one or both houses must go to the wall. We succeeded in making an amicable settlement.

"I found the senior partner a pleasant old gentleman. He invited me to his home in New York. I have been pleased to call there quite frequently of late. He has a charming daughter. Her name is Miss Fanny Van Brunt.

"By-the-way, Hezekiah, if you come to New York next July you will enjoy yourself. I will make it pleasant for you, and you will have the further pleasure of being best man at an interesting ceremony.

"Very truly, your friend,

"MULHOOBY TUBBS."

"P. S.—Particulars to follow."

"Ah! Mr. Jones, glad to see you. The verdict is in." "Already?" "Yes, sir; I knew I would get it. You receive \$1,000, but you are to pay half the costs." "Fair enough, I am sure. What are the costs?" "\$2,000!"

## THE VEGETABLE WONDER OF MEXICO.

BY EMILY PIERCE.

THE gift of the gods to Mexico was its famous century-plant, the magney—*Agave Americana*. It serves as food, drink and raiment. It is cultivated with care, grows wild in the mountains and springs up everywhere in patches as a weed. The variety of its uses is infinite; it seems to be to the Indian what the reindeer is to the Esquimaux—fitted by nature to supply all his wants, its coarse cloth being his swaddling-blanket, and its strong rope tying down his coffin-lid.

The fibre of the leaf, beaten and spun, becomes a beautiful thread called *pita*, resembling silk in its glossy texture, and when woven into a fabric, it is like linen. It is manufactured into cloth and paper, bagging



INDIAN DRAWING SAP FROM THE AGAVE.

and carpets, sail-cloth and sacking. The rope made from it is called Manilla hemp, and is the strongest in use. Cut into coarse straws, it forms the brooms and whitewash-brushes of the country; as a substitute for bristles, it is made into scrub-brushes; and finally, it supplies the place of hair-combs among the common people. From it also the chief intoxicants of the country are manufactured, and herein lies its chief value as a product.

An old Indian tradition tells us that Paradise was Mexico in general, and the Garden of Eden located in Jalapa. They argue that Paradise must have been in the tropics, in a region elevated far above the baleful heat and malaria of the lowlands, in a climate where plants can grow to the utmost perfection. The daily shower requisite to bring nature up to this standard rendered protection to humanity a necessity, therefore nature provided in the one plant the thread, needle and cloth to outfit this first dressmaking establishment, for they use the strong pointed thorns, which terminate the gigantic leaves, as nails, pins and needles.

Although tradition thus adds the maguey to the list of gifts nature has lavished on Jalapa, the region where it flourishes in perfection is the plain of Apam, about sixty miles east of the Capital. What the Orange County dairy region is to New York city, Apam is to Mexico. Here is grown maguey and its product pulque, the national beverage—the Mexican beer. The magnitude and extent of this line of agriculture can be understood from the fact that it affords an enormous revenue to the Government, and two special pulque-trains run into the city each day from Apam, supplying the market with the same regularity as the milk-trains that run into our metropolitan centres. All through the Valley of Mexico this mighty maguey-plant marks the boundary of lands and is utilized as a fence—two rows, with bayonet-like thorns, making an efficient hedge. The plant impresses one as a feature of the country, and is very imposing, lifting its scimitar-shaped leaves, rich and green, ten and fifteen feet in height. It will flourish in the most arid soil, and, like a fountain in the desert, furnishes the poorest Indian with the beverage most grateful to his palate.

In the year 990, a Toltec called Papantzin discovered the method of pulque manufacture, and desiring to bring the beverage into royal favor, commissioned his daughter as cup-bearer. This ancient Hebe, we are told, was young and beautiful—as lovely as her name, and she was called “Xochitl” (the flower). The king drank the pulque and wedded the maiden.

There are two species cultivated, one in the desert portions of the country, and *mescal* (Mexican “tangle-foot”) is distilled from the juice expressed from the leaves; the other is the flowering maguey, or century-plant, which is one of the wonders of the vegetable world. In its fifteenth year, in November or December, a central stalk begins to sprout, and its beautiful cluster of flowers is perfected in the following February. The tradition that it blooms but once in a century is quite true; for whether natural development takes place, or its uses are changed to benefit mankind, it fulfills its destiny and perishes. The last monster leaf unfolds a slender stalk the height of a telegraph-pole, which, at a distance, it resembles; and the crowning blossoms are far beyond the reach of a man on horseback. It is not often we see the superb flower on its colossal stem, for the plant that is in bloom is a useless beauty. It is prevented from flowering at ten years of age, the date at which it yields pulque. During its growth it throws out shoots, which are removed from the parent plant when

about three feet high, or after two years' growth. A maguey which cost a real (twelve and a half cents), when first planted, will sell from eight dollars to eighteen dollars when ready to cut.

Visiting a pulque *hacienda* at Apam, I was placed in charge of the *Tlachi*quero, who is the practical chief of the pulque factory. We formed a curious little caravan as we started upon our tour of inspection. The *Tlachi*quero did the picturesque, with his dark skin, white dress and immense straw sombrero, his leathern apron, and the implements of his profession hanging at the belt. The patient peons and their donkeys followed, the latter making up the fantastic from being laden with pigskins, into which is poured the *agua-miel*, or juice of the maguey; while I posed as the adventurous American woman, filled with wondering curiosity.

The plants begin to yield the *agua-miel* (honey-water) only when the flower-stalk is on the point of its development, and it is of the greatest importance for the cultivators to know exactly the period of efflorescence. The *Tlachi*quero goes periodically among his vegetable cows, and marks those fit for milking by cutting a cross on the top of the highest leaf. When the maguey is about to flower he dexterously cuts out the central spike, scooping out its great white heart in the form of a deep basin to hold the exuding liquid; visiting it at the end of eight days, he finds the cavity filled with *agua-miel*. For three months the plant is then milked regularly three times a day—3 and 7 A.M. and 3 P.M.—and yields over a gallon each day, each plant averaging about one hundred and twenty gallons before it dies. The process of taking it out of the plant forms a curious picture. The chief implement of the *Tlachi*quero, called an *acolate*, is a long gourd, bored at the point, and into the end is inserted a cow's horn; this end he thrusts into the cavity, and sucks the juice into the gourd by applying his mouth to the aperture in the opposite side. From the gourdshell the juice is emptied into the pigskins, which swell out into a lifelike resemblance and seem to kick up their trotters and curl up their tails in swinish inebriety. Sheepskins are also used, wool side in, like the wineskins of the East and “Don Quixote.” These skins last only two months, and cost twelve reals (one dollar and a half) apiece, which suggests a field for Yankee invention and speculation. After going from plant to plant until the vegetables were exhausted, we visited the *tinacal*, or vat-house, where the pulque is made. The earthen floor was as clean as the deck of a man-of-war and nearly covered by *tin*as, huge vats of oxhide, the hairy side outward. In each *tina* was a thick curd of *madre* (mother) pulque, performing the office of leaven, for the process of fermentation. It was thick and white, and had an ancient and fish-like smell.

We entered the *tinacal* in procession. Each peon, as he crossed the threshold, reverently removed his sombrero, exclaiming, “*Alabo á Dios!*” (“I praise God!”) When the *agua-miel*-laden skins were carefully opened and the liquor ready for pouring out, the *Tlachi*quero seized a long stake from the corner, and making a sign of the cross in the rotten curds, reverently exclaimed, “*Ave Maria purissima!*” to which the Indians devoutly responded. Thus in Mexico they mix their religion even with their drinks. The process of fermentation lasts about three hours, and from the *tin*as the liquid is drawn into barrels for the *pulquerias*, or gaudily-decked shops, which are to be found at the corner of nearly every street in the Capital.

The Government receives a thousand dollars daily in duty on pulque brought into the City of Mexico, and the



railways a similar sum in freight. The rocky, dry lands which are unfit for cultivation, and the hedgerows, are appropriated to maguey. On a thousand acres a million plants of all ages may be flourishing, of which three hundred thousand will be maturing plants, five to six years old; fifteen thousand will yield pulque annually, four thousand of them producing daily an average of three thousand five hundred gallons, worth, at seven cents per gallon, two hundred and forty-five dollars, which is a neat little income.

This abundance of juice is the more astonishing as the maguey plantations are in the most arid soil, frequently in banks of rocks scarcely covered with vegetable earth. The plant, with firm, vigorous leaves, is affected neither by drought nor hail; neither do the occasional frosts which destroy the less hardy crops injure it.

On a first impression, it appeared to me that, as nectar was the drink in Olympus, we may fairly conjecture that Pluto cultivated maguey in his dominions.

Pulque is undoubtedly wholesome and an excellent aid to digestion; the natives consider it the most delicious beverage in the world. But the combined smell, taste and color suggest spoiled buttermilk to the Anglo-Saxon mind, and the spot for wry faces is the railway-station at Apam, where our Yankee friends always gratify their curiosity with a first taste of pulque. They say it is very agreeable after one gets over the first shock—the difficulty seems to consist in getting over that.

It is not usually sold at wholesale, but each maguey estate has its retail shops in town. These shops, called *pulquerias* (see illustration), are always ornamented with flowers and branches and decorated with saints and virgins; not infrequently one catches glimpses of little altars with gleaming candles. These shops boast most fanciful names, among which I noted "*La Cantina del Merced*" ("The Saloon of Mercy"), and "*The Pulqueria of the Blessed Virgin*."

The Indians are passionately fond of this beverage; it is not heady in its effects, and only serves to intensify their habitual politeness. It is extremely amusing to watch its effects; they grow intensely polite, handing the pulque-jar to their fair companions and taking off their broad hats to each other; if they meet a woman, kissing her hand as though she were a duchess; full of compliment and pretty phrases, that any one of them might serve as a model for old Turveydrop himself. When they drink *aguardiente* or *mescal*, the distillation of this same maguey—the "Jersey lightning" of Mexico—it renders them wild and furious. The effect is felt in an incredibly short time, and they fight most brutally. Wrapping his *sarepa* tightly about his left arm, the combatant uses his broad *sombrero* for a shield, whirling it so as to dazzle and bewilder his opponent; then, with his gleaming *machete*, the long, cruel knife which all carry, he commits bloody execution in his drunken rage.

### CARDINAL RICHELIEU'S HEAD.

A REMARKABLE relic is among the personal effects left by the late Edouard Dentu, the publisher of Paris, and its authenticity is scarcely doubted. This is a human skull, and nothing less than that of Cardinal Richelieu. It was found tightly and carefully inclosed in a case of velvet, among other curious objects. It is known that the Minister of Louis XIII. was interred in the Chapel of the Sorbonne. In 1848, during an *émeute*, the tomb of the Cardinal Duke was violated and his remains were scattered. A member of the Constituent Assembly,

M. Armez, came into possession of the head, and subsequently gave it to M. Edouard Dentu. If the genuineness of the relic is proved, it will probably be restored to the Sorbonne.

### CHIMNEYS.

In the year 1200 chimneys were scarcely known in England; and one only was allowed in a religious house, one in a manor house, and one in a great hall of a castle or lord's house; but in other houses the smoke found its way out as best it could. The writers of the fourteenth century seem to have considered chimneys as the newest inventions of luxury. In the reign of Henry VIII. the University of Oxford had no fire allowed; for it is mentioned that after the students had supped, having no fire in Winter, they were obliged to take a good run for half an hour to get heat in their feet before retiring for the night.

Hollinshead, in the reign of Elizabeth, describes the rudeness of the preceding generation in the arts of life: "There were," said he, "very few chimneys even in the capital towns; the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out of the door, roof or window. The houses were walled and plastered over with clay, and all the furniture and utensils were of wood." In 1689 a tax of two shillings was laid on chimneys.

### TO CLEAN GLOVES.

DAMP and put them on a glove-stretcher; sponge with recently rectified oil of camphor, or turpentine; when dry, hang them in a draught for a few days. Doe and buckskin and wash-leather clean with a mixture of fuller's-earth and alum; brush this off and sprinkle with dry bran and whiting. If much soiled, wash in lukewarm water, curd soap and ox-gall; stretch, and rub with pipeclay and yellow ochre, made into a paste with beer; dry gradually, rub when half dry, put into shape, cover with paper, and iron them. For washing gloves, a strong lather should be made of curd soap and milk; put on the glove and apply the lather with a shaving brush, stroking from the wrist to the finger-tips. When clean, remove the soap with a soft cloth, blow into the fingers to open them, and hang, well-opened throughout, to dry. The simplest method of all is to put on the (kid) gloves, and so wash them in a basin of spirits of turpentine till clean. This is the French plan.

### THE MORMON BIBLE.

An investigation of the original Mormon Bible manuscript is now going on at Kansas City. This manuscript, which is declared to be the translation of some hieroglyphics inscribed upon metal plates, whose hiding-place in the soil of Ontario County, N. Y., had been revealed to Joseph Smith by an angel of the Lord, is in the possession of David Whitmer, of Richmond, Mo. Mr. Whitmer is now quite an aged man, and the only surviving member of the little band who assisted Joseph Smith in the founding of the Mormon Church. He is a firm believer that the manuscript intrusted to his care is of Divine origin. Whitmer, Oliver Cowdery, and Martin Harris, were the witnesses who testified, when Smith published the Mormon Bible, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and laid before their eyes the plates that bore the characters of which the manuscript is said

to be a translation. The investigation is being made by Professor Clark Braden, formerly President of the Abington College. The judges appointed for the occasion are Colonel J. T. Childs, of the Richmond (Mo.) *Conservator*; Mr. Ethan Allen, of the Lexington *Observer*; and Mr. Harrison, of the Richmond *Democrat*. One of the principal witnesses to appear before the examining board is Major J. H. Gilbert, of Palmyra, N. Y., he being the printer who set the type for the first Mormon Bible.

### THE ORIGIN OF NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

ABOUT two hundred and forty years ago, toward the close of Cromwell's life, and thirty-four years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Boston and Plymouth Settlement found itself vigorous enough to send out offshoots; and having heard from the Dutch settlers of New York of a rich and well watered valley discovered by them in 1614, the General Court appointed John Pynchon, Elizur Holyoke, and S. Chapin, of Springfield, settled seventeen years before, to negotiate with the Indians for that tract of land called Nonotuck, where now stand six small towns and villages,

chief and first built of which was Northampton. The price paid was a hundred fathoms of wampum (equal to about \$100), ten coats, some small gifts, and the plowing up of sixteen acres on the east side of the river.

*Wampum* (Indian for white) consisted of strings of beads made of white shells, and *suckanhook*, black or blue money, of black or purple shells. Both were used for more purposes than trading with the Indians, coin being scarce. Eight white and four black beads were worth two cents; and a man as often took out a string of beads as a purse to pay an innkeeper or a ferryman, or to balance a trading account.

But Nonotuck was paid for with a good deal besides the wampum and the plowing. For a hundred and twenty-four years there was almost incessant warfare with the Indians. Treacherous ambuscades lay in wait

for the trader on his journey, stealthy dark-skinned assassins for the solitary husbandman, and not a few of these fertile fields were watered by the blood of its first tillers. He carried his weapons with him to his work and to the meeting-house, and expressed his gratitude for hairbreadth escapes, Puritan fashion, by the pious names he gave his children.

Preserved Clapp, Submit Grout, Comfort Domo, Thankful Medad, are names that figure in the records of this and the neighboring villages, where we read also that one Praise-Ever Turner, and his servant, Uzackaby Shakespeare, were killed by the Indians. Within sight of Northampton it was, just over the river, in the sister settlement of Hadley—that beautiful old village, with street eighteen rods wide, set with a double avenue of superb elms, greensward in the middle, and a road on

either side, looking more like the entrance to a fine park than a village street—here it was that a "deliverance" occurred, long believed by the people to have been miraculous.

One Sunday, when nearly the whole scant population was gathered for worship in the meeting-house, a large body of Indians fell upon them, and, what with the panic and the want of a leader, all seemed lost, when a majestic and venerable



THE VEGETABLE WONDER OF MEXICO.—PULQUE-DRAWERS WITH THEIR SKINS AND IMPLEMENTS.—SEE PAGE 597.

figure, dressed in a strange rich garb, fully armed, appeared suddenly in their midst, assumed the command, rallied their scattered numbers, and led them on to victory; then vanished as suddenly as he had appeared, no man knew where or whence. No man but one—Mr. Russell, the minister.

This venerable apparition was Goffe, once a general in Cromwell's army, and, like Whalley, his companion in exile, one of the judges who condemned Charles to death, now forced, even in far America, to hide for his life, since an active quest was maintained, in obedience to the Home Government, for both Goffe and Whalley. For twelve years did good Mr. Russell shelter them, unknown to all but his own family. Whalley died in his house; but Goffe subsequently disappeared, and the rest of his career is unknown.



## THE ENDURANCE OF THE ARAB HORSE.

ENDURANCE is the quality most cultivated in the Arab horse. It is necessary that the horse should be able to travel long distances upon scanty food and little water,

"Every horse inured to fatigue brings good fortune," the Arabs say. So to speak, he is always on the march. He travels with his master, who is one of the greatest travelers on horseback in the world. He travels to seek his food; he traverses long distances in search of water,



SCENE BEFORE A PULQUERIA IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.—SEE PAGE 597.

for in the African deserts the places where man and horse can refresh are few and far between; wells are many miles apart, and even when the traveler has found water for himself and steed, the chances are that no food can be had, except what the horse and his rider have brought with them from their last halting-place.

and this sort of life renders him abstinent and not easily tired. Sidi-Hamed-Ben-Mohammed-el-Mokhrani, the chief of one of the most illustrious families of all Algeria, says:

"During my long career, in my tribes, by my friends, or among my followers, I have have seen upward of ten

thousand colts reared, and I affirm that all those whose education was not begun at a very early age have never turned out other than stubborn, troublesome horses, unfit for war. I also affirm that when I have made long and rapid marches, at the head of twelve or fifteen hundred horsemen, horses, however lean, if early broken in to fatigue, never fell out of the ranks, whilst those that were fat, or mounted too late, have always fallen to the rear. My conviction on this head is based on such a long experience, that lately, finding myself at Masseur (Cairo) in the necessity of purchasing some horses, I refused point-blank all that were presented to me that had been broken in at a comparatively advanced age.

"How has thy horse been reared?" was always my first question.

"My lord," an inhabitant of the city would reply, 'this gray stone of the river has been brought up by me like one of my own children, always well fed, well tended to, and spared as much as possible, for I did not begin to ride him till he was full four years old. See how fat he is, how sound in all his limbs.'

"Well, keep him, my friend; he is thy pride and that of thy family. It would be a shame to my gray beard to deprive thee of him."

"And thou," I would then ask of an Arab, whom I recognized as a child of the desert, so embrowned was he by the sun—"tell me, I pray thee; how has thy horse been reared?"

"My lord," he would answer, 'betimes I formed his back to the saddle and his mouth to the bridle. With him I have reached a distant, very distant, point. He has passed many a day without food. His ribs are bare, it is true; but if you encounter any enemies on your path he will not leave you in peril. I swear it by the day of last judgment, when Allah shall be Kadi, and the angels witnesses.'

"Hala, there! tether the dark chestnut before my tent," I would cry to my servants, 'and satisfy this man.'

### BROILING BROTH IN THE HIGHER ANDES.

In Byam's "Wanderings in Chili and Peru," we find the following remarkable illustration of one of the well-known laws of heat: "Feeling very cold, we determined to have some soup to warm us, and as we had plenty of meat and onions, we cut them up, put them into a saucepan with salt and Cayenne pepper, and set them on to boil. I only relate this for the information of those who have not been to great heights, those who wish to go there, and also of those who, perchance, may believe that boiling must be the same thing all over the world. After our soup had bubbled away in the most orthodox style for more than two hours, we naturally concluded that our 'bouillon' was ready and the meat perfectly done, especially as the last had been cut into rather small pieces; but, to our great surprise, we found the water almost colorless, and the meat almost as raw as when it was first put into the pot. One of the miners told us that it was no use trying to boil anything, as nothing could be cooked by water on the top of that mountain; for, although the water bubbled away very fast, the heat was not great enough to boil a potato.

"At great altitudes, the water begins to boil long before it arrives at the heat of 212 degrees of Fahrenheit, and as water cannot get hotter than boiling-point, except by the compression of the steam, nothing can be cooked unless

some safe means of confining the steam be adopted. I saw directly how matters lay, and sticking the lid tight on the pan, made it fast with heavy lumps of silver that were lying about, attaching them to the handle, and putting others on the top of all. In a very short time the steam got up, and, though it made the lid jump a little, I managed to get a broth, to the great surprise of the miners, who could not conceive what I was about."

### THE ORIGIN OF PEWS IN CHURCHES.

WEEVER, in his "Funeral Monuments," which was first published in 1631, though partly compiled in the reign of James I., has the following passage, when speaking of inscribed gravestones in church pavements: "Many monuments are covered with Seats or *peves*, made high and easie for parishoners to sit or sleep in, a fashion of no long continuance and worthy of reformation." Pews, however, appear to have been introduced much earlier than Weever's time, for Stow, in his account of the "faire and beautiful" Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, which "hath beene new builded by the Parishoners there, since the yeare 1520, every man putting to his helping hand, some with their purses, other with their bodies," states that Stephen Jennings, sometime Mayor of London (besides erecting all the northern half) had "the whole South side of the Church glazed, and the *Peves* in the South Chappell made of his costs, as appeareth in every window, and upon the said *Peves*."

Lord Bacon somewhere says: "When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor, he did use, at Mass, to sit in the chancel, and his Lady in a *Pew*." But possibly the latter was not such a formal kind of inclosure as is now in vogue. Prior to the introduction of *peves*, a strong kind of *benching*, called "*stolyng*," or *stooling*, by old writers, was used in churches for the general congregation, and benefactions for thus seating a church were frequently made before the Reformation. Bloomfield, in his "History of Norfolk," cites legacies, made about 1502, for "*stolyng*" various parts of the Church of Swaffham (the choir being fitted up with stalls), and particularly for making "all the great *stolys* of both sydes of the myd alley." But almost every part of the kingdom will furnish instances of this practice.

Hood had no ear for music, being, in this respect, like the late Dean Stanley. He could no more sing a tune through correctly than a boar could drill a file of soldiers. Several people observed this defect, and one individual, who had just delivered himself of a rhapsody on music, in which he had indulged before unappreciative Hood, said: "Ah, you know, you've no musical enthusiasm. You don't know what it is!" This was a snub direct. Hood was ever ready with a repartee; his quick wits did not fail him now. "Oh, yes; I do know it!" he replied. "It's like turtle soup—for every pint of real you meet with gallons of mock, with calves' heads in proportion!"

In the *Journal of Science* of June, 1884, is an account by Henry H. Higgins of the piercing of five lawn handkerchiefs by the grass of a closely-mowed lawn, upon which the handkerchiefs were spread for bleaching. All were pierced; some of the blades had grown two inches above the handkerchief without destroying the texture of the lawn. The experiment was repeated with partial success under less favorable circumstances. Many other curious experiments of this kind may be made.



## LE BONHOMME CORNEILLE.

BY HENRY M. TROLLOPE.

THE Marquis de Dangeau wrote in his journal for the 1st of October, 1684: "Aujourd'hui est mort le bonhomme Corneille." The illustrious dramatist was an old man, for he had been born in 1606. He was a good old fellow in his way, being always an honest and upright man, though the appellation "le bonhomme" was less frequently given to him than to La Fontaine.

Had it been as much the fashion fifty years ago as now to honor great men by anniversaries, in the year 1836 a more gracious homage might have been paid to the author of "Le Cid." At Christmas-time in that year this play burst upon Paris. As a bombshell carries with it destruction, "The Cid" gave sudden and unexpected delight to all who saw it. It is the first of French tragedies that has left a mark; no earlier tragedy is now generally remembered. Corneille woke up to find himself famous. It appears that, though he was by no means a novice, he was as much astonished as any one at the great success of his play. The Court liked it, and the town liked it. It was at once translated into many languages. In France people learned passages of it by heart, and for a while there was a popular saying, "Cela est beau comme 'Le Cid.'" If the good folk in Paris had only bethought themselves in 1836 of celebrating the bi-centenary of the appearance of "The Cid," the event would have sounded happier than of now celebrating the author's death. But fashion rules much in this world. It has not yet become fashionable to recollect the date of a great man's great work—fifty years ago it had not become fashionable to have centenaries at all; so that now, all other excuses failing, we must seize upon the bi-centenary of Corneille's death as a date upon which to honor him. Let us hope that on the 6th of June, 1906, the ter-centenary of his birth, a more joyful note may be sung.

We have said that Pierre Corneille was a good old fellow in his way, but it was his misfortune that his way was not more like that of other men. He was very poor during the last ten or twelve years of his life. He walked out one day with a friend, and went into a shop to have his shoe mended. During the operation he sat down upon a plank, his friend sitting beside him. After the cobbler had finished his job, Corneille took from his purse three bits of money to pay for his shoe, and when the two gentlemen got home Corneille's friend offered him his purse, but he declined all assistance. Corneille was of a proud and independent nature. He is reported to have said of himself, "Je suis saoul de gloire, mais affamé d'argent." He has been accused of avarice—unjustly, we think—because he tried to get as much money as he could for his plays. If a man wants money, he will try to obtain that which he thinks should belong to him. And if he wants it badly, his high notions of dignity—if it be only mock dignity—will go to the wall. No fine gentleman nowadays would think it beneath him to take \$500 from a publisher or from a theatrical manager after it had been fairly earned. Some ask for their \$500 before it has been earned. Two hundred years ago a poet was supposed to be paid with honor and glory, but, unfortunately for himself, Corneille wanted more solid acknowledgment. And two hundred years ago the rights of authorship were not so well understood as now. In France, as in England, very few men could have lived by their pen alone. It is true that the dramatists were among the most fortunate, but many years had elapsed since Corneille's plays had been popular at the theatre. In 1670, Molière, as theatrical manager, had given him

2,000 francs for a piece. This was considered a large sum, and it may be doubted if Molière's company ever got back their money. The play was "Tite et Bérénice," and it was played alternately with "La Bourgeois Gentilhomme." We may judge which of the two plays we should like to see best. Corneille had to make the most of his 2,000 francs, for his pension, supposed to be paid to him every year from the Civil List, was always delayed. The year was made to have fifteen months! Sometimes the pension was not paid at all; so that poor Corneille was hard pressed for money in the latter years of his life, from 1672 to 1684, while his years of greatest triumph had been from 1636 to 1642. And he had small resources except what had come to him from writing. His two sons went into the army, and he had to provide for them at a time when his payments from the theatre were diminishing. There is no evidence which should make us think he was avaricious or greedy for money.

In his manner Corneille was apt to be awkward and ungainly. A contemporary says that when he first saw him he took him for a tradesman at Rouen. Rouen was his birthplace, and there he lived until his avocations compelled him, against his will, to live in Paris. Like La Fontaine, he made a poor figure in society. He did not talk well. He was not good company, and his friends were bound to confess that he was rather a bore. Those who knew him well enough would hint to him his defects, at which he would smile, and say, "I am none the less Pierre Corneille." But his physiognomy, when observed, was far from commonplace. His nephew, Fontenelle, says of him: "His face was pleasant enough; a large nose, a good mouth, his expression lively, and his features strongly marked and fit to be transmitted to posterity in a medal or in a bust." Corneille begins a letter to Pellisson with the following verses, describing himself:

"En matière d'amour je suis fort inégal,  
Je l'écris assez bien, je le fais assez mal;  
J'ai la plume féconde et la bouche stérile,  
Bon galant au théâtre et fort mauvais en ville;  
Et l'on peut rarement m'écouter sans ennui  
Que quand je me produis par la bouche d'autrui."

This is a charming little bit of autobiography. And in the same letter, after the verses, the old poet says, "My poetry left me at the same time as my teeth."

All this he writes, laughing in his sleeve. But often enough he was melancholy and depressed. Again we quote from Fontenelle: "Corneille was of a melancholy temperament. He required stronger emotions to make him hopeful and happy than to make him mournful or despondent. His manner was brusque, and sometimes rude in appearance, but at bottom he was very easy to live with, and he was affectionate and full of friendliness." When he heard of large sums of money being given to other men for their plays, for pieces that the world liked perhaps better than his own, he got unhappy, for he felt that his glory was departing from him. Need we go back two hundred years to find instances of men who have become unhappy from similar causes? There are many such in London and in Paris at this moment. Early in his career, before the days of "The Cid," he was proud of his calling. He gloried in being one of the dramatic authors of his time. He says:

"Le théâtre est un fief dont les rentes sont bonnes."

And also:

"Mon travail sans appui monte sur le théâtre,  
Chacun en liberté l'y blâme ou l'idolâtre."

Then he had the ball at his feet, and all the world was



CORNEILLE'S HOUSE AT PETIT COUBONNE, ROUEN, FRANCE.

before him. He had just made his name, and was honored by Richelieu—being appointed one of his five paid authors. But minister and poet did not like each other. The autocrat was in something of the same position toward his inferior as is the big boy toward the little boy who gets above him at school. The big boy wanted to thrash the little boy, and the little boy wouldn't have it; but at last he had to suffer for his precociousness. The big boy summoned other little boys to his assistance, and made them administer chastisement to the offender. This was the examination of "The Cid" by the Academy:

"En vain, contre 'Le Cid' un ministre se ligue,  
Tout Paris pour Chimène a les yeux de Rodrigue;  
L'Académie en corps a beau le censurer,  
Le public révolté s'obstine à l'admirer."

Corneille was a voluminous writer. He wrote nearly as many plays as Shakespeare, but his later ones are not equal to those of his best days. And he wrote a translation in verse of the "Imitatio Christi." This was a pecuniary success. The book was bought and eagerly read, though now it is rarely taken down from the shelf. But his prose, unlike Racine's, which charms by its grace, is insignificant. And, unlike Racine, his speech when he was received into the French Academy was dull, and disappointed everybody. An Academical reception is one of the occasions in which Frenchmen have always expected

that the recipient of honor should distinguish himself. But it was not in Corneille's power to please his audience by making a speech. We need not be too heavy upon him because his glory was not universal. As he said of himself, he was none the less Pierre Corneille. Readers have generally extolled Corneille too highly, or have not given him his due praise. This is partly from the fact that after his great success he wrote much that was unworthy of his former self, and partly, we believe at least, that even in his best plays he is too spasmodic. His fine lines come out too much by

starts amidst much that is uninteresting. The famous "Qu'il mourût" (*Horace*, Act III., Sc. 6) is very grand, and the next line, though not English in sentiment, is fine. But the four succeeding lines are washy, and take away from the dignity of what has just gone before. Instinctively Corneille was a dramatist, and had it not been for the laws of the unities which bound him down to conventional and unwise rules, he would in all probability have risen higher in the world's esteem. He was also a poet, having the gift of poetical expression more at his command than the larger measure of composition in prose. His lines are often sweet and very stirring, for a true feeling of poetic chivalry pervaded his subject. None of his lines is more quoted than one in which he proudly spoke of himself:



PIERRE CORNEILLE.

"Je ne dois qu'à moi seul toute ma renommée."



Mr. Lesort writes from Paris: Before the bicentenary, I made a reverential pilgrimage to the house in Petit Couronne. At the door there is the following inscription on a slab:

"Cette maison, qui était la propriété de Pierre Corneille et avait été achetée par son père le 7 Juin, 1608, a été acquise par le département de la Seine-Inférieure le 28 Juin, 1874, et restaurée par ses soins en 1878."

["This house, which belonged to Pierre Corneille, was bought by his father, June 7th, 1608. It was acquired by the Department of Seine-Inférieure, June 28th, 1874, and restored by it in 1878."]

An old officer, made a Knight of the Legion of Honor for his gallantry in Italy, and who knows Corneille and his story by heart, received us.

Everything recalls the life of the great poet; the aspect of the house; the adjoining farm which belonged to him; the old well, on the brink of which the author of "The Cid" often sat; the old lime-covered oven, where Corneille's bread was baked; and the stone trough where he saw his cattle slake their thirst.

In the wall, up which as a boy he must often have climbed, is a square hole, cut by his father to watch the felling of trees in his woodland just in front. In the garden is a table from this forest, sheltered by a lattice, where Corneille ate in Summer.

The engraving shows the exterior exactly. The interior gives us the poet's home-life. On the ground-floor, dining

CORNEILLE'S STUDY AT PETIT COURONNE.



room, kitchen, store-room; above, his study and bed-chamber. This house, now the *Musée Corneille*, is full of mementoes of the poet, and contains many articles used by him.

After his death his children sold the house, and it was purchased, as stated on the tablet, by the Government, in 1874.

Of the house in the Rue de la Pie, where he was born, nothing remains but the door of the bedchamber, which is in the *Musée Corneille*, and the front door of the house, preserved in a museum at Rouen.

### NAMELESS.

By REA.

THE Summer sun is on the trees,  
And not a path is shady;  
You sit within the porch to read,  
A very dainty lady.  
And is't a poem makes you grave,  
Or just an old love story  
Of maiden bright and valiant knight  
Who rides away to glory?

I know the kind of story well:  
The maiden's hair is golden,  
The knight wears armor as they did  
In days we now call olden.  
They make their vows by moonlight, dear,  
In language rather stilted,  
And then she pines alone for months,  
And wonders if she's jilted.

But he comes gayly back to find  
She is of maids the truest,  
And lovelier far than maidens are  
With even eyes the bluest  
Not lovelier, sweet, than you to-day,  
With sunshine on your bower,  
A leafy nook, in which you look  
The very fairest flower.

Would I might right read the story, too,  
And chat with you about it;  
Perhaps it's just as well I can't—  
Indeed, I do not doubt it.  
A pretty picture, dear, you make,  
And in my heart I'll frame it;  
I do not know what you are called,  
And so I cannot name it.

### HUNTINGTOWER HALL.

By JANE FAY ALSTON.

#### CHAPTER I.

"PAUL BERKELY, I'm glad to see you out of the doctor's hands, and out of doors."

"Thank you, Miles Adams. The sun is hot; won't you step in out of it, and take a glass of ale?"

The invitation was given courteously, but not with the heartiness that the existence of true liking and friendship unconsciously infuse into the voice.

Such as it was, Miles Adams was ready to accept it. He had been lurking in the pine woods that skirted the heath on which Paul Berkely's cottage stood till he had seen Mrs. Berkely depart, basket on arm, for her weekly visit to the shops at Denham. Then, secure of finding the invalid entirely at his mercy, in one sense of the word, he had emerged from his concealment by a cross-road out of sight of the cottage, and had walked quickly along the highway, like a man intent on his lawful business, pausing as if he had by chance caught sight of Berkely sitting in a great easy-chair in his garden-porch.

"Mrs. Berkely at home," he asked, as he unlatched the garden-gate, and came up the garden-path.

"No. Gone to Denham."

"Market-day? Yes, to be sure. My wife drove over with her sister, an hour ago. Jones, the draper, has his windows full of the latest fashions, and there was no peace for me this morning till madam's roan horse and trap were ready, and madam's purse freshly filled. However, she looks so well in her fineries that I never begrudge them to her. You and I, Paul, may say that we have the two handsomest women in the country for our wives."

"Yes," said Berkely, shortly.

His visitor sat down on the rustic porch-seat. But his host made no move to fetch him the cool glass of ale which he had offered him. He had forgotten it in the irritation of his own thoughts.

They had been bitter enough, as he sat there alone. He was silent and reticent by nature, keenly sensitive and intensely proud. He made no words over troubles which he could neither avert nor remedy. Only his Maker knew the pang that rent his heart at seeing Katharine—his beautiful wife, who was as graceful and elegant as any lady in the land—setting off on foot to Denham, in her dark print dress and coarse straw bonnet, with that heavy basket on her arm!

It had been hard enough to remember her as the village belle, the orphan daughter of the clergyman, as good as she was lovely; to feel how well she might have married; to recall all that she had given up for his sake—and to look at her now! He had dreamed such bright dreams, of fame for himself, or wealth and luxury for Katharine. And this was the end! For a twelvemonth he had been unable even to paint the small sketches of everyday life, by which he had earned their daily bread. A lingering, wasting illness had laid him on his bed; had exhausted Katharine's strength in nursing; had stripped their cottage home of every little adornment which his brush had earned during that one happy first year of their marriage. Their chairs and tables and their bed might yet have to be sold for food; strength came to him so slowly—fancy and thought and feeling seemed so utterly dead within his heart.

In this village he and Katharine had been born. Here they played as children, here they were married, and here he had hoped to win fame and fortune by his great picture of Huntingtower Hall, and the woods, the lake, the heath that surrounded it, with the deep-blue hills in the distance melting in the deep-blue sky. Illness prostrated him before the picture could be finished for the Academy. Lord Huntingtower (the patron whom he had hoped to secure by its exhibition) died. The dowager Lady Huntingtower removed to London. Then all was left to the care of servants. The new earl and countess lingered in Italy, and business matters were in the hands of the bailiff, a hard man, who was already impatient at the delay in payment of the rent for the cottage on the moor.

"Was not all this sorrow enough?" thought the invalid impatiently, as his prosperous neighbor sat down beside him. "Must he be reminded that the coarsely handsome wife of Miles Adams, the farmer, could drive to Denham for toilets that she scarcely knew how to wear, while his Katharine, heavily laden, trudged on foot! Must he also be forced to remember how constantly, how doggedly, Miles Adams had tried to win Katharine for himself? Must he own, in very bitterness of spirit, that it would have been better, far better for her, if she had taken Miles and his comfortable freehold farm of three



hundred acres, instead of the penniless artist, who had conceitedly overrated his own talents, who had failed miserably in his high aims, who might not be able to keep even this poor roof above her head, when a few more weeks had come and gone.

Miles Adams watched his rival covertly. His triumphant rival once, but beaten, cowed, humiliated now.

Miles had not been a guest at Katharine Thorne's wedding. But he had gone to the church. His eyes were fixed to the last moment on the lovely bride, and, in his secret soul, he swore a great oath to be revenged on the man who had won her at some future day.

That day had come, even sooner than he had hoped.

He sat talking of the affairs of the neighborhood until the absent answers of Berkely showed that his mind was wandering. Eleven o'clock struck from the steeple of the village church—the hour at which he had watched Katharine leave the church, leaning on her husband's arm, a little more than two years ago.

"For a week past I've been wanting a chance to see you alone, like this, Paul," he said. "There's something you ought to know, old fellow. In your place I should be angry with the man who knew it and kept it from me. But it's a hard, bad thing to say to any man, and, most of all, I dislike to be the one to say it to you, for reasons that lie two years back of this unlucky time."

"Is old Seth French threatening to turn us out of the cottage?" asked Berkely, angrily. "That is no news, Adams. He was here day before yesterday, and said almost as much to me. If Lord Huntingtower only lived here, there might be a chance for me. He is fond of pictures, they say."

"He either is, or he pretends to be, for purposes of his own," said Miles Adams, meaningly.

Berkely looked up at him surprised.

"How can you know that, Miles?"

"By using my eyes and ears, Paul. I haven't been ill, you know. And so no one has a chance to plot and plan behind my back, to bring me to open shame."

"What are you driving at, man?" asked Paul, frowning.

He dimly began to comprehend the mystery that lurked behind the veiled hints of his companion. He knew, or thought he knew, the envy and hatred cherished in his heart, against him, above all other men. Much must be pardoned to Miles Adams on that old score. The loss of Katharine might well drive a man into lifelong yearning for revenge. And while Miles only tried to injure him, Paul Berkely was content to be on his guard against his attempts, and let them pass unnoticed. But, if he dared meddle with Katharine!

"You may as well speak out plainly, Neighbor Adams," he continued, as Miles remained silent; "only I had better warn you off one subject. If you utter one word against my wife, sick man though I am still, you'll find that a little of the old strength is left."

"I had better be silent, I see," said Miles, looking injured. "I was savage with you for marrying Katharine; you and she knows it—everybody knows it from here to Denham. But that's past and gone. I have a good wife and a happy home. And because you are a sick man, as you say, I made up my mind to do you a good turn, as I would wish you to do one to me if I was laid up as you are. It isn't a pleasant job; it's quite the other way. As you prefer not to listen, I'm well pleased to be rid on't. And so, Neighbor Berkely, I'll wish you good-day, and go back home."

"Did you come over purposely to tell me this?"

"I did."

"And when my wife was absent?"

"I chose this morning because I was quite sure that she would not be at home."

Paul Berkely's pale face turned a shade whiter. He took firm hold of the arms of his great chair, like one who is summoning nerve to undergo an operation.

"Speak out, and be quick about it!" he gasped.

Now he was sure that his Katharine was in question.

Miles Adams drew nearer to the chair.

"Have you heard that Lord Huntingtower is at the Hall?"

"No. Who said so? What has he to do with your story? Get on with it, Miles."

"That is the story."

"What do you mean?"

"Just answer me this one question, Paul. Have you heard from any one of his arrival?"

"No. How *should* I hear?"

"Only in one way, that is true. The sour old bailiff is in the dark, like you. This is Saturday. Lord Huntingtower has been here since Monday last; that I can swear. And yet I think I'm the only one on the estate who has found it out. You see, the villagers don't know him. He might go into the Huntingtower Arms and no one would be the wiser, for he favors my lady, not my lord. So long as the bailiff don't meet him he is safe, and he keeps out of his way. I knew him as a boy, and I remembered him the moment I saw his face."

Miles Adams had once been soundly thrashed by Gerald Huntingtower for frightening a little peasant girl in the highway, and causing her to spill the soup she was carrying for her father's dinner. Miles had hated the handsome young patrician from that day.

He hugged himself with stealthy delight as he prepared the next turn of the rack for the impatient Paul.

How delicious it was to revenge himself on his two enemies at once; to make one the instrument of his own vengeance against the other; to know that whichever way the scale of victory might turn, the heart of the woman who had rejected him would be wrung to bleeding in the end.

"Why do you come to tell me this?" exclaimed Paul. "Lord Huntingtower's movements are nothing to me. I think he must be mad, masquerading about his own property in such a queer fashion. But if he and the countess are suited, I don't know that it is any business of mine."

"I have seen him every afternoon in the wood over yonder," said Miles, quietly. "A woman has joined him there each time; they have talked together, but so low that I could not hear what they said. Then they have gone on together to the Hall. They have entered by the French window in my lord's private study. Just before dusk the woman has returned through the wood alone."

"Returned—*where*?" asked Paul Berkely, hoarsely.

"*Here*!"

"By Heaven! if you have lied to me——" said Paul, starting from his chair.

Then he sank back, and the red flush died out of his face.

On each day of the past week he had slept from two o'clock in the afternoon till dusk. Katharine had taken that time for the exercise which the doctor said she must no longer neglect. He remembered now that she had been a little late once or twice. She came running in, a pink flush on her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes, making some laughing excuse for her tardiness.

Till Monday of that past week she had been drooping, mentally as well as physically, from the long fatigue of



LE BONHOMME CORNEILLE.—THE OVEN AT PETIT COURONNE.  
SEE PAGE 603.

nursing him; the long struggle of keeping house on nothing; the long attempt to set in order their hopelessly involved affairs.

And, since Monday? Alas! were all women like this—fair and frank outwardly; within, false as hell?

Since Monday, it was all too true that she had been an altered being. The wearied, anxious wife had vanished; the gay, active, energetic Katharine Thorn had come back, bright and blooming as in her girlish days. He had believed his own recovery to be at the bottom of this sudden change; he had rejoiced, and secretly thanked God because of it! Oh, fool—triple, idiotic fool that he had been!

Jealousy is the most mindless, the most senseless of all passions. It builds its edifices without the shadow of a foundation; it pronounces sentence upon its "suspects" without the intervention of judge or jury, and with no inquiry as to evidence or proof.

Half an hour earlier in the day, Paul Berkely had been ready to take this man by the throat for the slightest supposed reference to his wife. As the church-clock struck twelve, he sat quietly in his chair listening to every suggestion made by Miles regarding these stolen forest meetings, firmly believing in his wife's treachery and in his enemy's sincerity and truth.

"I don't ask you to take my word alone," said Miles, virtuously. "I only wish you were well enough to slip into the wood after her to-day, and see for yourself. I heard him call to her to come early this afternoon, so that she could get home before your time for waking."

"I'm strong and well. I shall be there," said Paul.

He went home, grave outwardly, full of glee within. He meant to make one at the interview in the forest later in the day.

## CHAPTER II.

PAUL BERKELY often wondered, in after years, what kept him from going mad on that day.

Other men had so many interests in life, so many pleasures, so many aims, that if one failed them they could take up the next in order, and go on without a break or pause.

He had Katharine and his art and the home which he loved and did his best to adorn, because it was the setting to his priceless gem. He looked in at the door of the stripped cottage. All the pretty furniture, the few good pictures, the bits of china, had been sold early in that year. The German clock, in its case of carved oak, with the life-size cuckoo flying out through a Gothic door, and darting back when its cheerful song was sung—it had been his wedding-gift to Katharine, and she had clung to it, half starved herself, he feared, rather than let it go. It was in the height of his illness, and comforts were needed for him. Vaguely, through his delirium, he saw her sink down, weeping, when the bird flew out and sang "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" as the purchaser removed the clock. He had thought of it each day during his convalescence when four o'clock sounded from the church-tower, and the early Spring dusk set in. He had planned to buy the clock as soon as he could hold a brush. He had been composing his picture in his mind that very morning when Miles Adams appeared.

And it was at four in the afternoon that Katharine had left the Hall! At four this very afternoon—ah! what would happen then? His head whirled; the green earth seemed turning blood-red before his eyes.

"Paul! what is the matter? Have you been worse? Oh, my dear, I must never leave you again!"

It was his wife, fresh and rosy from her hurried walk, letting her market-basket go anywhere, as she sprang forward and caught him in her arms.

"No; I'm not faint—I'm not worse," he said, trying to release himself. "Only a little giddy. I'll go in and lie down."

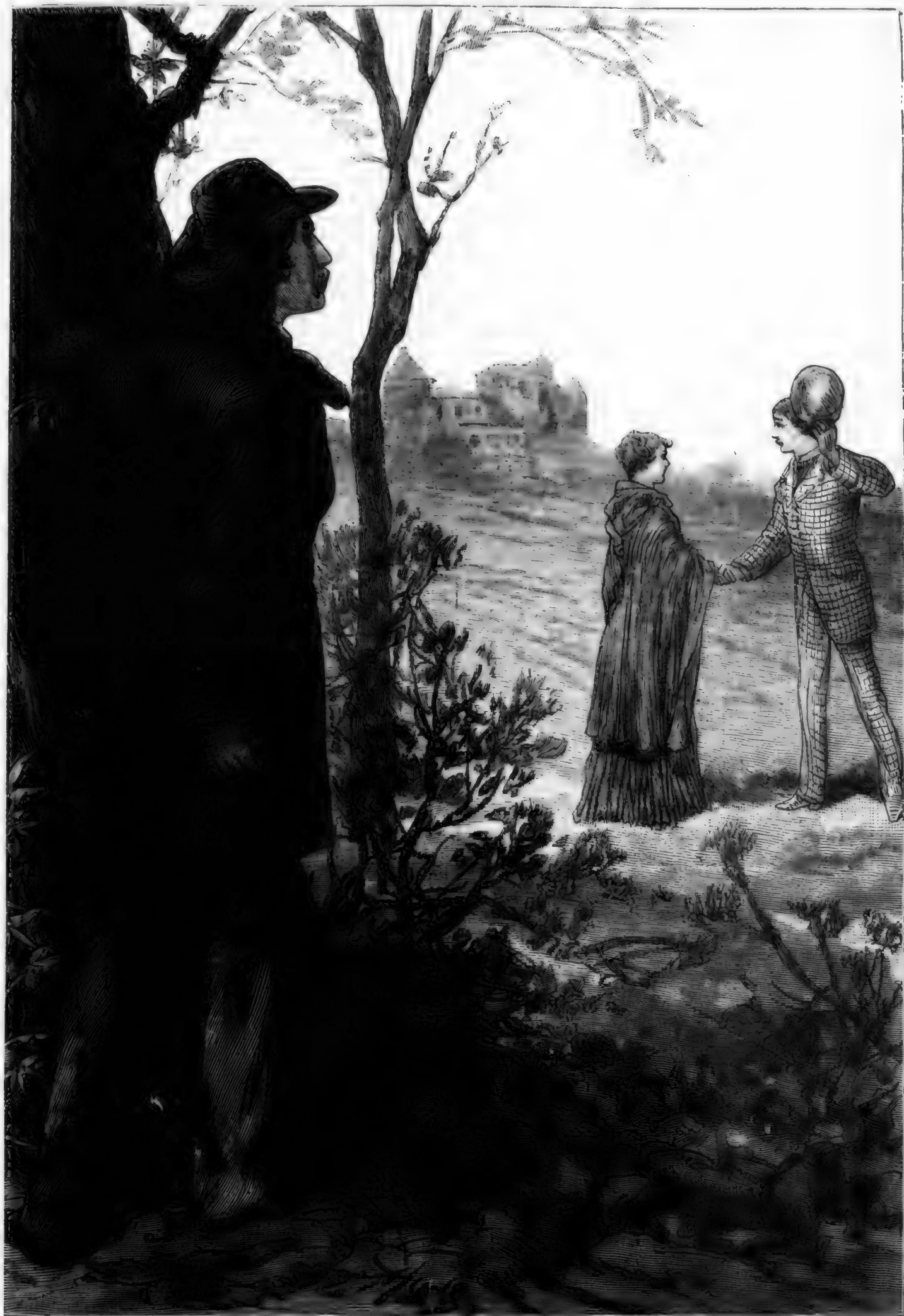
She insisted on supporting him, on raising the pillow, smoothing the counterpane, holding a glass of cool milk to his lips.

"What is wrong? Don't you care to have me kiss



THE WELL.





HUNTINGTOWER HALL. —“SPRINGING FORWARD TO MEET HER, HIS HANDSOME FACE ALL ALIGHT WITH EXPECTATION, CAME LORD HUNTINGTOWER.”—SEE PAGE 606

Vol. XIX., No. 5—39.

you?" she asked, wonderingly, as he turned his face away.

He looked steadily into her dark, deep eyes. Something was in them that he had never seen there before. They were full of impatient joy. But beneath his reproachful gaze it changed to grieved surprise, then a deep blush rose from cheek to brow, and spread downward over her throat. She turned away in silence. He buried his face in the pillow and was still.

She went about her household tasks as usual, but without singing, as she had done all the week. At two o'clock she dressed for her walk. Her husband, watching stealthily, saw that she plaited her hair in a new but very becoming fashion, and wove a scarlet ribbon among its braids.

Over her one good dress—reserved hitherto for Sunday wear—she threw her long waterproof cloak, with its hood over her hair, in the place of a hat or bonnet.

When she was ready she stepped to the bed. Paul had really been asleep at that hour on each previous day. He counterfeited sleep successfully now.

"Poor Paul!" he heard her say; but she did not kiss him.

He did not rise till he heard the garden-gate shut after her. Then he watched from the window, hidden by the blind. Yes; she went straight toward the wood.

Paul Berkely seized his hat and cloak, and sought out a heavy cane with a loaded head. Leaning on this, he followed.

The walk on such a day and on such an errand would probably kill him. So much the better.

His home was dismantled and ruined; his art had failed him; his wife was false. What had he in all the wide world to live for, to care for, now?

He felt as if the spectre of Paul Berkely was treading feebly over that woodland path where he and Katharine had walked in the blissful happiness of their early married days. Sweet days! Yet no dearer, no sweeter, than this latter time of illness, disappointment, privation, through which she had passed so bravely.

How tender, how unwearied, she had been! How she had upheld, encouraged, cheered, soothed him—given him strength and purpose for living—when his heart and hope had failed!

And now, at last, long-continued penury and misery had changed her. She had tired of such a life—who could wonder? She had wearied of the sick man—was she to blame? She had turned from him to this gay, graceful young nobleman.

Why not? Let her go. Some amends she ought to have for the long months of toil, of squalid poverty, in that lonely hut.

Reasoning thus as he hastened along, Paul Berkely saw a sight that scattered his philosophy to the winds.

The windings of the path had concealed Katharine from him thus far. Now he saw her; and springing forward to meet her, his handsome face all alight with expectation, came Lord Huntingtower!

"You are late; and you promised to be early for this last time," Paul heard him say.

And Katharine answered:

"My husband seemed ill and strange. I had to wait till he fell asleep."

"Does he suspect anything?"

"Not *this*. How could he? But he is different. I cannot explain it even to myself."

"Let it pass. I've been waiting for you nearly half an hour."

They turned toward the Hall. Paul Berkely leaned

against a tree to recover himself before he followed and faced them.

How he had loved that woman! How he loved her still!

She went gayly on, after ruining his whole life, reckless of her work. "Poor Paul!" Yes; she had said *that*. So much of pity she had felt for him.

The foundations of the earth seemed to rock and sway beneath him as he thus renounced his last faint faith in the truth and affection of his wife.

And heaven—*was* there a heaven, or a God, or only a vast blue expanse above our heads—clouds resting on clouds—and nothing more? He had been in his own way a religious man, grateful for all the good bestowed, and endeavoring to avoid all evil. But evil, plenty of it—black, bitter, burning evil—lay close before him now and for evermore—if he could live!

"Curse God, and die!"

Those words seemed spoken in his ear, just as they were spoken ages ago, to Job in the midst of all his woes.

Job suffered—no one could deny that he had great griefs; but one at least was spared him. Job's wife did not desert him for a stranger. She was true; she staid by him. Out of the depths of her own misery she gave him that advice, meaning, no doubt, to follow his example, and to be with him in death as she had been in life.

"Why should she be universally condemned for such counsel, when life grew too hard to be endured, and she longed for release for her husband and herself?" thought poor Berkely, pressing his hands to his burning forehead, where his brain seemed to boil and whirl in an unceasing sea of flame.

And so he came stealthily toward the French window of Lord Huntingtower's study, which stood half-way open, plainly hearing his wife's voice within.

"Poor, dear Paul! I am sure he half guesses our secret. It will be impossible to keep it from him any longer," she said.

"I *know* it!" shouted Paul, springing into the room.

Katharine, in her rustic finery, stood at the further end, on a kind of dais, with Lord Huntingtower kneeling at her feet. He wore the dress of a cavalier. His plumed hat was lying on the floor beside his sword. His face was hidden as, with his head turned aside, he pressed his lips to Katharine's extended hand.

Between this group and the window stood a young and very lovely lady, whose artist's blouse could not conceal the grace of her figure, or the dignity and elegance of her carriage.

She stood at an easel, palette in hand, and on the canvas before her the cavalier and the rustic beauty were faithfully reproduced. The tableau lasted but an instant.

The cavalier and the fair artist stared in silent astonishment at the intruder; but Katharine sprang from the dais, rushed across the room, and led him, tottering and trembling all over, to a seat.

"Paul, how *could* you do such a mad thing?" she asked, sorrowfully.

"Your husband?" inquired Lord Huntingtower.

"Yes, my lord. And this imprudence may kill him," replied Katharine.

Lord Huntingtower hurried out of the room. He soon returned with a decanter and glasses on a tray.

"Blanche, do you give the wine to him, dear," he said to the lady who looked on, with infinite pity. "Let Lady Huntingtower hold it to his lips, Mrs. Berkely."



Lady Huntingtower! And the picture? Paul understood it all now. He had heard that the young countess was an amateur artist of no mean capacity.

He drank the wine. Strength came back—not because of the cordial, but because Katharine was true.

"I don't know how to apologize," he faltered. "Miles Adams came to me with a strange tale to-day, my lord. He had seen you meet Mrs. Berkely—Katharine—in the wood and bring her here. He had not seen her ladyship—I did not know she was here. You will never forgive me, Katharine," he concluded, silenced by the deep blush that dyed the face of his astonished wife.

"She might not, if you were well, Mr. Berkely," said the countess, seeing that no one else was able to speak. "You have taken us all by surprise, you see. But if you don't get worse through it—my dear, close that window; the draught is too strong for an invalid."

They busied themselves about him as kindly and tenderly as if he had been an invited guest instead of an intruder on their privacy.

Katharine's only rebuke was the exclamation:

"How could you fancy I could think of any one except you, Paul, when you have only just been given back to me from the grave? You don't know how ill you have been. The doctor would not allow you to know. You must never doubt me again."

"I never, never will. It was living in torment, Katharine," said Paul, hiding his wet eyes on her shoulder.

"Yes; it was scarcely fair—only that he was not himself," said the pretty little countess, slipping off her holland blouse, and appearing in a neat and coquettish home dress of dark-blue silk, with collar and cuffs of costly foreign laces. "We have all been plotting for your good this week, Mr. Berkely. On that very Monday, when your informant saw my husband in the wood, he had been at your house, and, while you slept, you were robbed of something that we value very highly."

She drew a curtain away from the opposite wall. There, in a splendid frame, hung Paul's great picture of Huntingtower Hall.

"I think you will still be able to finish it for this year's exhibition," said the earl. "My wife has been hastening on her own picture as a companion to it. Next week your wife thought you would be strong enough to bear the journey here, and we meant to look on humbly while you two artists painted 'against time.' As you have made the journey in your own way"—the earl laughed in spite of himself, and they all joined him—"we shall just make a prisoner of you on the spot, and not allow you to return."

So it was settled. Katharine hastened back through the wood to pack her things, and Paul's painting apparatus, and to close their house.

The next day every one was gazing at the Huntingtower carriage, as it stood before the church-door; and Miles Adams nearly choked with spite when he saw Paul Berkely walking feebly up the aisle to his own pew, leaning on the young earl's arm.

Lord Huntingtower, having heard that there was great dissatisfaction among his tenants in consequence of the bailiff's too strict rule, had come down, unknown to any one except his house-servants, for a short visit, that he might inquire into grievances personally, and at his leisure, on the spot.

The countess was young and romantic, fond of the real country, but by no means inclined to the life of dinner-giving and company-entertaining which a country home too often entails upon its possessors.

"If I may go with you, and run about the park in my

home-dresses, and paint when I like, I shall enjoy it. But I cannot endure a second edition of 'the season' at Huntingtower," she said.

So the servants were warned to keep silence, and they came down. The bailiff was ignorant of their arrival; the country people knew nothing of it.

Lord Huntingtower, calling to inquire for Paul, whom he had known as a boy, and liked, heard from Katharine the sad story of his failure and defeat.

The countess, full of sympathy for a brother-artist, was prompt to act. By her advice the earl purchased the unfinished picture, paying a sum for it which she named.

It was removed to the Hall during one of Paul's deep slumbers, and thither he would have followed it in due time if Miles Adams had not noticed and misconstrued the visits which Katharine, out of gratitude to her benefactress, made in the interests of the second picture to the earl's study, now fitted up as a studio for his wife.

Paul, once more happy, soon recovered strength and health, and the double work went successfully on.

Paul's picture won approval and made his fame. The earl's generous cheek had long since banished the wolf from his door. The cottage was more beautiful than ever as the Summer days went on; the dear little cuckoo sang again in his old corner, to the secret dismay and bewilderment of the kitten on the hearth, who set up her back and rounded her eyes whenever that mysterious bird appeared, far out of her reach.

Nothing is wanting to the happiness of those two fair English homes, and by every one except Paul Berkely the misery of that one day seems entirely forgotten.

He does not forget. When one has gone down "into the depths," and stood upon the very brink of despair, and blasphemy, and crime, a glimpse is given into the latent possibilities of fallen human nature too startling not to be remembered.

But he loves his wife more tenderly than ever, because for a few hours he wronged her by giving credit to a slanderer's falsehood, and thoroughly disbelieving her unfaltering tenderness and truth.

"In the days—now far distant—when I frequented the foyer of the Vaudeville in its old home on the Place de la Bourse," says a theatrical contemporary, "an expression current among the actors of that theatre for some time puzzled me sorely. This was no other than the monosyllable 'bath,' pronounced, of course, 'bat,' and signifying 'good'; but why it bore that meaning and whence it originated were mysteries. One evening, when the phrase in question had been more frequently applied than usual to a piece then in rehearsal, I begged Mlle. X. to enlighten me; whereupon, to my astonishment, she laughingly remarked, that being 'Angleesh,' I ought to know. 'What has that to do with it?' I asked. 'Everything,' she replied. 'You must remember that formerly your best letter-paper always had the word "Bath" stamped on it. Well, some one chose to fancy that, as the paper was good, "Bath" must necessarily mean as much. *Voilà tout.*'"

ABOUT the second year of the reign of King George III, a man of the name of George King was convicted in Dublin of a capital felony. He drew up a memorial to the King, which he forwarded with the following lines:

"George King to King George sends his humble petition,  
Hoping King George will pity poor George King's condition;  
If King George to George King will grant a long day,  
George King for King George for ever will pray."

The man was pardoned.

## COLONEL F. G. BURNABY,

ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (BLUE).

THE Soudan campaigns are costing England dear. Hicks, O'Donovan, Stewart and Burnaby—these are men for whom we could have wished a better fate than to be speared by gallant Arabs "struggling to be free." In a time like ours, when it is often complained that the age of romance has ceased, a career like that of the late Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards is so unusual that he is worthy of some longer notice than that ordinarily accorded to the soldier who bravely meets his death in battle. For Burnaby was more than a soldier. He was a man who, without being in any sense entitled to be called

great, yet united in his person many of the qualities which men are most accustomed to admire. His physical bravery and his extraordinary personal strength are almost as well known to-day as are the similar qualities of Richard Cœur de Lion. His intellectual were on a corresponding plane with his physical qualities. His mind was strong, active, tenacious. He had decided opinions, and expressed them with emphasis. He was as ready in debate as in action. On the platform at large political gatherings he displayed the same qualities of energy and dash which he displayed on the Khivan steppes, or before an Arab fortress in the Soudan. If he was

unpopular at the Horse Guards, he was daily becoming more popular with the people; and by his adventurous journeyings in Asia and his repeated excursions in balloons, he added something to our knowledge of both geography and aeronautics. Burnaby was therefore a public man in a wider sense than that in which the mere soldier, however distinguished, is a public man. His qualities of mind were not rare; but seldom have mental and physical qualities been so happily blended.

Frederick Gustavus Burnaby was born at Bedford, March 3d, 1842. He was the son of the Rev. G. Burnaby, by Harriet, sister of Mr. H. Villebois, of Marham House, Norfolk. His family was a good one; and he could boast, it is said, of being nineteenth in descent from Edward I. At Harrow he distinguished himself

more by his mastery of modern languages than his knowledge of the classics. His literary tastes were developed early; for rebelling, as so many high-spirited boys have, against the fagging system then so prevalent in large public schools, young Burnaby wrote a hot protest, which was accepted and printed by the editor of *Punch*. From Harrow young Burnaby passed to Germany, where he much improved his knowledge of modern languages, and on September 30th, 1859, he was gazetted cornet in the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), with which crack corps he served ever since, rising to be

lieutenant in 1861, captain in 1866, major in 1879, lieutenant-colonel in 1880, and colonel in September, 1884.

Captain Burnaby was able very early to indulge his taste for foreign travel. In 1868 he left England for a long Continental tour, visiting Bayonne, Bordeaux, the Pyrenees, and Pau. Wherever he went adventures attended his steps. Now he was helping the soldiers of some little French town to extinguish a fire; then riding across country on a curious horse ("Qui saute comme un chamois; qui marche comme un locomotif") after half-tame foxes scented with aniseed; or, again, armed with a bedpost, he would be aiding a young Frenchman to beat back in Tangiers the attack of some



COLONEL F. G. BURNABY.

Moorish soldiers eager to arrest rash dancing-girls, who had been secretly showing the Giaours the real Moorish dance (not the Hebrew jig, which is usually palmed off upon the ignorant tourist). From Biarritz Burnaby crossed into Spain, visiting San Sebastian, Madrid, Seville, and Gibraltar, and crossing to Tangiers, whence he returned to England. He eventually became a proficient linguist, being able to speak no less than seven languages (including Arabic, Russ and Turkish) with fluency.

In 1870 Captain Burnaby was in Russia, and on his way home he passed through Paris, then in the hands of the Commune. The year 1873 saw him again in Spain, where the Carlist War was raging. From Madrid he made his way to Vittoria, and thence to the Carlist lines.





SOMERBY HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE, COLONEL BURNABY'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

These he easily penetrated, and passed on to San Sebastian and thence to Irun. Next year the colonel again visited Spain, this time as the correspondent of the *Times* on the Carlist side. His letters show considerable literary facility, and some of his descriptions excellent specimens of the best kind of rapid writing. His next journey was a much more formidable undertaking. It was nothing less than an excursion to Central Africa to join General Gordon, then employed under Ismail Pasha in suppressing the slave-trade in the Soudan. From Suez Burnaby sailed down the Red Sea to Suakim, whence, with a caravan party, he journeyed on camels across the desert to Berber. From Berber he addressed his second letter to the *Times*, dated January 13th, 1875, describing his desert journey, and dwelling upon the dreadful horrors of the slave trade which Gordon was then endeavoring, with such extraordinary exertions, to suppress. From Berber Captain Burnaby sailed up the Nile to Khartoum, whence he pushed on by boat far up the White Nile. His third and last letter to the *Times*, dated from Soubat, Central Africa, February 5th, 1875, gives some interesting details of the work then being carried on by General Gordon.

While at Khartoum Burnaby made a resolution to ride alone to Khiva. It was like the man to make so wild a resolve, and it was like him, too, to carry it out with such unflinching courage and such

readiness of resource. Not long before, Colonel C. M. MacGregor had been foiled by the British Government in his attempt to penetrate to Merv. Fifteen months after MacGregor had returned from his eight months' ride, Burnaby set out on his adventurous journey. He proposed to ride through Khiva to Merv, to see what the Russians were about in Central Asia. It was a difficult and dangerous journey; but accidental circumstances have perhaps given an undue prominence to the undertaking. With MacGahan to coach him as to the route, with the assistance of Mr. Schuyler at St. Petersburg, with a ready knowledge of Russ, with the certainty that there was a Russian garrison at Khiva, and with plenty of money and an unrivaled physique, Captain

Burnaby started with unusual advantages. His feat is in no way to be compared to the much more dangerous and adventurous journeys of Vambéry and MacGahan, nor has "The Ride to Khiva" the same interest or worth as Vambéry's "Travels," MacGahan's "Campaigning on the Oxus," MacGregor's "Khorassan," or O'Donovan's "Merv Oasis." Much of his journey was over ground traveled almost daily by Russian merchants; and the pith of the enterprise was the ride of three hundred miles over the desert in the depth of Winter, from Kazala to Khiva. Advertising skill, and the fact that his book was published at a moment when the public were eager to obtain



MRS. FRED. BURNABY, AUTHOR OF "HIGH ALPS IN WINTER."

information about the doings of Russia in Central Asia, are the two chief reasons which led to the extraordinary success of Captain Burnaby's book. It is a book, too, written in just the vein to tickle the taste of the circulating-library public—light, easy, and good-natured, with bits of personal description and some good descriptions of natural scenery.

Leaving Charing Cross with eighty-five pounds of baggage, on the 30th of November, 1875, Captain Burnaby quickly made his way to St. Petersburg and thence to Orenburg. From Orenburg to Kazala was a ride of 664 miles across the snow-covered desert; and at Kazala the traveler was welcomed politely by the Russian commandant, Colonel Goloff. Fearing, however, a design on the part of Goloff to send him a prisoner to the Fortress of Petro-Alexandrovsk, Captain Burnaby declined Colonel Goloff's proffered escort, and set out, with only his servant and guide, on the ride of 370 miles to Khiva. A visit to Khiva, in 1875, was a very different thing to a visit to the Khan's capital twelve years before, when Vambéry, disguised in his Dervish rags, was the first European who had penetrated to the mysterious capital of the Khivans. Much had happened in the meantime. Said Mahomed, in whose austere presence poor Vambéry had trembled with such good reason, had humbled himself to General Kaufmann; and when Captain Burnaby visited the Khan he incurred no more risk, says Mr. Charles Marvin, than an English tourist visiting the capital of any Indian feudatory prince. Burnaby accomplished his ride in thirteen days, nor did he suffer any extreme hardship. Once, indeed, he ran much danger of frost-bite, having by inadvertence left off his fur gloves. Falling asleep in his sledge, he woke to find his fingers a lurid blue, while his wrists and the extremities of his arms were like those of a dead man. Vigorous rubbing, however, restored the circulation. By the Khan of Khiva the English captain was received with consideration, and "I must say," wrote Captain Burnaby, "that after all that has been written in Russian newspapers about the cruelties and other iniquities perpetrated by this Khivan potentate (Vambéry had seen the eyes of Tchaudor Turcomans gouged out by order of this same Khan), to find the original such a cheery sort of fellow." At Khiva the English officer stopped some days; and then, instead of pushing on to Merv according to his original intention, he decided to turn off to Bokhara. But before he had time to leave, an imperative message came from the Russian Governor Ivanoff requiring his presence at Petro-Alexandrovsk. On arriving at the fortress (two days' journey from Khiva) Burnaby found a telegram from the Duke of Cambridge, ordering his immediate return. The Beaconsfield Cabinet had yielded to the diplomatic pressure of the Court of St. Petersburg, and had recalled the zealous traveler, who was prying too closely, the Russians feared, into their Central Asian transactions. Burnaby returned by almost exactly the same route by which he went. The publication of his book soon after his return at once raised him to the rank of a notoriety.

Enough has been said above to indicate Burnaby's true position as a Central Asian pioneer. He does not stand in the front rank of such; but his journey was a fine example of the private enterprise of an officer determined to undertake a useful duty for the good of his country.

In the Autumn of 1876 all eyes were anxiously turned toward the East. The Bulgarian atrocities had been committed, and had given Mr. Gladstone the text for his fiery pamphlet. Lord Beaconsfield had characterized the rumors from Bulgaria as coffee-house babble.

Journeying on the Danube, Canon Liddon and Canon MacColl had seen a Bulgarian impaled upon a pike. Other witnesses came forward, who alleged that the impaled being seen by the canons was a stack of beans. Public opinion ran high. There were many who declared that the Turks ought to be driven out of Europe. A strong Russian party was formed in England, and it was evident that before long war would break out between Russia and Turkey. Such was the state of affairs when Burnaby, fresh from his Khivan exploit, determined to cap it by another ride. "Were the Turks such awful scoundrels?" said the guardsman to himself. He determined to ascertain; and accordingly, in the Autumn of 1876, he found himself leaving London with his faithful servant, Radford, and with only five months' leave in which to explore Asia Minor. In this brief time he rode over two thousand miles of country, much of it barren wilderness. The journey gave him ample material for a second book, "On Horseback Through Asia Minor." It was distinguished by the same qualities of fluency, happy good nature and high spirits as "The Ride to Khiva"; but it proved less of a public success. The exploit was less striking; the route better known. From Scutari Burnaby traveled almost due east past Angora and Sivas to Erzeroum. From Erzeroum he made a southerly detour to Lake Van, and continued as far east as Khoi, near the northern shores of Lake Urumia. Thence he struck northward, reaching Kars, and finally embarking at Batoum for his return journey. He returned with a good opinion of the Turks, and with a much increased dislike for the Russians and their mode of government. This journey was saddened by the death, at Dover, of the faithful Radford, who had followed his master with uncomplaining fidelity through all his adventures. The faithful servant had contracted typhus fever at Constantinople. The fever developed itself at Vienna, he arrived at Dover unconscious, and died at the end of the second day on shore. Radford was buried at Dover, and his master put this record on his tomb: "He was a brave soldier, a faithful servant and as true as steel."

Burnaby's "pals" always felt that he would die in his boots. Nothing was too reckless, too dare-devil for him. This dare-devilism he loved in others; hence his love for the gigantic trooper servant Radford, a private in the Horse Guards (Blue), whom he nursed during the ride through Asia Minor with the devotion and care and tenderness of a woman. Burnaby's grief at Radford's death knew no bounds, and he sat in the Guards Club for many days alone at a table, his head in his hands, when no one dare break in on his grief, not even the Prince of Wales.

The next year (1877) found Burnaby again in the East. Russia had declared war against Turkey, and Captain Burnaby went out to join the Turkish forces as agent to the Stafford House Committee. But though his position was purely that of a civilian, he could not bear to be out of the fighting. Accordingly he joined Baker Pasha, and was present at several engagements. He endured all hardship cheerfully, and defied all dangers with impunity. With his strong views on the Eastern question, it is not surprising that Burnaby should have endeavored to obtain a hearing for them in the House of Commons. Accordingly, in June, 1878, he was accepted as the Conservative candidate for Birmingham; and it is characteristic of the man that he should have selected the very hotbed of Radicalism as the place wherein to expound strong Conservative opinions. From the beginning the captain's candidature was hopeless. He made a series of



rattling political speeches, and attended a series of noisy meetings; but he had no chance against the Midland triumvirate, Messrs. Bright, Chamberlain and Muntz. It speaks well, however, for the plucky fight that Burnaby made that, at the General Election in 1880, he obtained 15,716 votes. After his defeat he did not despair of Birmingham, and he recently visited the Midland capital in conjunction with Lord Randolph Churchill, the other Conservative candidate. In June, 1879, Major Burnaby married, at St. Peter's Church, Onslow Gardens, Miss Elizabeth A. F. Hawkins-Whitshed, only child of the late Sir St. Vincent Bentinck Hawkins-Whitshed, Bart., of Killoncarriek, having a beautiful domain under the purple heath-crowned Sugar Loaf Mountain in the County of Wicklow. The widow is young and beautiful and full of the love of adventure that characterized her dashing husband. One day he said to her, "Why don't you do something out of the humdrum of Mayfair afternoon teas?"

"What *can* I do?"

"Ascend Mont Blanc!"

"Dozens of women have done that."

"Then do it on Christmas Day."

Mrs. Burnaby took her liege lord at his word, and while he was out in Zululand, she, aided by the celebrated guides, Jules and Jacques Balmat, made the ascent, a thing hitherto unheard of. Though she cannot be credited with discovering the good effects of cold dry Alpine air in cases of chest-complaint, she has at least the distinction of being the pioneer of Alpine climbing in Winter. In the Summer of 1881 Mrs. Burnaby arrived at Chamounix for the first time. She was in bad health, and the doctors feared consumption. She had tried in vain all the usual Winter health resorts—Algiers, Hyères, Mentone, Meran. From none did she gain more than temporary benefit. But the pure mountain air of Chamounix gave her new life. She left with health restored. But the depressing airs of the valleys had the usual result, and after spending a bad Winter at Mentone, Mrs. Burnaby resolved to take the management of her health into her own hands and to try a Winter in Chamounix. The doctors and friends protested; but the result was excellent. Since then Mrs. Burnaby has spent most of her time in Switzerland. She has become one of the most expert lady climbers, and her pleasant book, "The High Alps in Winter," contains a climbing record which many Alpine clubmen will never equal. At Zermatt and Chamounix Mrs. Burnaby's slight figure is well known, and it is to Switzerland that the Queen has sent her sympathetic inquiries for the widow so suddenly bereaved.

Burnaby was a very swift runner. He was the best runner in the Horse Guards. Mr. Herbert, of Muckcross, was the champion of the Foot Guards. One lovely June morning, in the height of the London season, a strange scene was witnessed opposite the palatial residence of Lord Dunraven, in Mayfair. His lordship had given a splendid ball for the Prince of Orange (Citron). After supper, when the bloods were enjoying the B. and S., with its attendant cigar, the question of running came on the *tapis*. Burnaby was named, so was Herbert. A match was then and there made, several hundreds of sovereigns being "put up." The contestants were stripped, save their underclothing, and in dancing-pumps were started for a hundred-yard race, the Prince of Orange's set backing Burnaby, the Earl of Dunraven's "lot" backing Herbert. A few milkmen, one or two policemen, a brace of cadgers, and some very early birds, beheld the two runners speeding like the wind along the

asphalt. Herbert won, to the great delight of the brigade of Foot Guards.

Burnaby, when stripped, was a perfect Hercules. Great knots of muscle stood out all over him. He lifted two ponies, one under each arm, with the greatest ease. A blow from his stalwart arm would fell an ox. Never was there a more gentle, unassuming fellow. He was the hero of his set, the idol of the young fellows. The Eton boy who shook hands with "Fred" became a "swell" on the instant.

Burnaby was not liked at the Horse Guards, as he was always doing strange things during his Winter leave of five months. The Duke of Cambridge telegraphed him to come back from Russia, so as to prevent his ride to Khiva, but the wary Guardsman proved too much for H.R.H., and avoided the post or station to which the telegram was sent, having gotten a "straight tip" from a Russian officer. He was hated in Russia, and he returned the hatred with all his might. He longed for a tussle with the Big Bear on the frontier of England's India possessions, and the recent annexation of Merv by Russia almost set him wild.

Of the last two or three years of Colonel Burnaby's life comparatively little need be said. It was his earnest wish to take part in the Egyptian campaigns, but only in the present Nile expedition had he any official position. He was present with his old comrade, Baker Pasha, at the first battle of El Teb, where the Egyptian forces were disastrously defeated, and one of our sketches shows him riding tranquilly out of the *mélée*.

At the second battle of El Teb he was found in the thickest of the struggle, and his personal prowess on that occasion attracted much attention at the time, both at home and abroad. "As we moved on," wrote one who was present, "firing the while, numbers of the rebels, most of them armed with spears and others with huge cross-hilted swords, rose up boldly within two hundred yards, and rushed for us at breakneck speed. It was marvelous to see how they came on, heedless and fearless of death, shouting and brandishing their weapons. To the right and left they fell, but those who survived, even when wounded, rushed on. A few got within five or ten paces of the square, proving how many bullets it takes to kill a man. There was no running away yet on the enemy's part, only a sullen falling back. At length we cleared the front with the Martinis, and then, with a cheer, rushed the fort. Colonel Burnaby was the first to mount the parapet, firing with a double-barreled shotgun into the rebels, many of whom still hung about the works."

It was a wild *mélée* of bayonets and spears, in which, in the midst of all the confusion, the herculean form of Burnaby might be seen towering above his fellows, laying about him like a Paladin with the butt-end of his gun. In this struggle he got badly wounded, and for a long time had to go about carrying his arm in a sling.

In the last expedition Burnaby was officially attached to General Stewart's Intelligence Department, and almost his last work was to conduct a convoy from Korti to Gakdul.

As the dark Arab wave rolled down on the English square at Abou Klea, Colonel Burnaby rode out in front of the left rear face to assist some skirmishers who were hard pressed. All got in but one, and Burnaby dashed between this man and a sheik who was charging upon him. The sheik fell, struck by a bullet, but the spear-men were close behind. One dashed on, aiming his long spearblade at Burnaby's throat. Reining in his horse, Burnaby leaned forward, and parried the Moslem's rapid



COLONEL BURNABY AT THE CARLIST OUTPOSTS, IN 1871.  
SEE PAGE 612.

thrusts, but the lance was too long to permit him to strike well with his sabre, though he twice touched his foe.

Burnaby fenced the swarthy Arab as if playing on an assault at arms, and there was a smile on his features as he drove off the man's awkward points. Just then another Arab passed Burnaby, in pursuit of a soldier, and turning suddenly, thrust his spear into the colonel's right shoulder.

The wound, though slight, caused Burnaby to twist around in his saddle, to meet the fresh attack. A soldier sprang forward and drove his sword-bayonet through the second assailant. Brief as was Burnaby's glance backward at the moment, it enabled the first Arab to deliver his spearpoint full in the brave officer's throat. The blow drove Burnaby out of his saddle, but it required a second blow before he let go his grip on the reins and fell to the ground. Half a dozen Arabs were then about him. With blood gushing from his gashed throat, the dauntless guardsman leaped to his feet, sword in hand, and slashed at the ferocious group. They were the wild strokes of a proud, brave man, dying hard, and he was quickly overborne and left helpless and dying.

### THE SPINNSTUBE.

THE peasants of Central Germany are a social race, and their Winter life differs widely from that of our own farm laborers. As soon as the harvest is gathered in and the evenings lengthen, a number of diversions are commenced which help to pass them pleasantly away. In both countries, it is true, the public-house is the social centre, but in Germany it possesses allurements which few of our public-houses can boast. No moral or social stigma attaches to a visit to the smoky

parlor which is frequented by men of all classes, and where they meet to converse rather than to drink. But though the chief, it is by no means the only, attraction of the house. The skittle-alley is a great place of resort. Early in the afternoon it is frequently occupied by the *élite* of the village—the clergyman, the head gamekeeper, a few of the richer peasants, and it may be the schoolmaster, if he has come to years of discretion and happens to have a holiday. Then a sober and judicious game is played, and much sound criticism and sage discussion as to the merits of every single ball may be heard both before and after it is given.

Of an evening, however, after the petroleum lamps have been lighted, the alley belongs to the youth of the place, and play becomes fast and furious. In such hours the sound of the balls may almost always be heard, except when the weather is cold enough to permit the rarer joys of sledging and skating. In the large hall, which is only heated on great festivals, or when special orders have been given, such of the peasants as have a musical bent meet two or three times a week to practice. On these occasions, the somewhat awful respect on which age usually insists is laid aside, and the patriarch of the village takes his seat contentedly beside the boy who has just been confirmed. These musicians are the most regular of churchgoers. Every Sunday they mount the loft assigned to them, and their performance adds not a little to the charm of the service, for they always play tolerably and often exceedingly well, so that they are sometimes invited to give a concert in distant towns.

It will be seen that the men have ways enough of amusing themselves, and that the women are left a good deal to themselves. It is true that a dance is given every week or two in the large hall of the inn, and that in some villages there are societies for vocal music in which the girls, too, take part. Yet their evenings would often seem long and lonely if they were not ingenious enough to find reasons, or at least excuses, for gathering together. The chief of these used to be the spinning-room. Every village had its date on which spinning

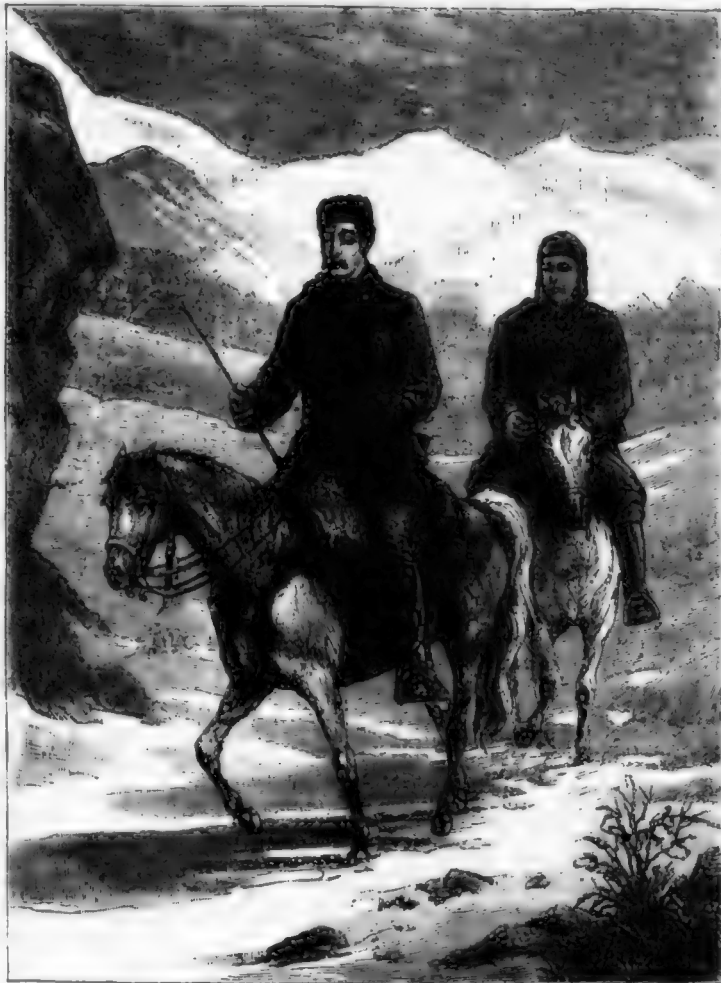


COLONEL BURNABY STARTING IN HIS BALLOON TRIP ACROSS  
THE CHANNEL.



was supposed officially to begin, and for days beforehand the girls were busy getting their wheels in order. All the Summer long they had stood neglected in some out-of-the-way corner, for there was field-work to be done, first the hay, and afterward the corn, to be gathered in, the fire-wood to be brought from the neighboring forest, and apples to be carefully chosen and set aside for the Christmas-tree, while the others had to be cut into slices and taken with the plums to the kiln to be dried—indeed, a woman's whole labor had to be done. But now that Winter had brought its rest, the time had come for cozy evenings spent in pleasant chat and work so light as scarcely to seem an exertion. Every girl who had any self-respect took a pride in her wheel, and was almost as proud of its neatness as of the length of her thread, and, what rarely happens among the poor in our days, the oldest were generally reputed to be the best.

From the earliest days a certain sanctity has been ascribed to everything that has to do with spinning. The great goddess who was the wife of Odin viewed it with especial favor, and regarded the maiden who could spin quickly and neatly as a fitting match for the greatest of her husband's heroes. She has long been dethroned and obliged to wander about *incognito*; but as Berehta or Frau Höhle, by whatever name indeed she may be known to the descendants of her ancient worshipers, she remains true to her old love of this occupation. She tends the flax-fields with a peculiar care, and keeps a jealous guard over the mysteries of the spinning-room. She secures a merry Christmas to the deft and diligent maid, and takes care in due time to provide her with a good husband and



COLONEL BURNABY ON THE RIDE TO KHIVA, 1875.

a comfortable home, while she sends the ugliest and most impudent of her imps to tie knots in the hair of the careless hussy who lets her thread get entangled or ill-uses her wheel. It is long since any one has seriously believed such stories; but the sentiment they embodied was till very recently alive among the peasant population of Germany.

So on the first day of the spinning season, as soon as the evening meal was finished, girls might be seen trooping down the village street, each carrying her wheel, to the appointed house. The matron was ready to welcome them to the warm dwelling-room, and in a minute or two they were all seated, and had begun to chat and spin. Everything in the form of a woman with a wheel was freely admitted; but, as a rule, it was only the unmar-

ried girls that came. After the gossip of the day had been thoroughly threshed out, the old songs were sung and the old tales told; and they never seemed to pall the simple audience. This is perhaps one of the reasons why so much of the legendary lore of Germany has been preserved. The stories a girl first heard in the spinning-room she told long years afterward to the grandchildren clustering around her knee. So, 'mid song and chatter that never interfered with the work, the time would pass away till eight o'clock struck. Then, or shortly afterward, the door would open, and such of the youths of the village as had discovered that there was something in life more amusing than skittles would steal shyly in. At first they would stand in sheepish groups near the door, but in a few minutes they would find themselves, they scarcely knew how, close behind the objects of their admiration, and then there was low talk which was



COLONEL BURNABY AT THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE TER, FEB. 4TH, 1884.—SEE PAGE 612.

rendered inaudible to the bystander by the purring of the wheels. It must be confessed that the thread spun at such times was apt to be a little deficient in quality; but only an hour was allowed to such frivolity. As soon as nine struck the girls returned to their homes, to meet at the next house on the following evening.

In the good old times, the first meeting of the season was usually held at the clergyman's house—that is, if he was a married man and well stricken in years, and then his wife and daughters would take their places beside their neighbors, though they rarely followed them to other houses. These meetings, it must be owned, were somewhat lugubrious affairs. The girls felt they must be on their best behavior, and the few youths who ventured up to the parsonage put on their best coats and their church manners. They were generally well known to be betrothed to one of the maidens present; but they seemed ashamed of the object of their choice, and stood looking fixedly at almost anything in the room except at her. Still these opening assemblies were felt to be good things. They were a kind of grace before meat, which lent a sanction to the levities of the following evenings; and, besides, they were a great honor, for no one thought of going without being especially invited, and no one was invited of whom the Frau Pastorin did not approve.

The circle that began at the parsonage closed at the ale-house; but on that night the spinning was little more than a farce. The hostess, it is true, had prepared her best private room for her company; but they had no heart for work. They knew that they hall above had been heated and lighted, and the village fiddler engaged, and that as soon as the tiresome clock would drag its slow hands round to seven, the young men would break in upon them, and lead them away, after a little feigned reluctance, to dance, sing, and play forfeits till midnight. On such occasions the mirth might not be very refined, but it was both innocent and sincere, and on the following evening the girls would assemble quite soberly at the first house in the village except the parsonage.

Such was the social influence of spinning in the villages. It played almost as important, though a less picturesque, part in the houses of the yeomanry which are scattered here and there over the country. As soon as supper was over, and the little children had been put to bed, and soothed to sleep by singing and sugar-plums, the lady of the house and her elder daughters would bring out their wheels. Soon after the maid-servants would enter, one by one, each bouncing an awkward courtesy, and take their seats at a distance from their mistress great enough to denote respect without preventing conversation. When the day had passed quietly over, the talk did not differ widely from that of the village; but if one of the maids was conscious of having been seen to fail in any of her duties, she would take this opportunity of excusing or begging pardon, in some indirect way, for her neglect; if the mistress knew she had been unnecessarily sharp or harsh, she would either ask the girl she had offended to start one of her favorite tunes or begin the air herself, and thus a reconciliation was effected without humiliation to either party. The hours spent in spinning were hours of comparative social equality, and women of tact and intelligence often used them in such a way as to render them of inestimable value to their servants. As in many parts of the country each knew she was spinning her own flax for her own dowry, she was more ready to listen to advice and criticism than she might have been if she were working for another.

In the country, however, as well as in the villages,

Love, as he is used to do, found out his way, and the last hour was understood to belong to him, though some transparent stratagem was generally adopted. If one of the man-servants had cast an eye on any of the maidens, he usually found about eight o'clock that he had something of the utmost importance to say to the master, which, if he were not at home, could only be confided to the mistress. After a word or two a jug of small beer was handed to him, and he was asked to take a seat, which he usually found in the very place he most desired. Youths from the neighboring farms would wander over with impossible messages, and be treated in the same way, so that during the last hour other things besides flax were spun. At such a time, while sipping your host's oldest wine with him at a side-table, it was often amusing to watch the simple wiles of rustic coquetry. When the favored lover of two girls entered, each would instinctively move her chair to make room for him at her side, and then spread her petticoats to a prodigious extent to hide the fact. When he endeavored to place himself by the first she would say, "Why do you come here? There is room enough over there by Anna"; and if he bashfully followed her suggestion, Anna would retort, "Why don't you go to Elze? Didn't you see she made room for you as soon as you came in?" And so the strife went on through Cupid's whole litany, which remains much the same, in whatever dialect it may be spoken.

Spinning by hand is now rapidly becoming a thing of the past. But few of the rising generation have ever seen a spinning-wheel, except on the stage, and in Germany, too, the old customs, the old habits, the old occupations, are gradually giving place to new. Human fingers cannot vie with machinery in deftness and certainty. But in the Spinnstuben, Germany is losing a social element which it will be difficult to replace. The factory life that must succeed them seems sadly prosaic in comparison; but it is pleasant to remember that, whatever may become of them and the other relics of the olden time, Love's catechism will never remain unasked or unanswered, and that, where Love passes, Poetry will assert her right of way.

## THE MUSK-DEER.

ACCORDING to Dr. Macgowan's collation regarding the history of musk as presented by Chinese writers, the musk-deer is found through the mountains of Yun-nan, Szechuen and Thibet. This little animal is so timid that it often dies of fright. It feeds on juniper leaves and reptiles. In Spring its peculiar glandular pouch is greatly swollen and inflamed, and the secretion is always voided by the deer on the same spot, and covered over with earth. In such places, deposits of musk of a superior quality are found, amounting sometimes to twenty pounds in weight, and of so pungent a nature, that if carried through a garden or wood it prevents fructification. The valuable substance no sooner leaves the hands of the hunter than skillful manipulators adulterate it for the wholesale dealers, who further so debase it for the trade, that there is finally in the mixture offered very little indeed of genuine musk, say only ten per cent. Musk is said to be destructive to intestinal worms and an antidote to the venom of serpents.

VANITY is our dearest weakness in more senses than one; a man will sacrifice everything, and starve out all his other inclinations to keep alive that one.



## HEALTH.

By JOHN A. SYMONDS.

Too blessed thou, couldst thou self-conscious be  
 Of thine own blessedness! couldst thou but live  
 Contented with those gifts the minutes give;  
 Thy bare existence being felicity!  
 No burden of the world's pain weighs on thee:  
 Thou ne'er hast felt fate's worst imperative:  
 Those weariest words, Forget, Forego, Forgive,  
 Are found not yet in thy philosophy.  
 Thrice blessed thou! Though one had eminent wealth,  
 Fame, knowledge, wisdom, mastery of his art;  
 Yet were he naught matched with thine ignorance,  
 Thy poverty, thine insignificance!  
 To thee, being young, God giveth the better part;  
 Unworn, unvexed, unwearied, thou hast health!

## THREE DAYS IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

By G. A. DAVIS.

A NARROW strip of land runs far out into the misty, many-colored sea; a sharp, high, rocky wedge, at whose furthest and highest and steepest point the tall, white column of the lighthouse rises, bare and massive.

On the right hand foams and chafes a line of roaring surf; on the left, a long, low, gentle swell washes and whispers along the little strip of stony beach; and on both sides the cliff rises naked and brown and almost perpendicular.

There is a grand and simple severity in all the lines of the picture—the treeless promontory that cuts into the great circle of the sea and sky with a grand, undulating sweep, like the crest of a wave—and for color there is only the warm golden green of the turf that looks soaked in sunshine, the vivid white of the lighthouse walls, with a bit of old gray stonework in the little house nestled at its base; the dense deep sapphire of the sky, and the changing blues and violets and grays of the sea.

It was the morning of the first day. On the little strip of beach between the cliff and the surf a man and a woman were basking in the sunshine—the man, with that air of enforced and business-like laziness that the American chiefly wears toward the middle of his Summer vacation, as one who enjoys the *far niente* under protest and pines for the rush and scramble of the city once more; the woman, with an *abandon* as complete as that of an Italian lazzarone.

She lay on her back on one of the few little patches of white sand between the stones, and boulders, and tangle of kelp, and fibrous red and purple seaweed. Her hands were crossed under her head, slightly lifting it, so that her gray eyes could sight the horizon on a perfect level between the toes of her stout little walking-boots, and she looked as if she were no more likely ever to stir again from that attitude of utter repose than were the rugged, seaweed cliffs above her. Only her lips moved a little; she was murmuring to herself a soft purring whisper against the monotone of the sea.

"What are you saying, Elsie?" asked the man.

"Nothing—I mean nothing you care to hear. You would call it mystical nonsense."

But after a second's pause she went on again.

"Thou and I in the spirit-land  
 A thousand years ago,  
 Saw the waves wash on the strand,  
 Heard their murmur low;  
 Vowed to love and ever love,  
 A thousand years ago.

"Thou and I in Syria——"

A slight, impatient movement interrupted her.

"You see I was right," she said, quietly, and relapsed into silence again.

"Well, *isn't* it nonsense?" asked her companion, half petulantly, half entreatingly. "Elsie, dear, I wish to Heaven you knew no more of poetry than you do of—arithmetic!"

"Alex, dear, you ought to have been more sensible than you were when you married me. You know I told you at the time that I should make you consummately miserable. I cannot conceive why you did it; but all the same——"

"All the same I *did*," he broke in, rather hotly, coming nearer, and laying a hand on the soft arm above her head. "Don't talk so, Elsie; it's unbearable."

She turned her head a little and looked up at him with curious, compassionate, but strangely unsympathetic eyes. They were the only noticeable points in her face. Elsie Carton was no beauty, neither piquantly ugly nor fascinatingly plain; she was like fifty other well-bred women whom you meet in society every day—or would have been, but for those vaguely expectant, unsatisfied and painfully questioning eyes.

"Dear, I am so sorry; but it's so hard not to talk as one thinks, and if one may not be open and unguarded with one's own lawful husband, with whom can they speak their mind?"

She laughed, and Alex smiled, though he sighed in the same breath.

"You were really a very nice old fellow!" she said, gravely and soothingly. "When I say that I don't see why you married me, you know it's entirely because I am so disagreeable and exactly the reverse of what you ought reasonably to have cared for. It's such a pity! You ought to have had some one who could understand the things you like—business and the practical side of life, and science, and all that sort of thing—somebody with a nineteenth-century mind, in short. Poor old fellow! I wish——" She broke off, and her eyes went out to the gray sea-line again.

"There is a storm coming," she said, abruptly.

"So I told you," answered Alex, quick to catch at the change of subject. "The equinoctial will be on us before we have time to get out of this hole. Never mind; I dare say we can stand being shut in for a day or two."

"Mind! I shall be only too glad. I wish I were tied fast here like Andromeda, and never obliged to stir again."

The little stones crunched and rolled under somebody's feet, and Elsie Carton and her husband raised their eyes at once, and saw a figure coming toward them round the little strip of beach.

It was a tall man, noticeable for a thoroughbred, half-foreign air, who, as he came nearer and passed them, raised his hat, just glancing over Elsie as if she were part of the general prospect.

"That must be the fellow who came so late last night," said Alex, watching the retreating figure along the beach. "He was up and off before sunrise this morning."

There was no answer; but, turning, Elsie's husband saw that she had raised herself on her arm, and was looking after the stranger, too, with a knitted brow, and the perplexed and anxious look deepened and intensified in her eyes; and suddenly, as he watched her, a nervous shudder came over her, shaking her as if with a spasm of cold.

"Why, what ails you, Elsie? You are not chilly, surely?"

She shook her head, and pressed her hands for a second over her eyes.

"No—oh, no! I think that man must be walking over my grave, that's all. Come, let us go back to the house."

\* \* \*

In the lighthouse there were but two bedrooms set apart for the accommodation of the wandering public, and one of these had been empty during the week that Mr. and Mrs. Carton had already passed there. Its present tenant arrived late in the evening, having ridden out alone from the nearest spot of human habitation, and for the whole of the first day he absented himself, coming back in the twilight on his big brown horse, tired from long gallops over the miles of bare green downs that rolled and undulated between the ocean and the Sound.



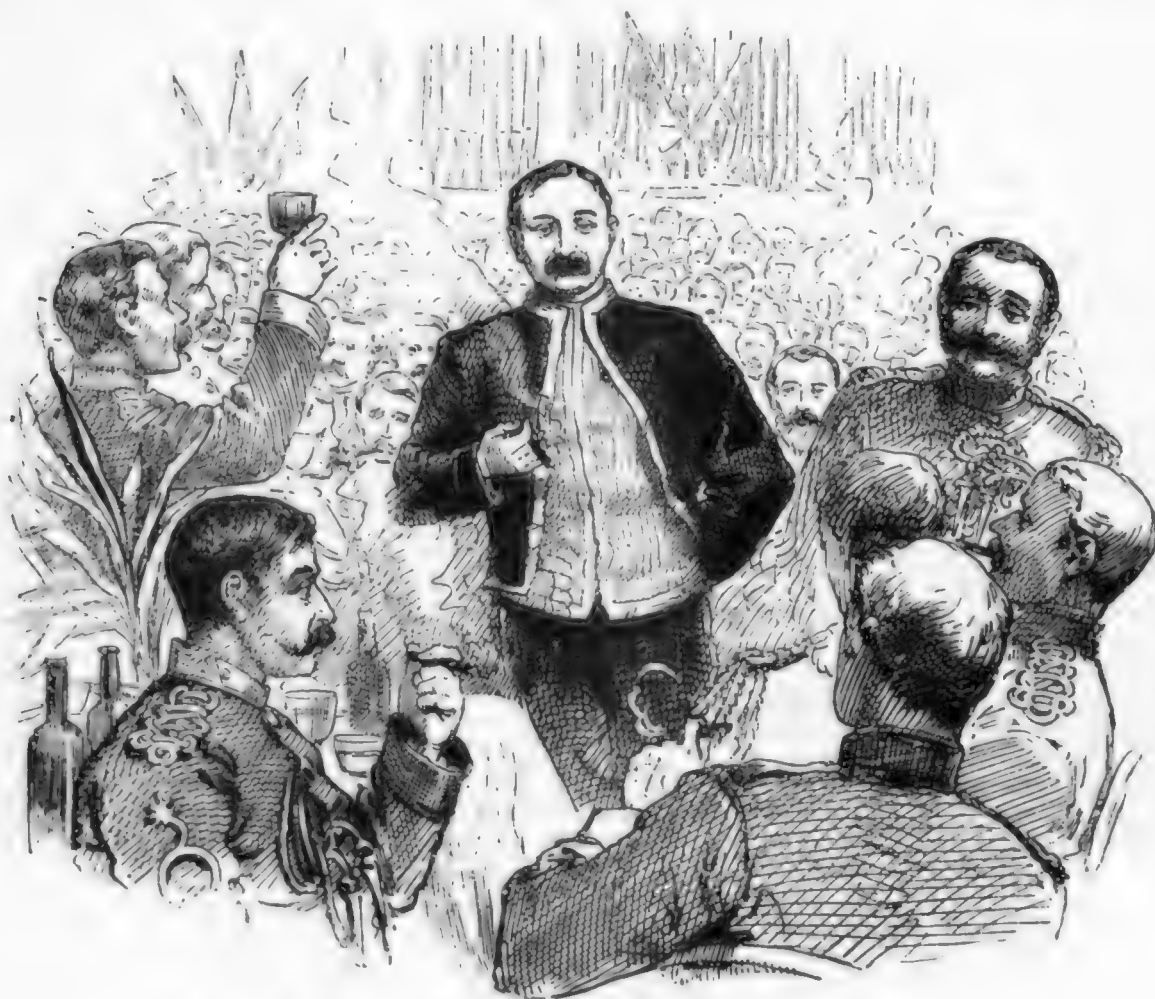
COLONEL BURNABY AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF EL TED, FEB. 29TH, 1881.—SEE PAGE 612.

But the next day he was at breakfast, and though, after the manner of the place, no introduction took place between such transient visitors, it was presently discovered that he was Mr. Ralph Moray, of St. Louis, and that there even existed a dim and distant thread of business connection between him and Carton.

He was a man somewhere on the near side of fifty, who might have been called handsome and could never be called old.

There was something in him that fascinated Elsie Carton; and her husband, who rarely saw her interested or attracted by any human being, was infinitely delighted to see her listening eagerly to their desultory breakfast-table talk, though she said nothing herself.

They separated for the morning, and Carton and



BURNABY TELLING OF HIS EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN TO HIS CLUB IN ENGLAND.



the lighthouse-keeper took their guns, and went off over the downs for a long-promised day of wild-duck shooting.

"Why did you come here?" asked Elsie, suddenly, turning to him for the first time.

It was like the question of a little child, and her very



THE SPINNETH.—A SPINNING SCHOOL IN GERMANY.—SEE PAGE 616.

Mrs. Carton and Mr. Moray stood on the steps for a moment and watched them go. He had excused himself from joining them on the ground of being a poor shot and out of practice.

voice had taken a strange, hesitating, childlike tone. She looked very young and small in her girlish flannel dress, leaning against the porch, and looking up at him with her vaguely questioning eyes.

"Because it was the Ultima Thule," said Mr. Moray, smiling down into them. "I rode over these glorious downs till I could ride no further. I did not come to shoot."

"There is nothing else to do—for a man," said Elsie, dreamily. "I sit on the beach all day in the sun. Mr. Carton finds that dull, and I suppose it is."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Moray vaguely.

He looked down at her and through her, as people look when their thoughts take infinite flights, and the two stood still for a minute or two in silence before they separated.

Elsie wandered about restlessly half the morning, long before she went down, with her shawl and the book she never read, to her nook under the cliffs.

If Alex had been near she would have noticed certain symptoms, that always worried him strangely, in his wife—a nervous, fluttering hurry, an impatient expectancy shown in every glance and movement, that he could never understand.

"Do you want anything, Elsie?" he used to ask. "Are you waiting for anything?" And then she would start, and with her eyes glancing wistfully aside, and her nervous fingers twisting together, answer:

"Nothing—certainly nothing! What *could* I be waiting for?"

The mood was strong on her this morning, and she wandered up and down the stony little beach, and climbed the wet, seaweed-cushioned boulders as far out into the low surf-lines as she could venture.

She never stopped to gather the seaweed and kelp, and the queer star-fish and colored pebbles that have such a fascination for loungers by the sea. Her eyes were busy searching out the filmy-gray horizon, and following the flight of the gleaming white seagulls and the long undulation of the blue waves—

"The changing mound and foam that passed away."

It was always with the same troubled gaze, the look that made people say, "Mrs. Carton always seemed to have something on her mind."

Gossips—from whom the best society is not wholly exempt—had long ago woven a tissue of domestic infelicities for Mr. and Mrs. Carton upon this slight woof alone.

At last she sat down, and resting her chin in her hands, brooded in the sunshine like the Sphinx.

She was sitting so when again a footstep sounded on the pebbles, and the tall figure of Ralph Moray came by.

He raised his hat again, and would have passed by, but she spoke to him:

"Won't you sit down here?"

And she motioned with her hand to a flat boulder near her, cushioned deep with sun-dried seaweed.

Moray sat down without a word, and without a word—only a long, contented sigh—Elsie leaned her chin in her hand again.

They talked after a while; and again, had Alex been near to see, he would have wondered, and rejoiced, perhaps, at the change in her manner—it was such a rare delight to him, poor fellow! to see his dreamy, eccentric wife behaving as other women of two-and-twenty behave.

And yet it was not exactly as other women or girls would have treated a stranger of barely twelve hours' acquaintance that Mrs. Carton met this man; it was more as a very frank and confiding little child would cast itself upon the protection of some one to whom it instinctively felt itself akin.

"Is it possible, Mrs. Carton," asked Moray, suddenly, "that I can ever have met you before? I have been

puzzling over it for the last ten minutes, and, though I cannot recall a feature of your face, your voice sounds as familiar to me as my own. I suppose it can't be, for you say you have lived all your life on this side of the water, and I have come back this Summer after more than twenty years abroad—and yet I cannot help fancying that we have met."

"I knew you thought so," said Mrs. Carton, quietly. "It must have been—I have been trying to remember it, too."

"But that is absurd!" breaking into a laugh. "If you have never been in Europe, nor I in America, during your lifetime, how can we possibly have known each other, except in a previous state of existence?"

"Do you believe that is possible?"

"I have never defined in my own mind the limits of possibility," said Moray, looking into the gray eyes that fastened upon his with an unreserve as utter as an infant's. "There are more things in heaven and earth than I believe philosophy will ever dream of—or, at least, do more than dream of. We have all had our season of dream and speculation and groping into the unknown."

"It is *all* such a groping!" said Elsie Carton, slowly.

"So it is—until one learns to steady themselves on the one tangible centre of all things—the duty of the present."

"The duty!"

She said it after him as if her lips scarcely knew the sound of the word.

"Yes," he said, looking steadily at her, and curiously, too. "The great aim and end of life is a mystery and an uncertainty to most of us, but the duty that we wake up to every day is always plain enough, and if we do *that*, we shall have no time to grope into the unknowable beyond."

"But if I *must*!" cried Elsie. She leaned over toward him, her hands clasped on her knees, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes glittering with a wild fire. "If I could forget utterly, for ever, or only once, for one moment, *remember* entirely, I could rest. Now, I am always trying to find my way as people do in dreams; there is a veil behind me and a veil before me that I can half see through, but not all—and I know that what is beyond is better than what I have here. It is as if I had been happy once and lost it, and cannot even remember what I have lost!"

She stretched her hands out with a wild gesture toward the sea, where the tide was rolling in with long lines of breakers gathering beyond the bar.

Ralph Moray's eyes had passed from her face to the purple sea-line, and as they brooded there they were saying in the eye's subtle language:

"I have lost it, too—but I remember!"

"It is always clearer to me when I am by the sea," Elsie went on. "I cannot tell you how it is, but I seem to be nearer to myself, to be more myself when I can hear it and see it. And I hate to be with any one, or to talk to any one, when I am on the shore; I want to be alone the whole day long—all alone. That was why Alex brought me here."

"And you wish me to go, I suppose?" said Moray, with a sudden smile, making a feint of rising.

Elsie stretched out her hands, her breath coming quicker, like a startled child's.

"No—no; I want you to stay."

The shadows wheeled and lengthened, and the sun passed away from the stony strip of beach, and the two sat in the shadow, while the high tide ebbd again and flowed back with a hollow thunder from the bar.



Alex Carton came home with his gamebag filled, hot and tired; but before he could bathe or eat he must hurry out again to call Elsie.

He found her nestled among the rocks, with Moray near her.

"Talking away like two old friends," he muttered to himself. "By Jove! what an extraordinary little woman it is. I haven't seen her decently civil to a man before—since we were married."

The three walked back together over the cliffs, and Alex was in the best of moods; but when he was alone with his wife he made as near an approach as he had ever done in the four years of their marriage, to a lecture.

"Elsie, dear, I'm awfully glad you find this Moray an agreeable fellow, and I'm delighted to see you talk to any one; but I don't think it precisely the thing to sit five hours *tête-à-tête* on the beach. It doesn't do with a perfect stranger, you know—don't you see it yourself?"

And Elsie looked up with her azure, wondering eyes.

"Doesn't it? If you say so, Alex, of course I will never do it again."

So the evening and the morning were the second day.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Brown, pouring the coffee, "the equinox is upon us!"

It was morning, and the wind that had been warring round the lighthouse all night long had now brought with it a cold driving storm of rain. Everything outside the windows was drowned in a white sea-fog, that the wind sent and lifted continually, only to sweep back again in denser wreaths about the drenched promontory. The seagulls beat their long, wet wings with hoarse cries about the stone tower, and the surf drove its roaring lines of foam far round the point into the sheltered Sound.

"It's a bad time o' year for folks to come out here," resumed Mrs. Brown. "When it comes on for a regular three days' storm, most of 'em wishes they was back ag'in where they belong—and I don't blame 'em."

The two men discussed probabilities with the lady of the lighthouse; Elsie, as usual, said nothing. She was not well this morning, and Alex was worried, and watched her furtively; she had been restless all night, and her eyes looked dark-rimmed and wakeful.

"I suppose we must make the best of a day indoors," he said, resignedly, as he leaned against the window after breakfast and watched the driving fog.

"I must persuade my horse to make the best of a gallop for an hour at least," said Moray, and went out in riding-boots and mackintosh, to conciliate that reluctant quadruped.

All the while that he was gone Elsie crouched at the parlor-window, with her face pressed to the pane, dumb and almost motionless.

Her husband walked the stone halls with his cigar, read the visitors' book and the week-old papers, and the "Congressional Reports of the Life-saving Service," and let her alone; only once he came behind her and drew her head back on his arm; but it moved passively, and lay there as a stone image might have lain where it had fallen.

He knew the mood of old—a mood wherein the body seemed detached and unresponsive, and the soul utterly withdrawn from the circle of surrounding things; he had learned his lesson at last, and learned not to try to coax it back.

So he only kissed her brown hair once quite quietly, and went away again, leaving her watching silently at the window.

Suddenly he saw her start, and her eyes lighted up. Ralph Moray was coming from the stable in his wet, shiny mackintosh, with the rain dripping and streaming from every little fold and salient point; and as he passed the window, he raised his face, flushed and freshened with the wind and storm, and smiled at Elsie.

For the first time Alex seemed to see how handsome the face was, and how young it looked still.

"Where are you going, Elsie?"

She had risen suddenly, and with a swift, yet mechanical step, and a strange, fixed look in her eyes, was moving toward the door.

She stopped short and looked irresolutely round.

"I—I wasn't. I don't know, Alex."

He went to her and laid his hand on her shoulder, and as he did the outer door opened and shut quickly, and Moray's step crossed the little hall and bounded up the stairs.

Elsie's eyes, wide open and wild, seemed to follow the sound, and then turning away and shaking off her husband's hand, she flung herself into a chair and burst into a passion of sobbing.

"Elsie, Elsie, what is it? What ails you? Are you ill? Can't you tell me?"

Alex hung over her, entreating and praying; but the only answer that came at last between her sobs was a bitter wail:

"I can't tell you! I don't know! Go away and leave me—leave me alone!"

And there was nothing else left for him to do.

\* \* \* \* \*

The early supper was finished, and the long, storm-bound day nearly at its close. The driftwood fire in the little parlor was lighted, and blazed and crackled cheerily on the brick hearth; the fog and rain outside were no longer visible, but louder than ever raged the voices of rain and wind and sea.

The surf was lashing the top of the cliffs; its roar filled the air, and mixing with the pouring sheets of rain, came wreaths and clots of brown, yeasty foam.

"A regular 'Walpurgis Nacht,'" said Moray, pressing his face against the pane. "What a diabolically weird sound the wind has!"

"It makes me think of the old Scotchwoman who was dying when it was storming so," said Elsie's low voice, coming out of a dusk corner. "Sic an' awfu' nicht to be fleein' through the air."

"It's a night to sit close round the fire and make oneself comfortable," said Alex, prosaically. "Will you have a cigar, Mr. Moray? Mrs. Carton allows it"; and they drew nearer to the hearth.

But Elsie sat back where the shadows from the fire-light fell across her face, and showed her half-lying, half-crouching form, and her clasped hands hanging over the arm of the chair, stretched out to Moray.

They talked—the two men, at least—but it was in a broken, desultory way that had not much heart in it.

Alex had set the stranger down as an "uncomfortable fellow," whose manner was absent and preoccupied, and might possibly be called haughty.

There was a shade of nervousness in it to-night, and when a keener cry came long-drawn over the sea, and swept piercingly round the bare stone tower, he winced like a woman.

"There'll be work for the coastguard-men somewhere along the shore to-night," observed Alex, after one of the long pauses. "It must be a grand sight when a big wreck comes ashore."

"Ah!"

"Have you ever seen anything of that sort?"

"Once," said Moray, abruptly; and then, as if fearing that the answer had been a brusque one, he added: "I've seen as much as most men perhaps. I was on board a vessel wrecked in an equinoctial gale twenty-two years ago."

"Indeed? Then you can give us a real sailor's yarn," said Alex, cheerily. "Tell us how it was."

brushed by the pane with the wind—a storm-drenched seabird, driven in to shore.

There was something so weird and awful in its wail that the two men started and stared aghast for a second, and then suddenly there rose out of the dimness in the room another and louder cry: "Ralph!"

Elsie Carton came with one swift step into the firelight, and stood before them.



THE SPINNSTUBE.—THE IDLE WHEEL.—SEE PAGE 616.

"I have never told it," answered the other, his voice lowering a little. "I've never spoken of that night; it gave me a horror of the sea that twenty years could scarcely wipe away."

In the silence that followed the wind sank suddenly away; the rushing of the rain sounded loud and hollow, and the surf thundering against the cliffs seemed to roar nearer and more threateningly.

A shrill cry rang at the window, and something

Both sprang to their feet; but neither man spoke a word, for there was something in her face that held them spellbound.

It was Elsie Carton's face no longer; the soul of a stranger looked through the familiar flesh, annihilated all its old identity and blotted out every trace of the woman who was Carton's wife. So they all three stood for a second, and Moray's whisper broke the silence:

"My Heaven!"





THREE DAYS IN A LIGHTHOUSE.—“FOR THE SPACE OF A SINGLE BREATH THEY SAW HER, HER HAIR BLOWN STRAIGHT ALONG THE WIND, HER LONG, LOOSE ROBE TWISTED ABOUT HER LIMBS AS SHE POINED THERE.”—SEE PAGE 619.

Vol. XIX. No. 5-40.

"Don't speak to her," whispered Alex, catching his arm. "Don't notice it! She will waken of herself."

"What—*what* is it?" stammered the other. "What does it mean?"

But before any other answer could be spoken, Elsie stretched her two hands out and touched him.

Like a man in a dream Moray sank back into his chair, and the woman on her knees beside him.

"Ralph, Ralph, darling, have *you* forgotten, too? Ralph, I have found it all at last—I know!"

There was no other sound for a minute than the sound of the storm outside, and within, the quickened breathing of the two men.

"Have you forgotten me? I was Alice, your little Alice—your wife. Say you remember me, Ralph! It isn't so long—twenty-two years—and a soul lives for ever and loves only once, you know—you can't forget me! Don't you remember that night, Ralph?—the wind and the sea and the black night full of raging voices, and the groaning and grinding of the wreck on those awful rocks, all those awful hours!—and the waves like great walls crashing down on us, and tearing my body out of your arms? Ralph, I have tried to remember it—all the time I was trying; my own memory in another woman's brain was fighting to get back your face and *you*, and sometimes it seemed so near, so near that I could almost see it, almost clutch it fast, and then it was gone again! That was why I never could love Alex Carton; and yet I was his wife—Alex's wife! How I hate that woman! I hate this body down at your feet. I want to get out of it and away—away, into the air and the great spaces, free as we both were before we were born into human shape—free with you, Ralph—darling!"

"Elsie!" shouted Carton; and then he turned in an agony upon the other man. "You scoundrel, what have you done?"

His right hand clinched Moray's shoulder; but it was unheeded—only a single gesture, trembling yet imperious, kept him back.

"Why don't you speak to me, Ralph?" pleaded the low voice, so awfully strange in Carton's ears. "Don't you love me? Don't you know?"

And Moray spoke as one speaks to the dead, all alone in that last watch that each of us has kept or must keep in the time to come.

"I love my wife here and in all eternity—I know that my wife's soul loves and will love me for ever."

They looked into each other's eyes, as if their two souls must touch and mingle there; in the woman's eye a great rapture, but in his an awe so great that it silences even Carton's passion.

At last he spoke again, softly and very low.

"Do you remember how we parted?"

"You kissed me," she cried, a great shudder convulsing her whole body and her white, upturned face. "You kissed me when the wave came rolling over, and you said, 'For one minute, Alice—it doesn't take long to die,' and then the sea was over us, and it washed out my soul, but it left yours in the body. Oh, Heaven, it was cruel!"

Ralph Moray started to his feet, the great drops standing on his forehead in agony. In a minute Alex had caught Elsie; but she writhed away from him. At the touch of his hand a struggle passed through her, like the throes of a painful death, and then with a sharp cry ceased as suddenly, and she fell as the dead fall, and lay as still, and the two men stood alone above her.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was in the hours between midnight and dawn; the

wind and the sea roared on, but the rain had ceased and the storm was dying.

Ralph Moray sat in the empty parlor, over the ashes of the fire; the lamp had burned down to a sickly glimmer, but it showed his face still, worn, and gray and haggard with memories and unutterable thoughts. It had been very still in the house for hours—ever since Alex Carton had carried the white, senseless woman up-stairs, and all the bustle was over, the hurrying for restoratives, the whisperings and going to and fro, and the message at last, "Mrs. Carton was quite herself again. Mr. Carton had seen her in these attacks before, and there was no danger." Now the silence had reigned for hours—Ralph had forgotten how long—and suddenly there was a foot-step near him, and a wild voice in the room, rousing him out of his stupor.

"Moray! Good Heaven! she is not here!"

"What do you mean?" he cried, starting to his feet, and facing Alex Carton, pale and breathless.

"My wife—she is gone!"

In an instant the two men had dashed from the room. There was a lantern on a shelf in the little stone hall, and Moray, in one breath—the cooler of the two—had torn it down, lit it, and flung open the heavy door, which was never locked by day or night. There was no time for words, and no need; they both knew, with an instantaneous conviction, where to look for her.

Out in the awful night, in the wind and darkness! The black clouds were racing overhead, the far, few stars gleamed white through their rifts, and in the east a gray line showed like a film above the blackness of the sea.

On that narrow point of land which cut like a wedge into the air and the ocean the wind tore and raged like legions of fiends, scattering the foam and spray from the boiling surf until the air was thick as with dust.

Struggling against the blast, that, as it seemed to them, must have whirled the girl's slight frame already over the cliff's edge into the sea, the two men staggered on, holding the lantern high, to fling what faint light it could across the barren desolation of the tiny strip of land and the raging storm and ruin of the sea.

They saw the bare black ledge of the cliff like a knife-blade cutting the spray; they saw the surf flinging white, writhing arms high above it as the giant rollers crushed and battered the rocky wall; they saw the pale, shivering stars and the ghastly gleam of dawn, and then suddenly, as if she had risen out of the storm, they saw Elsie.

She must have been crouching on her knees near the edge of the cliff, holding fast with her bare hands to the rock and turf, for she started suddenly out, a straight white shape against the black sea and the white spray.

For the space of a single breath they saw her, her hair blown straight along the wind, her long loose robe twisted about her limbs as she poised there, and then a fiercer gust flung the spray higher, and one great wave leaped up and over her, round her and far beyond her, along the rocks, spreading its shattered walls of hissing, curdling foam.

Then there was no longer a woman on the sharp black ledge; nothing but the naked line of rock, the sea, the storm, the stars, and the cold gray line, where little by little

"God made Himself an awful rose of dawn."

\* \* \* \* \*

They stood on the wet beach, when the tide roared sullenly back from the shore, and waited for what never came.



"I have lost her for ever," groaned Alex. "I never understood her—I never shall know——"

"God knows," said Moray, solemnly, with his eyes fixed far away, where the gray line of the troubled sea, that had drowned two human lives, met the shadeless light of the heaven that had taken in one deathless soul.

## TWO KISSES.

By M. E. W.

Two kisses, darling, stand out clear as fire  
Through all the gladness of our wedded life;  
Each perfect as a shrine of holy love,  
Each pressed on thy dear lips, most precious wife.  
The first was snatched from ruby lips that glowed,  
As conscious of their beauty, on that morn  
When thy low "Yea" had crowned my ardent prayers,  
And taught me unto what bliss I was born.  
The rising sun shone on us bright and fair,  
And as its beauty mirrored in thine eyes,  
I took my kiss, and with it, at thy touch,  
Entered that moment into Paradise!  
The second—ah! the agony of love  
With which I gave that kiss with bated breath.  
I held thee in my arms all fragile, weak,  
As given back from out the jaws of Death;  
And then I kissed thee. And the setting sun  
Shone on the pallid lips that clung to mine  
(Drawing in strength by force of my strong love),  
And cast a halo round thee half divine—  
Those kisses mark the eras in my life:  
Both born of love, and that love born of thee,  
Both gilded by the sunshine : t from God,  
Are sacred both, enshrined in memory!

## GENIUS AND TALENT.

ABOUT fifty years ago it used to be the fashion among men of letters to draw invidious distinctions between genius and talent, very much to the disadvantage of the last-named highly respectable and desirable attribute. Now all comparisons, as everybody well knows, are naturally odious; but the comparison between the two particular forms of ability—being usually drawn by the people who considered themselves to possess genius in the strictest sense, while most of their contemporaries possessed only that inferior article, talent—was, of course, a peculiarly offensive one. The genius, it used to be said, needed no driving of his lofty Pegasus; the steeds that drew his lordly chariot could move as they liked of their own accord, and were sure to lead him in the end, without any guidance on his own part, to some splendid, glorious, or dazzling conclusion. Mere talent must pore over and ponder its humble work; but genius, noble genius, could afford to disregard such human weaknesses as conscientious labor, and to pour its unpremeditated lay forth at its ease upon the listening ears of an astonished and delighted public. Taking pains, our geniuses told us, was a degradation far beneath their exalted level; they had only to act as the inspiration seized them, and they could turn out magnificent works of art or literature almost unconscious of the slightest effort.

This was the high-flown sentiment of a high-flown age, an age that too often allowed itself to be led astray by its own maxims, and to mistake the rapid outpouring of fluent eccentricity for the true note of divine genius. On the other hand, it has been well said by a far more profound and genuine thinker, that genius is nothing more than an infinite capacity for taking trouble. This last description, indeed, offends at once against many people's conventional notions as to the spontaneity and unconscious-

ness of genius; but it is, we nevertheless believe, by far the truest, the deepest, and the best one. And it is also a very encouraging and helpful view for every one of us; for it not only breaks down the imaginary barrier between genius and talent, but even that between either genius or talent and mere ordinary hard-working industry. It suggests this great and important truth, that nothing really useful or valuable can ever be done without application, and that, with application, there is scarcely anything quite inaccessible to us. The genius, we venture indeed paradoxically to believe, is nothing more in the last resort than a man endowed with an extraordinary capacity for taking pains. Whatever he attempts he endeavors to do, not well enough, not tolerably, not nicely, not perfunctorily, but as perfectly and as admirably as by any possibility his hands or brains can help him to do it. He is simply the very best and most careful workman, the workman who takes the greatest trouble with the particular work—be it what it may—that he is called upon to do.

## PERSIAN WOMEN.

IN the case of the Persian women of villagers and laborers, the veil is entirely dispensed with, and they may be seen following their occupations like the women of their class in Europe, or other parts of the world where the Mohammedan faith has not instilled the idea that the females of the nation are to be carefully watched and excluded from the gaze of all but their lords. Most of the harem women are of Circassian, Georgian or Armenian blood, and are often fair in complexion, well formed, and handsome, with large black languishing eyes, rich red lips, and even, pearly teeth. Their natural charms are, however, often destroyed by the custom they have of painting their cheeks with various colors, by constantly smoking, which spoils their teeth, and by the habit of tattooing on their persons various fanciful figures. A fine head of hair is looked upon as indispensable to a harem beauty. If nature denies this adornment, it is supplied, either wholly or in part, by artificial means—a custom which (I am told) is not unknown in a certain country of which Teheran is *not* the capital. A shift and trousers of colored silk or cotton constitute the dress worn within doors, supplemented, if the weather be cold, by a jacket, shawl, cloak or furs. The head is enveloped in a silk handkerchief, so arranged as to form a kind of turban. When the women go outside, they fold themselves in a wrapper of "blue checked stuff," which covers them from head to foot, only leaving a small laced opening for their eyes, but through which it is impossible for any one, even the lady's own husband, to detect the personality of the wearer. It is of something of the same nature as the *saya* of Spanish South America; and, like the Peruvian ladies, the Persians cling to their *incognita* with the keenest relish, as one of the few fragments of personal liberty which they possess. Frankish civilization is slowly penetrating Iran. But it has not yet progressed so far as to induce the women to wear gowns. These they call "trousers with one leg," and prefer to possess this garment with the normal number of subdivisions.

## TABLE-NAPKINS.

THE law of the napkin is but vaguely understood. One of our esteemed metropolitan contemporaries informs an eager inquirer that it is bad form to fold the napkin after

dinner; that the proper thing is to throw it with negligent disregard on the table beside the plate, as to fold it would be a reflection on the host, and imply a familiarity that would not benefit an invited guest. But the thoughtful reader will agree with us that this studied disorder is likely to be a good deal more trying to a fastidious hostess than an unstudied replacing of the napkin in good order, beside the visitor's plate. The proper thing is to fold the fabric with unostentatious care, and lay it on the left side of the plate, far from the liquids, liqueurs, and coffee, and thus testify to the hostess that her care in preparing the table has been appreciated. The napkin has played famous parts in the fortunes of men and women. It was one of the points admired in Marie Stuart that, thanks to her exquisite breeding in the court of Marie de Medici, her table was more imposing than the full court of her great rival and executioner, Elizabeth. At the table of the latter the rudest forms were maintained, the dishes were served on the table, and the great Queen helped herself to the platter without fork or spoon, a page standing behind her with a silver ewer to bathe her fingers when the flesh had been torn from the roasts.

The Empress Eugénie was excessively fastidious. The use of a napkin and the manner of eating an egg, made or ruined the career of a guest. The great critic, Sainte-Beuve, was disgraced, and left off the visiting-list, because at a breakfast with the Emperor and Empress at the Tuileries he carelessly opened his napkin and spread it over his knees, and cut his egg in two in the middle. The court etiquette prescribed that the half-folded napkin should lie on the left knee, to be used in the least obtrusive manner in touching the lips, and the egg was to be merely broken on the larger end with the edge of the spoon, and drained with its tip. The truth is, luxury and invention push table appliances so far, that few can be expected to know the particular convention that may be considered good form in any di-

versified society. The way for a young fellow to do is to keep his eyes open—which, unless he is in love, he can do—and note what others do.

### SOMETHING ABOUT THE MOLE.

THE mole can easily draw double its own weight in below the ground, and seven times its own weight on the level surface. It requires more water than food, and runs long distances underground to drains and ditches, and will, if need be, puddle a hole or sink a well for water to lodge in. It travels a considerable distance in a day, and runs as quickly backward as forward. It is

very active and cute, and burrows out of sight in a moment. A voracious eater, when it gets its belly filled and a good drink of water, it goes to bed, Jim says, like a little pig. Its nose is delicate and soft and sharp, and few animals have a keener smell; it is said to smell a worm three feet distant in the solid earth, work its way toward the surface, snatch the worm, and pop backward to the burrow. In a run you can observe small openings where the mole has deviated in search of worms, and popped backward to the run. The worms have an intuitive terror of moles; by



A LOVE-SONG.—FROM THE PAINTING BY JULIUS BENCZUR.

their sensitive sense of the earth's motions they feel the moles burrowing, and crawl as fast as they can in terror from the mole's pursuit. Like a rabbit, the mole smells the hand of man at the traps or the earth; so the mole-catcher carries a piece of wood like a carpenter's foot-rule, whereby he presses the earth level in the runs; and sometimes he carries a wisp of barley straw, so that the smell of the human hand is not communicated. Popular belief will have the mole blind, and there is a number of old country rhymes of false wisdom, e.g.:

"If the mole could see as well as it could hear,  
It would keep the world a' in a steer."

The old phrase speaks of being as blind as a mole, but a



mole is not blind; its eyes are like two small black spots, set well back between its head and its shoulders, and it can project them and as quickly draw them back.

The mole's natural life is spent below the earth, and it only comes to the surface in search of food or water, or to cross a road. It runs zigzag whenever it can get the smallest insect or grub, and seldom goes a yard in a straight direction, except in the main run, and it can

the worms rejoice in the earth, "any amount" of moles, old Jim says, can be caught.

The mole is a splendid architect and sure builder. It constructs perfect subterranean galleries. The nest is a wonderful building, bearing immediately above it as much earth thrown up as would fill a moderately-sized wheelbarrow. The soil roof of the nest is so strong, that an ox may with safety stand on it, in spite of its being



TAIL FEATHERS.

turn itself in the run like a worm. It runs every six hours, and, strange to say, runs more actively about the witching hour of midnight than during the whole day, and then it makes the greatest destruction of the slumbering worms. It is a striking fact that if this voracious animal be imprisoned without food for twelve hours it will die of sheer starvation.

When the ground is covered with snow it burrows most, and is most active, and in rainy weather, when

surrounded and intersected by runs, by which the family can separately escape in case of sudden danger. In one I saw there were at least, within a foot from the nest, four main runs, and these main runs again had three immediate branch runs toward the nest from the wheat-field, making twelve within two feet of the nest, while there were many escape runs toward the surface for hiding.

A favorite place for nests is about old broad hedge-

roots, where the moles have plenty of room, and where their nests are concealed by the undergrowth, which again protects their surface runs from being trampled by the hoofs of horses or cattle. And the moles, nesting on either side of the hedge, stick religiously to their own side of the field. Between the nest and the water there is a main run, and to an experienced eye its only distinguishing feature is that it is somewhat more direct than the other runs. But the mole-catcher observes it in an instant, and he catches most moles there at the time when the moles are returning home from their food or water.

It is wonderful how the moles find their long ways home, and it is remarkable the distance they travel every twenty-four hours in the ins and outs and confusing number of intersected runs. Moles multiply very fast: they pair for the season, and breed four or five times every year; and they are among the few animals which have preponderance of males. Their young run about shortly after they are born, and are taught to run in the main run first, the parents leading the way. The mole is said to be affectionate, and to brave death for its offspring or its mate, and to be found sometimes starved to death beside a trapped mate. It prefers dry loam or sandy soil, and does not much frequent stiff clay soil, which is both wet and cold, and difficult to burrow in. For every one that is to be found in clay soil ten will be found in dry loam. And it is a noteworthy fact, if true, as it is said to be, that there are no moles in Ireland.

### A CURIOUS WEDDING.

THE following narrative, related by an old gentleman, then about seventy years of age, as having occurred in his youth, is given in *Notes and Queries* (1852):

"A nobleman having broken his constitution and injured his estate by a career of dissipation, determined to marry and reform; and having paid his addresses to an heiress, and been duly accepted, the wedding-day was fixed, and great preparations were made for its celebration. In those times news traveled slowly, and the intelligence of the courtship only reached the lady's aunt (from whom she had large expectations), in a distant county, three or four days before the bridal day. She was, however, an energetic woman of the old school; she posted to London, and made such good use of her time that she succeeded in setting the match aside. But the letter announcing this was only written by her niece late on the preceding night, and was dispatched very early on the proposed wedding-day, and being taken to the bridegroom's bedside, was read by him there. A short time after he told his valet to go into the servants' hall and inquire if any of the women would be married that morning. The servants, knowing their lord's generosity and fondness for joking, thought that he wished to signalize his own marriage by portioning another couple, and laughingly declined. The valet returned and said, 'There is nobody that can be married to-day, my lord, but the country wench that came up last week, and she says that she has no sweetheart!' 'Oh!' he replied; 'tell her to put on her Sunday dress and come to me in the blue breakfast-room!' He dressed in the suit prepared; they met, and the result of that interview must be known by its consequences. A mantle and veil of lace were thrown over the country dress of a modest, handsome and lively village girl, and she became that morning a peeress of England! Much sensation was caused; but in the world of fashion it was only a nine-days' wonder, for the married

pair went immediately from London. She possessed an excellent disposition and strong good sense. With renewed health and spirits, his lordship's enjoyment of country life increased, his property improved by care, and, above all, a beautiful progeny surrounded him and their devoted, domestic mother, who affectionately closed his eyes in peace, receiving his parting blessing many years after his happy choice."

This occurred about 1740.

### A FEATHER

BY DR. HANS GADOW.

It requires no scientific knowledge, and only the most superficial observation, to know that birds' feathers vary infinitely in shape, hue and glory. We have the gaudy plumes of the peacock and the more sombre garb of his mate; the black covering of the raven and the snowy plumage of the ivory gull. But when feathers are examined from the anatomist's point of view, the bright hues which give them character, and even the endless forms of the bird's covering, become altogether secondary, and, as it were, trivial matters of detail. The study of the development of feathers shows that they are identical in origin, and that, however much they may differ in their

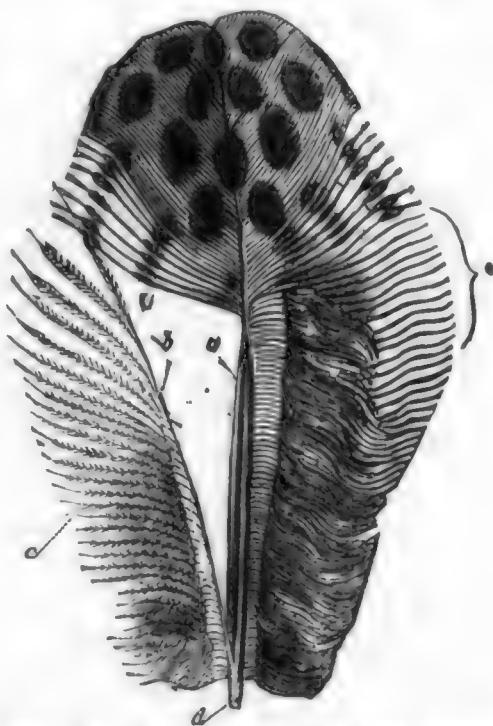


Fig. 1.—Feather taken from the back of an *Argus giganteus*: a, the Shaft; b, Aftershaft; c, Branches composing the web: these branches being taken away from the one side both of the shaft and the aftershaft; d, part of the Barrel. Natural size. (After Nitsch.)

adult state, they have certain broad invariable features in common. First, then, let us examine the anatomy of a feather.

The hard substance of the feather—that is to say, the part which resists alike wet and putrefaction—belongs to the same category of horny productions of the animal body as hairs and finger-nails.

We can separate a full-grown feather—such as that of a fowl's back—into three different parts (Fig. 1).

First, there is the quill or *scapus*. It is the strongest part of the feather, and consists principally of a long narrow cone, the basal part of which, called the barrel (*calamus*), and out of which pens are, or were, made, is hollow, round, transparent and colorless: whilst the



upper and far longer part, the proper shaft (*rachis*), is more or less quadrangularly compressed, and filled inside with a pithy substance, very similar in appearance to the white and light interior of an alder twig. This quill carries the barbs (*rami*), which form the second important

part of the feather, as they, although small, number several thousands in a large feather, and compose, by their standing so closely together, a compact flattened plane, which we know as the webs or vane (*rexillum*).

These branches lie opposite to each other on two sides of the shaft, and consist of flat *lamellæ* or bands, gradually tapering toward the margin of the feather. They lie with their flat sides one on top of the other, and are so placed that one edge looks upward and outward, while the other looks downward and toward the body of the bird.

Fig. 2.—One radius taken from a hawk's down. (Largely magnified.)



Fig. 4.—One radius taken from the same Ramus, but from the side pointing toward the tip of the Feather showing the Cilia and Hooklets. (Greatly magnified.)

and 5). Their greatest development takes place, on the average, in the middle part of the radii, where some of them are bent at their tips like hooklets, called on this account *hamuli* (*h*). These hamuli are of very



Fig. 3.—Radius from Ramus of a pigeon's quill.

great importance, in spite of their surprising smallness, because their tiny hooklet-shaped tips, clasping round the somewhat thickened edge of the next radius, fasten on to the latter, and thus hold all the radii together (Fig. 5). By this arrangement a double advantage is effected. Firstly, the neighboring radii, and through these also the *rami*, are bound, or combined together, to a flat and broad plane—the so-called “web”—by means of which the bird can cause a pressure on the air, and is enabled to rise into the air and to fly. Secondly, the whole web is now elastic to a very great extent, as by the motion and bending of the web all the innumerable single hooklets slide up and down on the edges of the radii as in a hinge, so that a tearing or loosening of the radii becomes almost impossible.

The cilia themselves exhibit, in the several kinds of feathers and in the different families of birds, very great variations in shape, as well as in their number. The total number of the cilia and hooklets on every radius amounts, on an average, to a dozen, half of this number being transformed into hooklets. Again, in several places, and in different kinds of feathers, even on one and the same bird, the cilia consist simply of quite short points—as, for instance, near the tip of a feather off a duck's back. Others again have the shape of very small

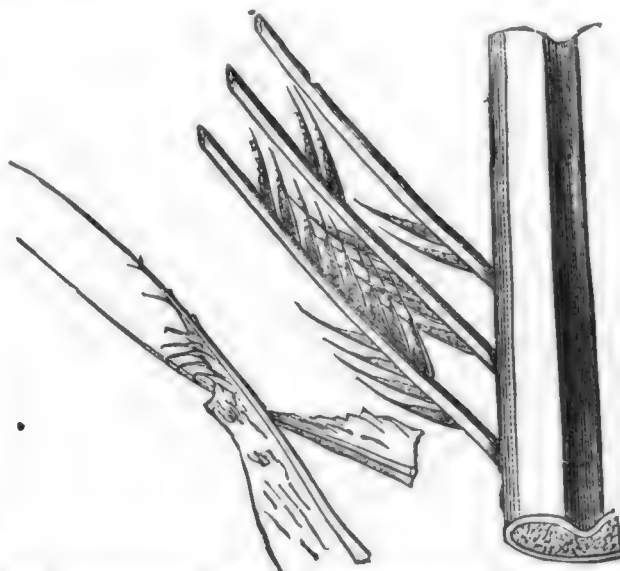
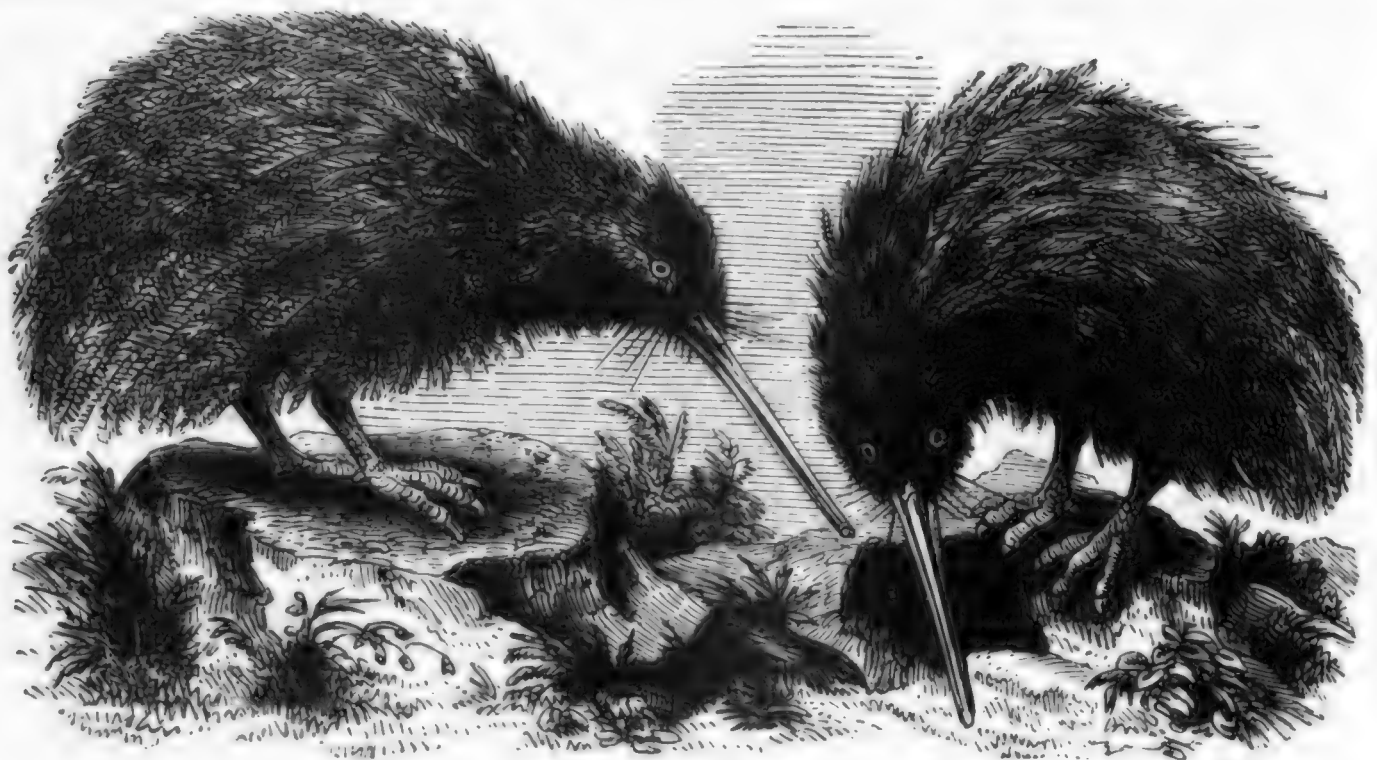


Fig. 5.—Under-view of a part of the Shaft of a Quill, with the basal parts of three Ramuli, the Ramuli showing ten radii as figured in Fig. 3, and ten radii as seen in Fig. 4, magnified. In the corner are seen two radii in their natural position, showing how the Hamuli of one radius clasp round the edge of the radius of the neighboring Ramulus. (Much magnified.)

irregular cups, or, especially on the tips of the downy feathers, they are represented merely by small knots. Accordingly, some authors make a distinction between simple, knotted and branched radii.

It may here be observed that these cilia, with their variations, the little hooklets, are not, as formerly was the general opinion, equivalent with the *rami*, or even the radii, but that they are to be looked upon as excrescences of the surface of the radii, because, with the help of a strong microscope, we find that some of the cells of the radii have a more rapid and larger growth than the others, and so, by their growing larger and longer, give rise to the rough surface of the radii, and to the several shapes which are known as knots and hooklets.

Another part in many feathers is the so-called after-shaft, or *hyporachis* (Fig. 1). As it consists of a shaft which sends forth again smaller branches in two opposite directions, it seems like a separate feather by itself. The whole after-shaft springs off at the inner side of an ordinary feather at the place where the barrel goes over



THE APTERYX.

into the pith-containing and web-carrying shaft, where the so-called "soul" of the feather sticks out (this region of the feather being known as its "nabel"). Such an after-shaft shows its greatest development in some of the ostrich-like birds; in the covering feathers of the cassowary, dromæus, and apteryx, it is of the same length, and exactly of the same structure, as the real feathers, so that every feather taken from the back of such a bird seems to be double.

In most of the other birds the after-shaft is very small—as, for instance, in domestic fowls, ducks, geese, waders and singing-birds. Many other birds—as, for instance, the owls, cuckoos, pigeons, cormorants, etc.—want the after-shaft entirely. It is, moreover, never found on the great quills of the wing and tail (Figs. 9, 10). Let us now, for curiosity's sake, count up how many of all these parts mentioned above, one single feather may consist. We take, for example, as I have one just handy, an eagle's quill, the web of which is fifteen inches in length.

On the inner web I count about eleven hundred rami; on the outer web about nine hundred. From each side of one of the longest rami of the inner web issue about fifteen hundred pairs of radii; consequently, on that single ramus there are at least six thousand radii. The ramii at the different parts of the web being of a different length, we will accept as the average number of the radii of every ramus about 2,000 pairs, or 4,000 single radii.

On every ramus of the outer web there are about 600 pairs or 1,200 single radii. Every one of the latter again sends out about ten cilia and hooklets on the outer web, as well as in the inner one, with this result:

Inner web has 1,100 rami with 4,000 radii, equal to 4,400,000 radii.

Outer web has 900 rami with 1,200 radii, equal to 1,080,000 radii.

The whole web of 2,000 rami has thus 5,480,000 radii, with the cilia and hooklets equal to about 30,000,000.

So this single feather contains about two thousand rami, five million and a half of radii, and the surprising number of more than fifty-four millions of cilia and hooklets! The rami and radii being added, it consists, roughly speaking, of sixty millions of parts. How large, then, will be the number of these things in one of the long and

beautiful feathers of a bird like a peacock may be imagined; for, in fact, they exist in numbers almost impossible for us to estimate.

A bird is born unfeathered. The feathers grow after it emerges from the shell; for the fluffy down with which the skin of the young chick is clothed is but the promise of the covering of its maturity.

How, then, is developed such a complicated and delicate structure as a feather, which contains at the same time so much strength and elasticity? This leads us to inquire into and follow its growth from the earliest stages to the perfect form.

The commencement of the growth of a feather is surprisingly simple. Let us take for examination the egg of a young fowl, or a duck, after it has been sat upon by the mother long enough for the embryo, or young animal, to be developed by her animal heat from the substance of the egg. Let us look at the end of the first week at the still quite soft skin of the embryo. In birds, as in mammals, the skin consists of two principal layers: first, a very thin horny layer, which surrounds the whole of the bird externally—this is known as the *epidermis*; secondly, a thicker, softer, and more tenacious under-layer, immediately covering the muscles of the body—this is called the *cutis*, or leathery skin. The cutis is very juicy and full of blood, and forms the substance which, when tanned, we ordinarily know as *leather*. Between this cutis and the upper layer—viz., the epidermis—exists another soft and juicy layer, which belongs to the epidermis, or, to speak more correctly, the epidermis belongs to this second layer; because this middle layer (*rete Malpighii*) really forms the epidermis, being the part which renews the latter when it is worn off by daily friction. Such a wearing off of the epidermal layer is seen in the scurf which falls from our heads in daily life. The *rete Malpighii* itself consists of a layer of small cellulæ, visible only under the microscope.

But now to return to our chick. Its whole skin gets in many places small irregularities of surface or elevations which, gradually becoming bigger and higher, form small pimples (*papillæ*). The whole thing is caused by a swelling of the cutis and the *rete Malpighii*. Very



soon, however, the base of this small lump sinks deeper, carrying with it the surrounding epidermis, and so causes a growth to form, from the middle of which projects the first beginning of the future feather, the so-called *pulpa pennæ*—or “feather-pulp.”

When examined under a strong power of the microscope, a longitudinal section of the whole organ would appear, as shown in Fig. 6. The whole is the papilla, with the pouch-like depression, and all is covered by the epidermis (e), underneath which is the layer of cells of the *rete*

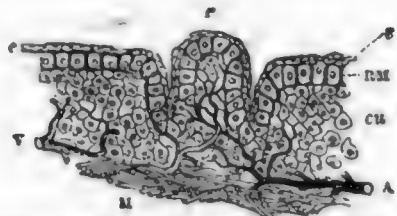


Fig. 6.—Longitudinal or vertical Section: the whole is the Papilla, with the pouch-like depression, covered by the Epidermis (e) RM, layer of cells of the Rete Malpighii; cu, Cutis, or true skin; M, Muscles; P, Pulpa, or germ of the growing feather; A, an Artery, and V, a vein in Cutis, that supply the future feather in the blood. (Magnified.)

*Malpighii* (RM), and below that the true cutis covering the muscles (M). In this cutis are seen an artery (A) and a vein (V), which are the blood-vessels which supply the future feather with blood—i. e., the means of nourishment. The elevation (P) is the pulpa, the real germ of the feather.

This pulpa now begins to change its simple form. The basal portion (that nearest the flesh of the bird) becomes, as it were strangled, and gets an onion-like shape ( $P^2$ , Fig. 7), whilst the upper part ( $P^1$ ) increases in length, and stretches upward more and more. The surrounding cells (RM) of the *rete Malpighii* multiply, and the latter grow also in length, by dividing themselves longitudinally and transversely, and then getting hard and horny, like our finger-nails. Then every one of these series of cells grows to a fine horny thread, which begets, moreover, on the sides smaller threads, only visible with a lens, perforating the epidermis. We now see sticking out of the top of the “pimple” a little tuft of about a dozen bristles, like a small paint-

brush. The outer layer (the epidermis) is torn by this process, and falls off in small scurfy pieces at the time when the young chicken comes out of the egg.

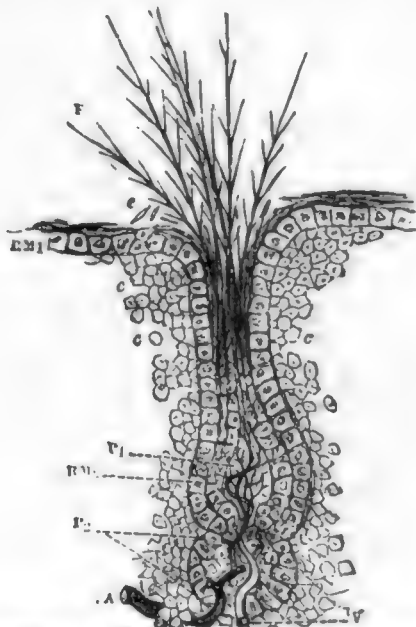
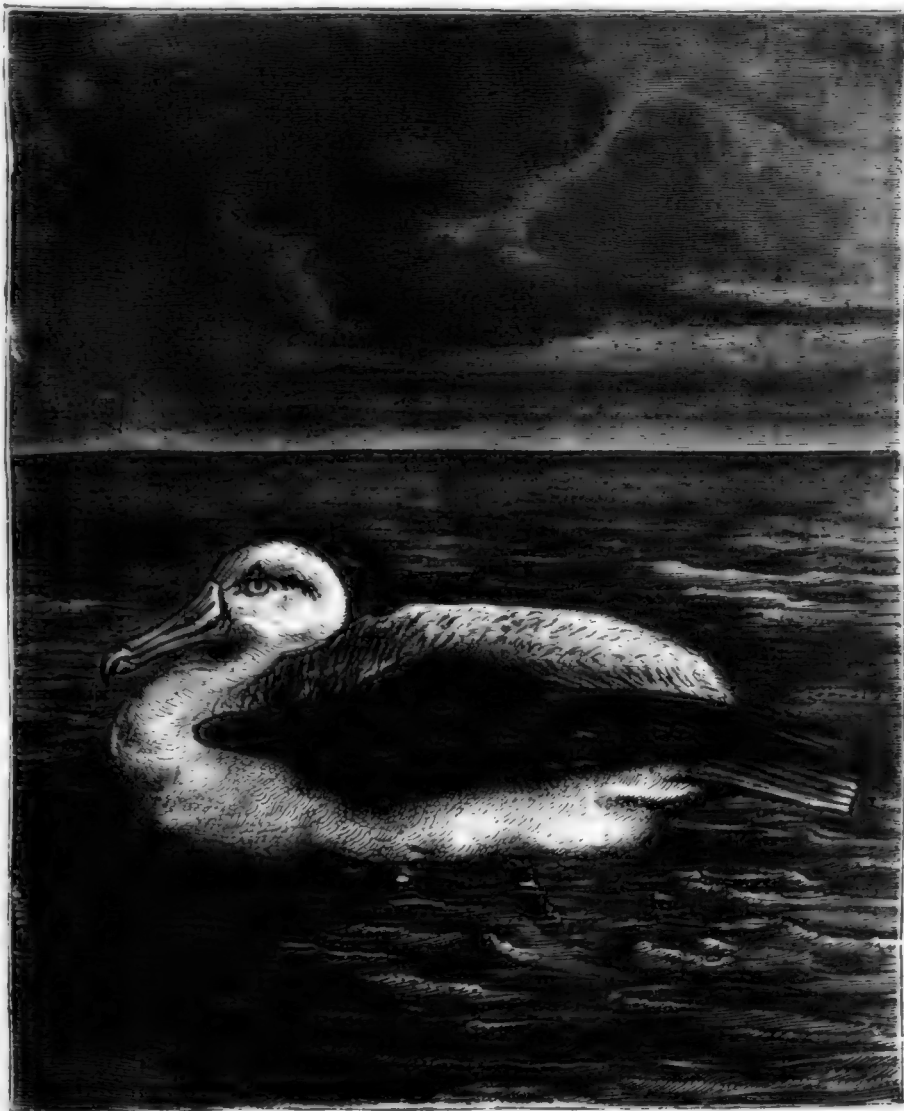


Fig. 7.—Longitudinal Section of a growing downy feather of a bird in the shell. The bristles have pierced the Epidermis (e), which falls off in small scurfs. RM, Rete Malpighii; c, Cutis; P<sup>1</sup>, P<sup>2</sup>, Pulpa; A, V, Artery and Vein; RM<sup>2</sup>, the inner layer of the Rete Malpighii, formerly the outer layer of the pouch, before being so deeply pressed down (Fig. 6).

A longitudinal section of such a young primitive feather exhibits the following aspect (Fig. 7): P is the

small feather-brush; e, the falling-off scurf of the epidermis; RM, the two layers of the mucous layer, or *rete Malpighii*, like the finger of a glove drawn back half-way into the glove; P, the upper part, and P<sup>2</sup> the basal part, of the pulpa, in which the artery and the veins are seen.

Now, such feather-brushes being distributed over nearly the whole surface of the body, the young bird, when it emerges from the egg, has got a soft covering, which serves as its first protection against the cold and wet. However, such a simple covering is not sufficient for very long, since the young bird, as it increases in size, cannot any longer be covered and



THE EIDER-DUCK.—SEE PAGE 635.

warmed by its parents; besides this, it will have to fly, and for this purpose it wants large and strong feathers.

The small, tiny feathers, therefore, the growth of which we have examined already, after they have fulfilled their purpose, fall out, the artery ceasing to carry any more blood into the upper part of the pulpa, and so, consequently, the feather-brush dries up and dies.

The basal, onion-like half of the pulpa, which had become separated from the first foundation (seen in Fig. 7), begins to grow, and becomes so long that it sticks out to a considerable distance from the body, and pushes the first downy feather-brush off (Fig. 9). At the same time the surrounding cells of the mucous layer grow and multiply in number very quickly. At first, branches develop out of the uppermost cells quite similar to those which we have seen in the first covering of the nestling. These branches stick out of the skin, and form the top of the new definitive feather. The outermost cells of the mucous layer transform themselves into a horny, thin, and transparent sheath for the young feather. Later on, the feather having grown larger, this sheath bursts, and falls off in pieces. At this stage the bird is now in the condition known to every one as "pin-feathered," and when it shakes itself the scurfy scales fall off in every direction. Then the pulpa grows more and more in length, and forms that part, which, full of blood and nourishing juice, and of a reddish-blue color is the basal half of the not yet fully-grown feather. A transverse section of this part would give us the appearance shown in the cut below (Fig. 8).

At first, one of the marginal cells increases considerably in bulk at the expense of its neighbors, and occupies the greater part of one side, usually the side nearest the body (*r*); it ultimately transforms itself into the strong shaft of the feather, giving a base for the rami with their component radii, etc. These rami originate from the remaining marginal cells of the *rete Malpighii* (*rm*), and form, as we have shown above, the web of the feather. When the web has grown to its full length, the marginal cells cease to produce rami, and amalgamate into a strong horny ring (as it appears in transverse section). It is this part which is called the "barrel" of the feather.

Everywhere, when the shaft with its rami is perfected,

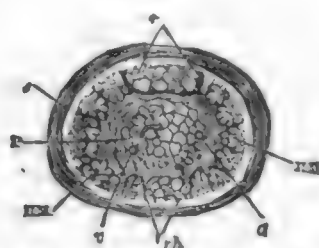


Fig. 8.—Transverse Section of a growing Feather at about the middle of Fig. 9, where the letters *sh* are put; *e*, the Epidermis surrounding the whole pouch, immediately adjoining the layer of cells of the *rete Malpighii* (*rm*), the cells once more surrounding the Pulpa (*P*); *r*, the collection of cells which go to form the shaft; *rh*, those cells which go to form the shaft; *v*, a section of the Vein and Artery. (Magnified.)

vals, a succession of these small transparent air-containing caps is formed inside the barrel, known as the "soul" of the feather. This "soul" is familiar to everybody who has cut a quill, as it has to be withdrawn before the pen will write (Fig. 10).

Finally, when the feather has reached its full size, it is attached to the skin by only a very small portion of it.

the pulpa having contracted to its original onion-shaped bulb. The feather is now perfect.

The beautiful, and often surprisingly magnificent, coloring of the feather, is derived from pigment, which is collected in the *rete Malpighii*, and is probably also generated therein.

We see the same arrangement in the color of the different races of mankind. The black color of the Negroes,



Fig. 9.—Longitudinal Section of two growing Feathers, the smaller one in a stage where the bristles or branches of the tip of the young feathers have just pierced through the broken and partially split off sheath (*sh*); *e*, Epidermis; *rm*, *rete Malpighii*; *P1* and *P2*, the two parts of the Pulpa; *c*, Cutis; *a*, the Artery supplying the Matrix of the young feather with blood. The barrel of the feather not yet developed. (Magnified.)

the Papuans, and the Aborigines of Australia, the coppery-red of the American Indians, the yellow of the Mongols, and the brown of the Malays, is produced by black, red, yellow, or brown pigment cells, existing in the mucous layer of the *rete Malpighii*, and shining through the transparent epidermis. In Europeans, however, this layer contains no pigment whatever, but the blood and flesh shine through the upper skin, and produce the rosy, whitish tinge characteristic of their skin.

When the feathers are abraded or worn with use, or when the bird gets its Winter coat or its breeding-dress in the Spring, a necessity for developing new feathers arises. Then the small pulpa (*p2*) revives, new juices being supplied to it by the artery, and, increasing once more in length, again goes through the process we have



described above, and pushes out the old feather exactly as in its infant stage it got rid of the original downy plume. This process being carried out in many feathers at the same time, the bird "molts." Again, when a feather is torn out of a bird at any other time than the molting season, the pulpa is always ready to supply a new one. Thus it happens that, when one of our pet birds loses a feather, or even if one pulls out its whole tail by accident, we have the comfort of knowing that in

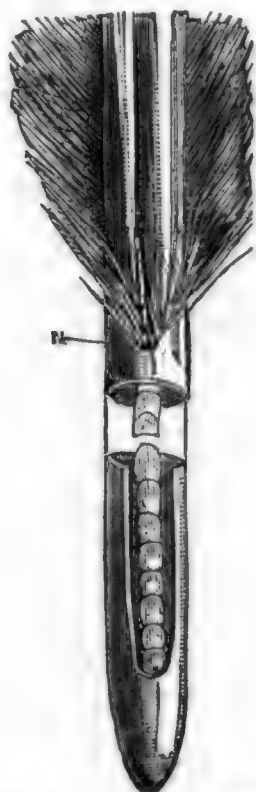


Fig. 10.—Basal part of Quill of the Bearded Eagle (*Gypaetos barba us*). The barrel is cut open, showing inside the so-called "soul" of the feather sticking out at (N) the Nabel. (Natural size.)

a few weeks it will develop a fresh and perhaps even more beautiful plumage (Figs. 9 and 10).

A few words may be now devoted to the different kinds of feathers. According to their structure and the different parts of the body on which they are found, we may distinguish several kinds of feathers, which, while not strictly different from each other, often show, even in one and the same bird, all kinds of intermediate forms.

Firstly, there are the downy feathers (*plumulae*). These are rather short, fine, and generally white, with a weak shaft, but have comparatively long and very thin rami and a few radii, though they generally want the cilia and hamuli. These plumes, known as down, are situated in the fully-grown bird between the "contour" feathers, which we shall describe further on. They are entirely covered by the latter, and are thus not visible from the outer surface of the body. Their exclusive use is to provide the bird with a warm covering; they are therefore most developed in the swimming birds, especially in those which live in cold climates. To us they are of great use, as we use them for filling our coverlets and pillows; those considered the best and most in demand being the "down" of the eider-duck (*Somateria mollissima*).

The first covering of the nestlings is also composed of down-like feathers, and not before the lapse of a considerable time do the young birds get true feathers, like those of the parents. These nestling plumes are of a great scientific interest, as very possibly they indicate the remnants of a former state of primitive feathering, show-

ing that the birds of former periods were covered simply with feathers more like those which are now seen merely in the first plumage of the young ones.

Naturalists have acknowledged, as a law of universal value, that the young of animals, especially when they are in an undeveloped state, differ in many points from their parents, and that these differences point to a state of lower organization resembling that of their ancient progenitors. Thus by the appearance of the young animals we are led to suspect their probable relationship. Accordingly, many naturalists have used the feathering of birds and the different conditions of the nestlings at their birth as means of classification, and have divided them into two great orders, called *Ptilopædes*\* and *Psilopædes*†. Thus the chickens of the first order, the *Ptilopædes*, when hatched, are covered with down all over their body, and are able to supply themselves with food from the moment of their exclusion from the egg; whereas, the second order, the *Psilopædes*, are hatched without any down upon them, and are brought into the world naked, helpless and blind, depending on the care of their parents for a supply of food and warmth, until they become strong enough to shift for themselves. A familiar example of a psilopædic nestling is seen in the sparrow, canary and thrush, while the chicks of the domestic fowl or duck, of a coot or a moorhen, are illustrations of the psilopædic birds. A young coot or moorhen, which, when hatched, looks like a tiny ball of black down, will, on the approach of danger, take to the water at once, and we have more than once found the nest with eggs partially hatched, with the bills of the little ones peeping through the shells, but none of the other nestlings in the nest itself; they had all swum away, or hidden themselves among the reeds.

This kind of classification, however, has not met with universal approval by zoölogists; for, though the differences of these two groups of birds are very great, the birds of our own era exhibit too many exceptions to the rule. Thus, for instance, although the birds of prey when hatched are covered with a rather thick downy covering, they are helpless and blind at birth, and cannot leave their nests. Once more, the young gulls are hatched with a thick downy covering, but sit for a long time in their rudely-formed nest before they make an attempt to take to the sea.

A very remarkable exception to the state of development in which certain birds leave the egg is seen in the talegallas and megapodes. The latter, to which the mound-building *Megapodius Freycineti* belongs, live in Australia and the Moluccas, and as the eggs are very large, the hen does not sit at all, but buries them in the black lava sand by the shore. The sand is then warmed by the hot tropical sun, and loses but little of its heat by night, and thus the eggs are hatched from the heat of the sand—this temperature being almost the same as the blood of the bird, viz.: about 104 degrees Fahrenheit. The young megapodes, however, leave the egg neither in down nor yet quite naked, but with feathers over their body, and wings sufficiently developed for flight.

Still more wonderful is the talegalla bird, found in New South Wales. We have watched in the Berlin Zoölogical Gardens a pair of these birds, and observed how the male in the breeding period collected with its feet all the available moss, withered and rotten leaves, small branches and earth, and built with them an

\* From the Greek words *ptilon*, a downy feather, and *pais*, a child, or young one.

† From *psîos*, naked, and *pais*.

immense heap. This heap he continually increased until it reached a height of six feet, with the diameter of not less than ten. He then made deep holes in different parts of this mound in which the hen then deposited her eggs. For many weeks nothing more was noticed than that the cock occasionally inspected the heap, when he must undoubtedly have turned the eggs. The heap itself showed a rather high temperature from the fermentation of the rotten leaves and other fermentative substances. This peculiar attempt had been given up by the officers of the gardens as hopeless, as they supposed that the climate was not fit for such kind of hatching, when one morning the keeper observed a young fowl crawling out of the heap, and saw, to his greatest astonishment, that this chick immediately flew over the neigh-

different stages of development through which their progenitors have gone; for without this presumption of inherited peculiarities, the downy state within the egg would be as inexplicable as it useless.

But we have, perhaps, spoken at too great length about the down. We have now to treat the most important of all feathers, the so-called "contour-feathers"—those, in fact, which are ordinarily known as "feathers." They are distinguished by a strong barrel and a long shaft, armed with a double web emanating from its opposite side; the down, on the other hand, has branches projecting equally all round, like the branches of a fir-tree.

They are called "contour feathers" because they are on the outside, and give the visible shape or "contour"



WAVING PLUMES OF THE OSTRICH.—SEE PAGE 637.

boring fence. There then arose a hot chase in the "Thiergarten" by the alarmed keepers after that wonderful bird, until they got hold of the megapode chick. During the next days several other chickens were found, one of them having been unable or not strong enough to pierce the heap; and so it was found suffocated.

One might suppose that these birds have never had any down covering at all, since they leave the egg fully feathered. But more recent inquiries have shown that the young megapodes, as well as the talegallas, have had down before being hatched. This downy covering is much the same as in the ordinary domestic chicken, but gives place to the new feathers, which become developed and push the down off before the bird leaves the egg, and thus the first molting takes place already within the shell.

This is again a very remarkable example of the way in which the young of animals repeat in succession all the

of the bird. These are the feathers exposed to the light. They often possess the well-known brilliantly variegated colors, and are therefore of the greatest importance in determining the species of birds. These "contour feathers" are of several kinds. First, there are the ordinary clothing feathers. They are generally short but comparatively broad and more downy near the barrel; they form the covering of the head, neck, breast, back and the under part of the body. It is generally only the tips of these feathers that are colored, whilst the other parts are gray, whitish, or indistinctly marked.

The second kind of contour feathers are those which serve for flying, and are generally long and stiff—the so-called "quill feathers." Those which are situated on the wing are called *remiges*, whilst those of the tail are the *rectrices*, because they help to direct the flight of the bird through the air; as the tail, which generally consists of from ten to eighteen feathers, can be closed or spread out



like a fan, and turned either to the right or left, like a rudder. In good flyers—as, for example, birds of prey, pigeons, swallows, etc.—the tail is very long and well developed. In bad flyers, on the contrary—waders and swimmers, for instance, the tail is short. Finally, in the ostrich, which does not fly at all, it is quite neglected, or developed for mere ornament.

Intermediate between these two kinds of feathers—those for covering and flying—there is a number of others, all of which have special names; but to describe would lead us too far. In addition to the magnificently

African ostrich have lost their character as remiges (rowing feathers), and have become the well-known waving-plumes, whilst those of the wings of the penguins, which only dive and swim, have turned quite small and scaly. The remarkable, bare, stiff and round points in the cassowary's wings are feathers whose whole development is confined to the quill—the web part being entirely absent. In this manner, also, the eyelashes and the bristles on the bills of numerous birds are explicable; they still show, but only at their base, the remains of a former web, and the presence of this web proves that they



COVERING-FEATHERS OF THE HUMMING-BIRD.

colored feathers of some birds, as the peacock, we need only mention the most striking variations of the "covering-feathers." To these belong the almost entirely ornamental and remarkably pretty and long feathers of the back of the head of the male heron, the crown-pigeons, etc. The beautiful feathers of the bird-of-paradise, so often carried on the ladies' hats, are not the quills of the wing, but highly developed and transformed feathers of the breast. So, also, those which compose the "bow" of the peacock are not tail feathers, but its extraordinarily developed covering feathers. The wing-feathers of the

are to be considered as feathers, and not hair, as was formerly supposed.

We have now only to describe the distribution of feathers over the body of the bird. In only a few birds—as, e.g., in the cassowary and the penguin—are the feathers equally distributed over the whole body, leaving no bare spots whatever, except the bill and feet. In almost all other birds, it is found, on examining the body when plucked, that many parts are entirely destitute of feather pores; these places being covered by the overlapping of the feathers of the neighboring parts of the body.

The proportion of these naked parts, called *apteria*, to the feathered ones (*pterylae*), is important for the systematic classification of birds, as has been pointed out by Dr. Nitzsch, the discoverer of this arrangement. According to the different parts of the body where these "feather-tracks" are found, these tracks themselves have different

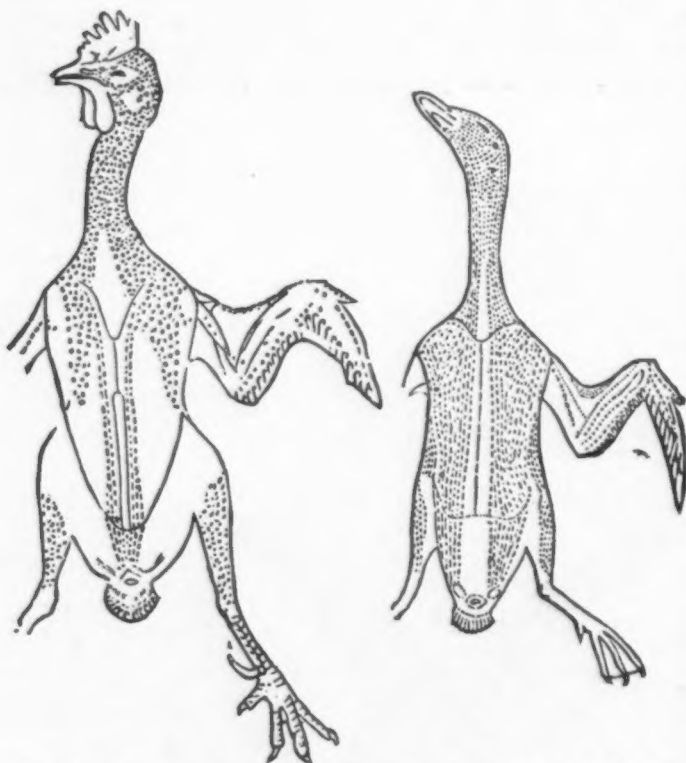


Fig. 11.—Feather-tracks on the under surface of the body of a Cock (*Gallus Bankiva*). (After Nitzsch.)

Fig. 12.—Feather-tracks on the under side of the body of a Duck (*anas Penelope*). (After Nitzsch.)

names—as, for instance, the neck, shoulder, and belly-tracks. But as a more minute description of the immense variety of these marks would lead us into too lengthy a discussion, we shall simply content ourselves at present with a few sketches of the best known birds, by way of illustration (Figs. 11 and 12). It may, besides, be easy for our readers to verify these remarks by reference to the birds in question.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE fact is gaining more and more attention among medical men that one of the most important causes of Bright's disease of the kidneys is mental overwork and worry, which "impairs vasomotor control." The immoderate use of alcohol, and other bodily abuses, contribute forcibly, and an examination of candidates for Civil Service examinations in England, and other classes of persons who, for long periods, have subjected themselves to extraordinary mental strain, show that the urine in most cases contains the dangerous symptom of albuminuria. Practitioners say that interstitial nephritis often exists, long undiscerned, in business-men who have lived under a state of constant mental tension; and also in persons long affected by grief or anxiety. "When interstitial nephritis or some other form of chronic Bright's disease is in existence, but practically dormant, mental strain may spur it into dangerous activity, and thus lead to a premature death." The warnings given by these affections, long in advance of the incurable point, should be heeded, as would be a danger from poisoning or accident.

AMONG the papers of most general interest at the Montreal meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science last year, was one by Dr. G. Dobson, recently printed. The subject was the distribution of mammals. One instance pointed out was the resemblance between certain bats of the Australian and Ethiopian regions, by which it was apparent that communication once existed between these continents. There probably had been a chain of islands between Australia and Africa, which had existed for a short period, by which route the bat had passed from one place to the other. Bats are widely spread in Madagascar, but there is only one species in India which shows a strong resemblance to the Madagascar bats, wherefore it is evident that at no distant day they had a common ancestor. Dr. Dobson therefore

inferred that there must have been a chain of islands from Madagascar to India, and, at a later day, from India to Australia. The Indian Ocean has not been thoroughly explored, for traces of such islands, but it is known to contain many submerged banks.

A RECENT writer describes an ingenious trick of the meadow-mouse of the Illinois prairies to secure the grains of wheat that constitute a large portion of its food. Selecting a stalk that gives promise of a large, well-filled head, the mouse cuts it off as high up as it can reach; owing to the proximity of the surrounding grain the stem will not fall, the butt-end drops to the ground and another cut is made about four inches up the stalk; the process of cutting off sections of this length is repeated until the grain is within reach. Here the mouse leaves a collection of straws about four inches in length, together with a shattered head, to puzzle the farmer.

AN English shipbuilder has been studying the "lines" of fishes which are noted for their speed in swimming, in order to gain new light upon the best shape for fast-going ships. He comes to the conclusion that a length of not more than five to one of breadth would be better than the extreme proportions of ships now in vogue; and that the greatest breadth of a ship designed for speed should be considerably in advance of the midship.

MORTILLET, the great French anthropologist, has formulated his views in regard to early man in Europe, expressing these points: During the tertiary age there existed a being intelligent enough to produce fire and to fabricate stone implements. This being was not yet a man: it was a precursor—an ancestral form, to which Mortillet gives the name *man-ape*. Man appeared in Europe at least 230,000 or 240,000 years ago, and the first human type, so far as now known, is represented by the Neanderthal skull. This type, essentially autochthonous, was slowly modified and developed during the quaternary period, resulting in the type of Cro-Magnon. His development in industry was slow but steady, and regular.

RECENT researches of Professor Schubeler are interesting. He found that dwarf beans taken from Christiania to Trondhjem, about four degrees further north, and grown there, gained more than sixty per cent. in weight, and that thyme from Lyons, planted at Trondhjem, gained seventy-one per cent. Seed from Norway, sown in Breslau, decreased greatly in the first year, and, generally speaking, those plants which are capable of maturing at all in or near the Arctic regions, produce much heavier seed than when grown nearer to the Equator.

ALUMINIUM.—The usefulness and the employment of aluminium in the arts have been greatly limited by the difficulty or impossibility of soldering it either to itself or to other metals, though this has been partially met by the device of depositing upon it a film of copper. M. Bourbouze has recently published in the *Comptes Rendus* a process which gets over the difficulty. He uses alloys of zinc and tin, or preferably of tin, bismuth, and aluminium, which, he says, take upon the surface of aluminium as ordinary solder does upon other metals; he therefore coats the aluminium with these, and any other metal with tin, and then the surfaces may be soldered as usual. For objects which are to be worked after joining up he uses a solder of forty-five parts of tin and ten of aluminium, which will stand hammering or turning; for ordinary joints less aluminium is required. The process is effected with the common soldering-iron, but nothing is said as to the use of any flux.

SPONGE-CULTIVATION.—The transplantation of sponges promises to become a commercial enterprise of some magnitude. The French are already at work. The field selected for the first experiments is the coast of Algeria, and the species to be acclimatized are the choicer kinds of "Turkey" sponges, found in the Archipelago and on the Syrian coast. With modern diving appliances, says Professor Mattieu Williams, fine specimens can be deliberately selected, and carefully removed with a sufficient amount of adherent rock to render their transplantation a fairly hopeful enterprise. Thus raised, they will be placed in perforated boxes and towed through the water to their new homes, where, if the experiment succeeds, they will multiply in the course of the following year, and yield a good crop in the course of three years.

THE opinion was long held, and is still held by some, that the mammoth did not live in Northern Siberia, where his remains are found, but in the more southern latitudes, and that these remains were carried down by rivers. It was considered incredible that an animal allied to the elephant, which now lives only in tropical regions, should have existed under a climate so rigorous as that of Siberia. The opinion that the remains were floated down the Siberian rivers is now, however, abandoned by Russian naturalists and other observers who have carefully examined the country. Had the remains of the mammoth been carried down from the far south by the Siberian rivers, they would have been found mainly, if not exclusively, on the banks of the long rivers, such as the Obi, Yenisei, and the Lena, and in the deltas formed at their mouths. But such is not the case. "These are," says Mr. Howorth, "found even more abundantly on the banks of the very short rivers east of the Lena. They are found not only on the deltas of these rivers, but far away to the north, in the islands of New Siberia, beyond the reach of the currents of the small rivers, whose mouths are opposite those islands." But a more convincing proof is that "they are found not only in North Central Siberia, where the main arteries of the country flow, but in greater numbers east of the River Lena, in the vast Peninsula of the Chukchi, in the country of the Yukagirs, and in the Kamtschatka, where there are no rivers down which they could have floated from more temper-



ate regions." Besides, it is not merely in the deltas and banks of rivers that the remains are found, but in nearly all parts of the open tundra; and Wrangell says that the best as well as the greatest number of remains are found at a certain depth below the surface in clay-hills, and more in those of some elevation than along the low coast or in the flat tundra. Had the Mammoth lived in the south we should have found its remains most abundant in the south, whereas the further north we go the remains become more abundant, and in the islands of the Ljachof Archipelago, in about latitude seventy-four degrees, the greatest quantities have been discovered. Again, according to Hedenstrom, the bones and tusks found in the north are not so large and heavy as those in the south; a fact which still further confirms the opinion that the Mammoth lived where his remains are found, inasmuch as the greater severity of the climate in northern parts would certainly hinder the growth and full development of the animal.

CAPTAIN C. G. LUNDBORG, late a captain in the Swedish Navy, exhibited recently to the members of the American Yacht Club, of New York, a peculiar ship-model which he has invented. He showed two models constructed on his plan. An idea of these models may be given by saying that a cross-section is like an old-fashioned dice-box cut in two, and the load water-line is at the point where the sides approach each other nearest. The models had an extremely sharp entrance and a delicate run. They had also twin screws, supported by an extension of the lower part of the hull. These screws are at such a distance from the stern-post that the water strikes them at a right angle, or nearly so. With such a model, Captain Lundborg is confident (from experiments made under the Froude system) that he can obtain a speed of twenty-two knots an hour. "I had observed," said he, "fishes in swimming below the surface could go with great speed and little apparent effort. But when they approached the surface there seemed to be greater resistance to be overcome. It led me to think that possibly the greatest resistance was at the surface, and that the generally accepted rule, that the resistance increased as the square of the velocity, was not correct. By experiments I found that the resistance increased in a greater proportion to the speed at the surface, and in a less proportion below. I find that Beaufoy, who, in 1798, conducted a series of experiments by the direction of the British Government in regard to resistance, arrived at the same conclusion. As you will see, I have conducted my ship so that the load water-line is at the point of her smallest beam, and her extreme beam is beneath the surface."

## ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

In machinery, an eccentric and a crank amount to the same thing. You will find the same coincidence among you.

"SAM, I have lost my watch overboard. It lies here in twenty feet of water. Is there any way to get it?" "Yes," replied Sam, "there are divers' ways."

DON'T squeeze any small, square, and suspicious-looking envelope that happens to come among your wife's letters. It will probably contain her new bonnet.

A BURGLAR having been frightened away by a young lady, her father wanted to know how she did it. "Did you threaten to shoot the rascal?" he asked. "No, pa; I looked daggers at him," she replied.

A YOUNG woman, on alighting from a stage, dropped a ribbon from her bonnet in the bottom of the coach. "You have left your bow behind," said a lady passenger. "No, I haven't—he's gone a-fishing," innocently replied the damsel.

HERR KREUTZHUER is a member of the Austrian secret police. Being on his way home after midnight, he observed a placard on a street-lamp. "Ha! Those scoundrels of Socialists have posted a placard denouncing His Majesty!" said Kreutzhuber to himself. Being determined to destroy the placard, he climbed painfully up the lamp-post, and having secured the treasonable document, read—"Fresh paint!"

"GRACIOUS me," said old Mrs. Parvenu, "how much do these business-men weigh?" "Why, mamma," replied her daughter, "I don't think they weigh any more than ordinary people, do they?" "Yes, they do." "What makes you think so?" "Well, I saw in the paper to-day that one of them failed last week, and lost forty thousand pounds. No wonder he failed. I should think he would lose his health entirely and be a living skeleton."

"THE story is told, and it is good as a story," says Mr. A. A. Boddy, in his recently-published account of his journey to Kairwan, "that the French sent their officials through the country with instructions to ascertain the names of the rivers, mountains, ruins, etc. On the completion of the map a very large proportion of the places were found to bear the name Ma'arifsh. The proportion was unnaturally large, and it was strange that ruins and rivers and mountains should all be called Ma'arifsh. Yet all the explorers solemnly assured the authorities that, upon addressing the natives out of their phrase-book in a set sentence, 'What is the name of that place?' the Berber, or Zass, or other Arab, had replied, 'Ma'arifsh.' These mountains and rivers and objects of interest were, in fact, all labeled with the interesting name—in Arabic—'Don't know'—river Don't-know, the Don't-know Mountains—Oued Ma'arifsh, Djebel Ma'arifsh."

"How ARE you getting on at school?" asked a parent of his somewhat indolent son. "I got kept in again to-day." "What about it?" "About two hours and a half."

A FRENCH actress who was graduated from the laundry asked an old manager what he thought was her "best line of business." Glancing at the sumptuous wardrobe, he replied, "The clothes-line still, mademoiselle."

A YOUNG lady explained to her lover the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said, "You may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."

A YOUNG lady recently remarked that she could not understand what her brother, George Henry, saw in the girls, that he liked them so well; that for her part she would not give the company of one young man for that of twenty girls.

"MOTHER," said a little girl, who was engaged in making an apron for her doll, "I believe I will be a duchess when I grow up." "How do you expect to become a duchess, my daughter?" "Why, by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure," replied the little girl.

LITTLE BROTHER (whose sister is playing cards with a gentleman): "Mr. Smiler, does Minnie play cards well?" Mr. Smiler: "Yes—very well, indeed." Little Brother: "Then you had better look out; mamma said if she played her cards well she would catch you."

AN old lawyer, in examining a witness who had been in the army, said, "Come, soldier, tell us what you know of this matter." "I am no soldier—I am an officer," haughtily replied the witness. Whereupon the old lawyer said, calmly, "Well, then, officer who is no soldier, tell us what you know."

At a grand dinner a very heedless gentleman who talks a great deal forgets that his neighbor, a young lady, is unusually tall, and cries out, "I do not like big women!" The lady bites her lip; the gentleman sees he has made a blunder; and, to repair it as gallantly as possible, he adds, "When they are young, madam!"

A WIFE'S CONTRIBUTION.—A St. Louis artist is consulting a lawyer about his wife, one of his grievances being that she sent a broken frying-pan to an art-show where some of his pictures were on exhibition, with a request that the hanging committee would give it a position as "an example of the way in which the talented Mr. X. provided for his family necessities."

LOUD and angry disputes were of daily occurrence between Jones and his worthy spouse. This had been going on for years, when suddenly there was a calm, to the great surprise and relief of the neighbors. The other day a friend accosted him in the street: "Well, Paul, I hear you have given over quarreling with your wife. Is that true?" "Perfectly true. We haven't spoken for the last two months."

Sis and Tom were sitting in the drawing-room, and she was getting sleepy. "What time is it?" she asked. He looked at his watch, and replied that it lacked five minutes of eleven; and just then being struck with an idea, he asked, "Why is my watch like you, my pet?" "I don't know." "Because it is very pretty," he replied. "And why is my watch like you?" she asked. "I don't know, I'm sure. Why is your watch like me, my dear?" "Because it won't go," she replied, with a yawn. Then the young man went home.

THERE is an old story of the Comte de Saint-Cyr, who tried to get out of Paris during the great Revolution. Being stopped by the sentry and asked his name he replied, "Monsieur le Comte de Saint-Cyr." "Il n'y a pas de messieurs," was the gruff response. "Comte de Saint-Cyr, then," he rejoined. "Il n'y a pas de comtes." "De Saint-Cyr." "Il n'y a pas de 'de.'" "Saint-Cyr, then." "Il n'y a pas de saints." "All right, then, Cyr, only." And then the reply came back, "Il n'y a pas de Cyrs (sires.)" And so the poor man wandered out into the world nameless.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PHILIP EYRE, who lost his life in the battle of Duika, was once a clerk in the Dublin Post-office. He was careless in his work, and one day the head of the department angrily told him he would never earn his salt as a clerk. "What shall I do, then?" asked Eyre. "Better go and enlist. You'd make a good target." Next day Eyre did not put in an appearance, but late on the second came strolling in leisurely. "Well, sir," demanded the enraged chief, "explain why you were absent without leave yesterday." "Oh, I took your advice and enlisted. Thought I'd just call in and bid you all good-by!"

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.



SINIGUALA.—BY A. RITZBERGER.



